



THE
HISTORY
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

Written in SPANISH by
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TRANSLATED BY SEVERAL HANDS:

And PUBLISHED by
THE LATE MR. MOTTEUX.

Revis'd a new from the best SPANISH Edition,

BY MR. OZELL:

Who has likewise added EXPLANATORY NOTES
from *Jervas, Oudin, Sobrino, Pineda, Gregorio,*
and the *Royal Academy Dictionary of Madrid.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ROBERT & ANDREW FOULIS
* M.DCC.LXXI.



A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
A U T H O R.

IF ever any writer deserv'd to have his memory preserv'd entire to future ages, 'tis certainly Michael de Cervantes Saavedra; since none has diverted, I had almost said instructed, posterity more than he has done by his works: yet, either out of envy or ingratitude, he has been so far from meeting with that justice from the historians his contemporaries, that they make not the least mention of the place of his nativity. Some say that it was at Seville, and that is only conjectur'd from a passage in one of his prefaces, where he says, that when he was a youth he had seen several plays of Lopez de Rueda, a famous writer of comedies in that city. In opposition to which one Signior Tomajos affirms, that he was a native of Esquivias, a town near Toledo: but this is undoubted, that he was a gentleman, and, not unlike-

ly, descended from the noble family of the Cervantes of Seville.

In this uncertainty we leave the account of his birth, and come to speak something of his person, which we are the better enabled to do, from a particular description that he gives of himself in the preface of his novels. The occasion is upon his expressing his aversion to the writing of prefaces, which makes him agreeably enough wish, since some of his had not had the good fortune to please, that, to save him the trouble for the future, some one of those friends, whom his circumstances (as he's pleas'd to say) more than his wit, had gain'd him, would get his picture engrav'd, to be plac'd in the frontispiece of his book, with the following account of the author, to satisfy the curiosity of those readers that had a mind to know what kind of man he was.

He tells us, that he was sharp-visag'd; his hair brown; his forehead, in spite of age, free from wrinkles; his eyes brisk; his nose somewhat rising, but not ill-siz'd; his beard gray, and his mustachios large; his mouth little, his teeth ill-rang'd, and not above six in number; his complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy; his body neither too fat nor too lean; somewhat thick in the shoulders, and not very light of foot.

He adds, "That he had been many years

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“ a soldier, five a captive, and from thence
 “ had learnt to bear afflictions patiently; that
 “ at the battle of Lepanto he lost his left hand
 “ by the shot of a harquebus; a maim, which
 “ how unsightly soever it might appear to
 “ others, yet was look’d on by him as the
 “ greatest grace and ornament, since got in
 “ the noblest and most memorable action that
 “ ever past ages had seen, or future e’er
 “ could hope to see; fighting under the victo-
 “ rious banners of the son of that thunder-
 “ bolt of war, Charles the fifth of happy me-
 “ mory.”

For the other passages of his life, we are
 only given to understand, that he was for some
 time secretary to the duke of Alva, and that
 afterwards he retir’d to Madrid; where, for
 his maintenance, he apply’d himself to writ-
 ing, and then compos’d most of those admir-
 able pieces which we now enjoy, being princi-
 pally favour’d and supported by the generosity
 of the Conde de Lemos, and the archbishop of
 Toledo; to the first of which great men he
 has address’d most of his labours.

Since therefore, for want of further me-
 moirs, we can give no larger history of the for-
 tunes and actions of Cervantes, we must be
 oblig’d, in what remains, to consider him only
 as an author, and so to give what account we
 can of his works.

The first book then which we find that he publish'd, was his *Galatea*, a kind of pastoral romance, mix'd with a great deal of poetry, upon which we shall only pass the same judgment that his friend the barber does on his finding it in the library of Don Quixote: "That there is something in it that shews a
"happy invention, something propos'd, but
"nothing concluded; the second part being
"wanting to make it compleat."

The next is, the first part of his incomparable Don Quixote, which is too well known to need any character. The principal design of which is to ridicule, by the finest satire in the world, the humour of knight-errantry, and the romantic notions of love and honour, which at that time reign'd in the Spanish nation. How well he has succeeded, all Europe is agreed, since every nation has taken care to make it their own by their translations.

Some are of opinion, that upon our author's being neglectfully treated by the duke of Lerma, first minister to king Philip the third, a strange imperious haughty man, and one who had no value for men of learning, he, in revenge, made this satire; which, as they pretend, chiefly aim'd at that minister: which thing cannot be true, if, as according to others, he wrote it in Barbary, to while away some of the melancholy hours of his

captivity; besides, that the humour which is there laugh'd at, was then so general in Spain, that 'tis probable no particular person is intended. This, however, is certain, that that noble duke, and his management, are reflected on in those verses which are ascrib'd to *Urganda de la Desconocida*; where, though he leaves out the last syllable of every concluding word, in every line, yet it is no hard matter to guess who is meant in that short poem; which from thence you may judge to be altogether unfit to be either imitated or translated.

The first edition of this part was in 1605; and while he was very gravely and leisurely meditating and preparing the continuation, which was impatiently expected, there comes out at Tarragona, in 1614, a *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote*, by *Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda of Tordeellas*. Our author was extremely concern'd at this proceeding, and the more so, because this writer was not content to invade his design, and rob him, as 'tis said, of some of his copy, but miserably abuses poor Cervantes in his preface; which our author, upon publishing the year after the genuine continuation of *Don Quixote*, complains of, and up and down in that book gives him some reprehensions; which, however unhandsome they are, are but too gentle for so great an injury: but it must be confess'd.

indeed, that having to do with a priest, and one that belong'd to the inquisition, as that plagiary did, it might not be safe for him to carry his resentment higher.

Between the publishing of the two parts of his *Don Quixote*, he printed his *Novelas Exemplares*. The reason of his calling these novels so, is, as he acquaints us, because his other novels had been tax'd as more satyrical than exemplary; which fault resolving to amend, he has in every one of these propos'd some virtue or other for imitation. Of these it must be justly said, that in the original they do not disgrace the author of *Don Quixote*; with this further commendation, which Cervantes himself gives them, that they were entirely his own invention, not borrow'd, imitated, or translated from other languages, as all those were that his countrymen had publish'd before him.

In 1615, he printed a collection of comedies and interludes, eight of each, being such as he chose to make public out of a greater number. Before these, is a very good account of the rise and progress of the Spanish drama to his own time; to the advancement of which (not without a great deal of justice) he makes no scruple to pretend that he had contributed, by the plays that he had written, which were not fewer than thirty at least.

The last of all his works, that we have, is the History of the Troubles of *Perfiles* and *Sigismunda*; to which he had but just put his last hand, and in a very affectionate and grateful address dedicated it to his great patron the Conde de Lemos, upon his departing this world, or, to use his own expression, setting his foot in the stirrup on his journey to another, being then old, and with the fate of most of the wittiest men that ever liv'd, very poor. There are two other pieces of his, which he informs us he had written; the one call'd *El Viage del Parnaso*, in imitation of a poem of that title of *Caesar Caporali*, being a satire on the Spanish, as *Caporali's* is on the Italian poets. This is printed, but not arriv'd to us; but for the other, which he calls *La Semanas del Jardin*, and the second part of the *Galatea*, 'tis probable they were never perfectly finish'd; since but a few days before our author's death, in the epistle dedicatory of his *Perfiles*, he promises his patron, that if heaven would grant him a little longer time to live, he should see them both: but, alas! he was then on the point of expiring; and, 'tis likely, not able to be as good as his word, dying soon after at Madrid, in the year 1616.

It may be expected, that to conclude, we should give our author's character; but we chuse rather to let his works do that, since

x AN ACCOUNT, &c.

they will, more effectually than any thing we can say, convince all that read them, that he was a master of all those great and rare qualities which are requir'd in an accomplish'd writer, a perfect gentleman, and a truly good man.

T H E
A U T H O R ' S P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

YOU may depend upon my bare word, reader, without any farther security, that I could wish this offspring of my brain were as ingenious, sprightly; and accomplish'd as yourself could desire; but the mischief on't is, nature will have its course: every production must resemble its author, and my barren and unpolish'd understanding can produce nothing but what is very dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond imagination. You may suppose if the child of disturbance, engendred in some dismal prison[‡], where wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Rest and ease, a convenient place, pleasant fields and groves, murmuring springs, and a sweet repose of mind, are helps that raise the fancy, and impregnate even the most barren muses with conceptions

[‡] The author is said to have wrote this satyrical romance in a prison.

that fill the world with admiration and delight. Some parents are so blinded by a fatherly fondness, that they mistake the very imperfections of their children for so many beauties; and the folly and impertinence of the brave boy, must pass upon their friends and acquaintance for wit and sense. But I, who am only a step-father, disavow the authority of this modern and prevalent custom; nor will I earnestly beseech you, with tears in my eyes, which is many a poor author's case, dear reader, to pardon or dissemble my child's faults; for what favour can I expect from you, who are neither his friend nor relation? You have a soul of your own, and the privilege of a free-will, whoever you be, as well as the proudest he that struts in a gaudy outside: you are a king by your own fire-side, as much as any monarch in his throne: you have liberty and property, which set you above favour or affection, and may therefore freely like or dislike this history, according to your humour.

I had a great mind to have expos'd it as naked as it was born, without the addition of a preface, or the numberless trumpery of commendatory sonnets, epigrams, and other poems that usually usher in the conceptions of authors: for I dare boldly say, that tho' I bestow'd some time in writing the book, yet it cost me not half so much labour as this very preface. I very often took up my pen, and as often laid it down, and could not for my life think of any thing to the purpose. Sitting once in a very studious posture, with my paper before me, my pen in my ear, my elbow on the table,

and my cheek on my hand, considering how I should begin; a certain friend of mine, an ingenious gentleman, and of a merry disposition, came in and surpriz'd me. He ask'd me what I was so very intent and thoughtful upon? I was so free with him as not to mince the matter, but told him plainly I had been puzzling my brain for a preface to *Don Quixote*, and had made myself so uneasy about it, that I was now resolv'd to trouble my head no further either with preface or book, and even to let the achievements of that noble knight remain unpublish'd: for, continued I, why should I expose myself to the lash of the old legislator, the vulgar? They will say I have spent my youthful days very finely, to have nothing to recommend my grey hairs to the world, but a dry, insipid legend, not worth a rush, wanting good language as well as invention, barren of conceits or pointed wit, and without either quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, which other books, tho' never so fabulous and profane, have to set 'em off. Other authors can pass upon the public, by stuffing their books from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole company of ancient philosophers; thus amusing their readers into a great opinion of their prodigious reading. Plutarch and Cicero are slurr'd on the public for as orthodox doctors as St. Thomas, or any of the fathers. And then the method of these moderns is so wonderfully agreeable and full of variety, that they cannot fail to please. In one line, they will describe you a whining amorous coxcomb, and the next shall be some dry scrap of a homily, with such ingenious turns as cannot chuse

but ravish the reader. Now I want all these embellishments and graces: I have neither marginal notes nor critical remarks; I do not so much as know what authors I follow, and consequently can have no formal index, as 'tis the fashion now, methodically strung on the letters of the alphabet, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Xenophon, or Zoilus, or Zeuxis; which last two are commonly cramm'd into the same piece, tho' one of them was a famous painter, and t' other a faucy critic. I shall want also the pompous preliminaries of commendatory verses sent to me by the right honourable my Lord such a one, by the honourable the Lady such a one, or the most ingenious Mr. such a one; tho' I know I might have them at an easy rate from two or three brothers of the quill of my acquaintance, and better, I'm sure, than the best quality in Spain can compose.

In short, my friend, said I, the great Don Quixote may lie buried in the musty records of La Mancha, 'till providence has order'd some better hand to fit him out as he ought to be; for I must own myself altogether uncapable of the task; besides, I'm naturally lazy, and love my ease too well to take the pains of turning over authors for those things which I can express as well without it. And these are the considerations that made me so thoughtful when you came in. The gentleman, after a long and loud fit of laughing, rubbing his forehead; O' my conscience, friend, said he, your discourse has freed me from a mistake that has a great while impos'd upon me: I always took you for a man of sense, but now I am sufficiently

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convinc'd to the contrary. What! puzzled at so inconsiderable a trifle! A business of so little difficulty confound a man of such deep sense and searching thought as once you seem'd to be!

I am sorry, Sir, that your lazy humour and poor understanding should need the advice I am about to give you, which will presently solve all your objections and fears concerning the publishing of the renown'd Don Quixote, the luminary and mirror of all knight-errantry. Pray, Sir, said I, be pleas'd to instruct me in whatever you think may remove my fears, or solve my doubts. The first thing you object, reply'd he, is your want of commendatory copies from persons of figure and quality: there's nothing sooner help'd; 'tis but taking a little pains in writing them yourself, and clapping whose name you please to 'em, you may father 'em on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trebizonde, whom I know to be most celebrated poets: but suppose they were not, and that some presuming pedantic critics might snarl, and deny this notorious truth, value it not two farthings; and tho' they should convict you of forgery, you are in no danger of losing the hand with which you wrote * them.

As to marginal notes and quotations from authors for your history, 'tis but dropping here and there some scatter'd Latin sentences that you have already by rote, or may have with little or no pains. For example, in

* He lost his left hand (*izquierda*) in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

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treating of liberty and slavery, clap me in, 'Non bene
' pro toto libertas venditur auro;' and, at the same
time, make Horace, or some other author, vouch it in
the margin. If you treat of the power of death, come
round with this close †, 'Pallida Mors aequo pulsat
' pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.' If of
loving our enemies, as heaven enjoins, you may, if you
have the least curiosity, presently turn to the divine
precept, and say, 'Ego autem dico vobis, diligite ini-
' micos vestros;' or if you discourse of bad thoughts,
bring in this passage, 'De corde exeunt cogitationes
' malae.' If the uncertainty of friendship be your theme,
Cato offers you his old couplet with all his heart;
'Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos: tempora
' si fuerint nubila, solus eris.' And so proceed. These
scraps of Latin will at least gain you the credit of a
great grammarian, which, I'll assure you, is no small
accomplishment in this age. As to annotations or re-
marks at the end of your book, you may safely take this
course. If you have occasion for a giant in your piece,
be sure you bring in Goliath, and on this very Goliath
(who will not cost you one farthing) you may spin out a
swingeing annotation. You may say, 'The giant Go-
' liath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom David the
' shepherd slew with the thundering stroke of a pebble
' in the valley of Terebinthus:' vide Kings, in such a

† This quotation from Horace, and the following from
scripture, are omitted in Shelton's translation; as is also this
and another ingenious **preface** of the author's in that of Ste-
vens, many of whose notes indeed I have made use of.

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chapter, and such a verse, where you may find it written. If not satisfy'd with this, you would appear a great humanist, and would shew your knowledge in geography, take some occasion to draw the river Tagus into your discourse, out of which you may fish a most notable remark. 'The river Tagus,' say you, 'was
' so call'd from a certain king of Spain. It takes its
' rise from such a place, and buries its waters in the
' ocean, kissing first the walls of the famous city of Lis-
' bon; and some are of opinion that the sands of this
' river are gold,' &c. If you have occasion to talk of robbers, I can presently give you the history of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you would descant upon whores, or women of the town, there is the* bishop of Mondonedo, who can furnish you with Lamia, Lais and Flora, courtesans, whose acquaintance will be very much to your reputation. Ovid's Medea can afford you a good example of cruelty. Calypso from Homer, and Circe out of Virgil, are famous instances of witchcraft or enchantment. Would you treat of valiant commanders? Julius Caesar has writ his Commentaries on purpose; and Plutarch can furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you would mention love, and have but three grains of Italian, you may find Leon the Jew ready to serve you most abundantly. But if you would keep nearer home, 'tis but examining Fonseca of divine love, which you have here in your study; and you need go no farther for all that can be said on that copious subject. In short, 'tis but quoting these authors in

* Guevara.

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your book, and let me alone to make large annotations; I'll engage to croud your margin sufficiently, and scribble you four or five sheets to boot at the end of your book. And for the citation of so many authors, 'tis the easiest thing in nature. Find out one of these books with an alphabetical index, and without any farther ceremony, remove it verbatim into your own: and tho' the world won't believe you have occasion for such lumber, yet there are fools enough to be thus drawn into an opinion of the work; at least, such a flourishing train of attendants will give your book a fashionable air, and recommend it to sale; for few chapmen will stand to examine it, and compare the authorities upon the computer, since they can expect nothing but their labour for their pains. But, after all, Sir, if I know any thing of the matter, you have no occasion for any of these things; for your subject being a satire on knight-errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St. Basil, nor Cicero ever dreamt or heard of it. Those fabulous extravagancies have nothing to do with the impartial punctuality of true history: nor do I find any business you can have either with astrology, geometry, or logic, and I hope you are too good a man to mix sacred things with profane. Nothing but pure nature is your business; her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate, your picture is the better. And since this writing of your's aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no need to go begging sentences of philosophers,

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passages out of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints. Do but take care to express yourself in a plain, easy manner, in well chosen, significant, and decent terms, and to give an harmonious and pleasing turn to your periods: study to explain your thoughts, and set them in the truest light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave 'em dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible: let your diverting stories be express'd in diverting terms, to kindle mirth in the melancholic, and heighten it in the gay: let mirth and humour be your superficial design, tho' laid on a solid foundation, to challenge attention from the ignorant, and admiration from the judicious; to secure your work from the contempt of the graver sort, and deserve the praises of men of sense; keeping your eye still fix'd on the principal end of your project, the fall and destruction of that monstrous heap of ill-contriv'd romances, which, tho' abhorr'd by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater part of mankind. Mind this, and your business is done.

I listen'd very attentively to my friend's discourse, and found it so reasonable and convincing, that without any reply, I took his advice, and have told you the story by way of preface; wherein you may see, gentlemen, how happy I am in so ingenious a friend, to whose seasonable counsel you are all oblig'd for the omission of all this pedantic garniture in the history of the renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose character among all the neighbours about Montiel is, that he was the most chaste lover, and the most valiant knight,

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that has been known in those parts these many years. I will not urge the service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a knight's acquaintance, but only beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for recommending you to the familiarity of the famous Sancho Pança his squire, in whom, in my opinion, you will find united and describ'd all the squire-like graces which are scatter'd up and down in the whole bead-roll of books of chivalry. And now I take my leave, intreating you not to forget your humble servant.

THE
L I F E
AND
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE RENOWN'D
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.
PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The quality and way of living of the renown'd Don
Quixote de la Mancha.*

AT a certain village in La Mancha*, which I shall not name, there liv'd not long ago one of those old-fashion'd gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of † beef than mutton; and with munc'd meat on most nights, lentiles on Fridays, eggs and ‡ bacon on Satur-

* A small territory partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Castile; it is a liberty within itself, distinct from all the country about.

† Beef being cheaper in Spain than mutton.

‡ Strictly, sorrow for his sops, on Saturdays. *Duelos y Quebrantos*; In English, gruntings and groanings. He that can tell

days, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three quarters of his revenue: the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holiday's; and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working-days. His whole family was a house-keeper something turn'd of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that serv'd him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse and handle the pruning-hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-body'd, and thin-fac'd, an early riser, and a lover of hunting. Some say his surname was

what sort of edible the author means by those words, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo*. Caesar Oudin, the famous French traveller, negotiator, translator and dictionary-maker, will have it to be eggs and bacon, as above. Our translator and dictionary-maker, Stevens, has it, eggs and collops, (I suppose he meant Scotch-collops) but that's too good a dish to mortify withal. Signor Sobrino's Spanish dictionary says, *Duelos y Quebrantos* is pease-soup. Mr. Jervis translates it an amlet (*Aumulette* in French) which Boyer says is a pancake made of eggs, tho' I always understood *Aumulette* to be a bacon-froise (or rather bacon-fryze, from its being fry'd, from *frit* in French.) Some will have it to mean brains fry'd with eggs, which, we are told by Mr. Jarvis, the church allows in poor countries in defect of fish. Others have guess'd it to mean some windy kind of diet, as pease, herbs, &c. which are apt to occasion cholics, as if one would say, *Greens and gripes on Saturdays*. To conclude, the forecited author of the new translation (if a translator may be call'd an author) absolutely says, *Duelos y Quebrantos* is a cant-phrase for some fasting day-dish in use in La Mancha. After all these learned disquisitions, who knows but the author means a dish of Nichils!

Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular :) however, we may reasonably conjecture he was call'd Quixada (i. e. lanthorn-jaws) tho' this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

You must know then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round) he pass'd his time in reading books of knight-errantry; which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country-sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with those amusements, that he sold many acres of arable-land to purchase books of that kind; by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had: but among them all, none pleas'd him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva; for the clearness of his prose, and those intricate expressions with which 'tis interlac'd, seem'd to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the challenges, and the amorous addresses, many of them in this extraordinary stile. ' The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason, does so enfeeble my reason, that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty: ' And this, ' The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserfer of the desert that is deserv'd by your grandeur.' These, and such like expressions, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found,

though he should have been rais'd from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself: which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs.

He would often dispute with the * curate of the parish, a man of learning, that had taken his degrees at † Ciguinza, who was the better knight ‡ Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul? but master Nicholas, the § barber of the same town, would say, that none of 'em could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that

* In Spain the curate is the head priest in the parish, and he that has the care of souls: thus *el cura* means the Rector, or, as the vulgar has it, the Parson; but the first not being commonly used, and the last seeming too gross, I chuse to make it Curate, those who have read the former translations being us'd to the word.

† An university in Spain.

‡ England seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry; for besides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and some others, not to mention Amadis's mistress, the princess Oriana of England.

§ The barber in country towns in Spain is also the surgeon.

if any one came near him, 'twas certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a most commodious temper, neither was he so finical, nor such a puling whining lover as his brother; and as for courage, he was not a jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that a-nights he would pore on till 'twas day, and a-days he would read on till 'twas night: and thus by sleeping little, and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree, that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, pick'd out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch, that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read, seem'd to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say, that the † Cid Ruydiaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the knight of the Burning-sword, who with a single back-stroke had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who at Roncesvalles depriv'd of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choak'd him in the air, as Hercules did Antaeus the son of the earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very

† Cid Ruydiaz a famous Spanish commander, of whom many fables are written.

civil things of him : for though he was one of that monstrous brood, who ever were intolerably proud and brutish, he still behav'd himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admir'd Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his sallying out of his castle to rob all he met ; and then again when * abroad he carried away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says : but he so hated that traitor † Galalon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his house-keeper ; nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain ; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honour, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world arm'd cap-à-pe, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures ; that thus imitating those knight-errants of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprizes, he might purchase everlasting honour and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasp'd in imagination the imperial sceptre of Trebizonde, and, hur-

* In Barbary, Oudin says.

† Galalon, the Spaniards say, betrayed the French army at Roncesvalles.

ry'd away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour that had belonged to his great-grand-father, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner: but when he had clean'd and repair'd it as well as he could, he perceiv'd there was a material piece wanting; for instead of a compleat helmet, there was only a single head-piece; however, his industry supply'd that defect, for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore to secure it from the like accident, he made it a-new, and fenc'd it with thin plates of iron, which he fix'd on the inside of it so artificially, that at last he had reason to be satisfy'd with the solidity of the work; and so, without any farther experiment, he resolv'd it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish Real, being a worse jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*; however his master thought, that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. He was four days

considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner chang'd his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignify'd with another; a good big word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus after many names which he devis'd, rejected, chang'd, lik'd, dislik'd, and pitch'd upon again, he concluded to call him * Rozinante; a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a word, a horse before or above all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously ponder'd on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determin'd to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this most authentic history draws this inference, that his right name

* *Rozin* commonly means an *ordinary horse*; *Ante* signifies *before* and *formerly*. Thus the word *Rozinante* may imply, that he was formerly an ordinary horse, and also, that he is now an horse that claims the precedence from all other ordinary horses.

was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing, that the valiant Amadis, not satisfy'd with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styl'd himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honour on that part of the world.

And now his armour being scour'd, his head-piece improv'd to a helmet, his horse and himself new nam'd, he perceiv'd he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress, was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. Should I, said he to himself, by good or ill fortune chance to encounter some giant, as 'tis common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfix'd with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady, to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valour? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: ' Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, ' lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquish'd in single ' combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extoll'd ' knight errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has ' commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your

'feet, that it may please your honour to dispose of me according to your will.' Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant; especially having withal bethought himself of a person, on whom he might confer the title of his mistress! which, 'tis believ'd, happen'd thus: Near the place where he lived, dwelt a good likely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though 'tis believ'd, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart: upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess, or lady of quality: so at last he resolv'd to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devis'd.

C H A P. II.

Of Don Quixote's first sally.

THESE preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action, and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injur'd world, that wanted such a deliverer; the more when he consider'd what grievances he was to redress, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what abuses to correct, and

what duties to discharge. So one morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting any one with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable, he arm'd himself cap-a-pee, lac'd on his ill-contrived helmet, brac'd on his target, grasp'd his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back-yard sally'd out into the fields, wonderfully pleas'd to see with how much ease he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprize. But he had not gone far e'er a terrible thought alarmed him, a thought that had like to have made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind, that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferr'd upon him, and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought to appear in arms against any profess'd knight: nay, he also consider'd, that tho' he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armour, and not to adorn his shield with any device, 'till he had deserved one by some extraordinary demonstration of his valour.

These thoughts stagger'd his resolution; but his folly prevailing more than any reason, he resolv'd to be dub'd a knight by the first he should meet, after the example of several others, who, as his distracting romances inform'd him, had formerly done the like. As for the other difficulty about wearing white armour, he propos'd to overcome it, by scouring his own at leisure 'till it should look whiter than ermin. And having thus dismiss'd these busy scruples, he very calmly rode on, leaving it to his horse's discretion to go which way

he pleas'd; firmly believing, that in this consisted the very being of adventures. And as thus he went on, I cannot but believe, said he to himself, that when the history of my famous atchievements shall be given to the world, the learned author will begin it in this very manner, when he comes to give an account of this my early setting out; 'Scarce had the ruddy-colour'd Phoebus begun to spread the golden tresses of his lovely hair over the vast surface of the earthly globe, and scarce had those feather'd poets of the grove, the pretty painted birds, tun'd their little pipes, to sing their early welcomes in soft melodious strains to the beautiful Aurora, who having left her jealous husband's bed, display'd her rosy graces to mortal eyes from the gates and balconies of the Manchegan Horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, disdaining soft repose, forsook the voluptuous down, and mounting his famous steed Rozinante, enter'd the ancient and celebrated plains of * Montiel.' This was indeed the very road he took; and then proceeding, 'O happy age! O fortunate times! cry'd he, decreed to usher into the world my famous atchievements; atchievements worthy to be engraven on brass, carv'd on marble, and delineated in some master-piece of painting, as monuments of my glory, and examples for posterity! And thou venerable sage,

* Montiel, a proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which Henry the bastard slew his legitimate brother Don Pedro, whom our brave black prince Edward had set upon the throne of Spain.

‘ wife enchanter, whatever be thy name; thou whom
‘ fate has ordained to be the compiler of this rare his-
‘ tory, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinan-
‘ te, the eternal companion of all my adventures.’ Af-
ter this, as if he had been really in love; ‘ O princess
‘ Dulcinea, cry’d he, lady of this captive heart, much
‘ sorrow and woe you have doom’d me to in banish-
‘ ing me thus, and imposing on me your rigorous com-
‘ mands, never to appear before your beauteous face!
‘ Remember, lady, that loyal heart your slave, who
‘ for your love submits to so many miseries.’ To these
extravagant conceits, he added a world of others, all
in imitation, and in the very stile of those, which the
reading of romances had furnish’d him with; and all
this while he rode so softly, and the sun’s heat in-
creas’d so fast, and was so violent, that it would have
been sufficient to have melted his brains had he had
any left.

He travell’d almost all that day without meeting
any adventure worth the trouble of relating; which
put him into a kind of despair; for he desir’d nothing
more than to encounter immediately some person on
whom he might try the vigour of his arm.

Some authors say, that his first adventure was that
of the pass called Puerto Lapice; others, that of the
wind-mills; but all that I could discover of certainty
in this matter, and that I meet with in the annals of La
Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day; and to-
wards the evening, he and his horse being heartily tir’d,
and almost famish’d, Don Quixote looking about him,

in hopes to discover some castle, or at least some shepherd's cottage, there to repose and refresh himself, at last near the road which he kept, he espy'd an inn, as welcome a sight to his longing eyes as if he had discover'd a star directing him to the gate, nay, to the palace of his redemption. Thereupon hast'ning towards the inn with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. There stood by chance at the inn-door two young female adventurers, alias common wenches, who were going to Seville with some carriers, that happen'd to take up their lodging there that very evening: and, as whatever our knight-errant saw, thought, or imagin'd, was all of a romantic cast, and appear'd to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no sooner saw the inn, but he fancy'd it to be a castle fenc'd with four towers, and lofty pinnacles glittering with silver, together with a deep moat, draw-bridge, and all those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stopp'd a while at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements, and sound his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that no body came, and that Rozinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanc'd to the inn-door, where spying the two young doxies, they seem'd to him two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the fresh air at the gate of the castle. It happen'd also at the very moment, that

a swine-herd gathering together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are call'd *) from the stubble-field, winded his horn; and Don Quixote presently imagin'd this was the wish'd-for signal, which some dwarf gave to notify his approach; therefore with the greatest joy in the world he rode up to the inn. The wenches, affrighted at the approach of a man cas'd in iron, and arm'd with a lance and target, were for running into their lodging; but Don Quixote perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the paste-board beaver of his helmet, and discovering his wither'd dusty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accosted them in this manner: ' I beseech ye, ladies, do not fly, nor fear the least offence: the order of knight-hood, which I profess, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to any one in the universe, and least of all to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes.' The wenches look'd earnestly upon him, endeavouring to get a glimpse of his face, which his ill-contriv'd beaver partly hid; but when they heard themselves stiled virgins, a thing so out of the way of their profession, that they could not forbear laughing outright; which Don Quixote resented as a

* In the original (*que sin perdon assi se laman*) this parenthesis relating to hogs, is left out by Stevens, and other translators, but judiciously retain'd by Jervas, who observes, that our author thereby ridicules the affected delicacy of the Spaniards and Italians, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word *hog* or *swine*, as too gross an image. The reader will find the like excuse repeated at every mention of the word *hog*.

great affront. ' Give me leave to tell ye, ladies, cry'd he, that modesty and civility are very becoming in the fair sex; whereas laughter without ground is the highest piece of indiscretion: however, added he, I do not presume to say this to offend you, or incur your displeasure; no, ladies, I assure you, I have no other design but to do you service.' This uncommon way of expression, join'd to the knight's scurvy figure, increas'd their mirth; which incens'd him to that degree, that this might have carry'd things to an extremity, had not the inn-keeper luckily appear'd at that juncture. He was a man whose burden of fat inclin'd him to peace and quietness, yet when he had observ'd such a strange disguise of human shape in his old armour and equipage, he could hardly forbear keeping the wenches company in their laughter; but having the fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolv'd to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly: Sir knight, said he, if your worship be dispos'd to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed; as for all other accommodations, you may be supply'd to your mind. Don Quixote observing the humility of the governor of the castle, (for such the inn-keeper and inn seem'd to him) Senior Castellano, said he, the least thing in the world suffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose. The inn-keeper thought he had call'd him * Castellano, as taking him to be one of the true Castilians,

* Castellano signifies both a constable or governor of a castle, and an inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile in Spain.

whereas he was indeed of Andalusia, nay, of the neighbourhood of St. Lucar, no less thievish than Cacus, or less mischievous than a truant-scholar, or court-page, and therefore he made him this reply; 'At this rate, Sir knight, your bed might be a pavement, and your rest to be still awake; you may then safely alight, and I dare assure you, you can hardly miss being kept awake all the year long in this house, much less one single night.' With that he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who having not broke his fast that day, dismounted with no small trouble or difficulty. He immediately desir'd the governor (that is, the inn-keeper) to have special care of his steed, assuring him, that there was not a better in the universe; upon which the inn-keeper view'd him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said: however, having set him up in the stable, he came back to the knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armour by the help of the good-natur'd wenches, who had already reconcil'd themselves to him; but though they had eas'd him of his corset and back-plate, they could by no means undo his gorget, nor take off his ill-contriv'd beaver, which he had ty'd so fast with green ribbons, that 'twas impossible to get it off without cutting them; now he would by no means permit that, and so was forc'd to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the most pleasant sights in the world: and while his armour was taken off by the two kind lasses, imagining them to be persons of quality, and ladies of that

castle, he very gratefully made them the following compliment, [in imitation of an old romance.]

There never was on earth a knight

So waited on by ladies fair,

As once was he, Don Quixote hight,

When first he left his village dear:

Damsels t' undress him ran with speed,

And princeesses to dress his steed.

O Rozinante! for that is my horse's name, ladies, and mine Don Quixote de la Mancha; I never thought to have discover'd it, 'till some feats of arms atchiev'd by me in your service, had made me better known to your ladyships; but necessity forcing me to apply to present purpose that passage of the ancient romance of Sir Launcelot, which I now repeat, has extorted the secret from me before its time; yet a day will come, when you shall command, and I obey, and then the valour of my arm shall evince the reality of my zeal to serve your ladyships.

The two females, who were not used to such rhetorical speeches, could make no answer to this; they only ask'd him whether he would eat any thing? that I will with all my heart, cry'd Don Quixote, whatever it be, for I am of opinion nothing can come to me more seasonably. Now, as ill-luck would have it, it happen'd to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the inn, but some pieces of fish, which is called Abadexo, in Castile, Bacallao in Andalusia, Curadillo in some places, and in others Truchuela or Little Trout, though after all 'tis but Poor Jack: so they ask'd him whether he

could eat any of that Truchuela, because they had no other fish to give him. Don Quixote imagining they meant a small trout, told them, that provided there were more than one, 'twas the same thing to him, they would serve him as well as a great one; for, continued he, 'tis all one to me whether I am paid a piece of eight in one single piece, or in eight small reals, which are worth as much: besides, 'tis probable these small trouts may be like veal, which is finer meat than beef; or like the kid, which is better than the goat. In short, let it be what it will, so it comes quickly, for the weight of armour and the fatigue of travel are not to be supported without recruiting food. Thereupon they laid the cloth at the inn-door, for the benefit of the fresh air, and the landlord brought him a piece of that salt fish, but ill-water'd, and as ill-dress'd; and as for the bread, 'twas as mouldy and brown as the knight's armour: but 'twould have made one laugh to have seen him eat; for having his helmet on, with his beaver lifted up, 'twas impossible for him to feed himself without help, so that one of those ladies had that office; but there was no giving him drink that way, and he must have gone without it, had not the inn-keeper bored a cane, and setting one end of it to his mouth, pour'd the wine in at the other; all which the knight suffer'd patiently, because he would not cut the ribbons that fasten'd his helmet.

While he was at supper, a sow-gelder happen'd to sound his cane-trumpet, or whistle of reeds, four or five times as he came near the inn; which made Don

Quixote the more positive of his being in a famous castle, where he was entertain'd with music at supper, that the poor Jack was young Trout, the bread of the finest flour, the wenches great ladies, and the inn-keeper the governor of the castle; which made him applaud himself for his resolution, and his setting out on such an account. The only thing that vex'd him was, that he was not yet dubb'd a knight; for he fancy'd he could not lawfully undertake any adventure 'till he had receiv'd the order of knight-hood.

C H A P. III.

An account of the pleasant method taken by Don Quixote to be dubb'd a knight.

DON Quixote's mind being disturb'd with that thought, he abrig'd even his short supper: and as soon as he had done, he call'd his host, then shut him and himself up in the stable, and falling at his feet, I will never rise from this place, cry'd he, most valorous knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your honour and the good of mankind. The inn-keeper, strangely at a loss to find his guest at his feet, and talking at this rate, endeavour'd to make him rise, but all in vain, till he had promis'd to grant him what he ask'd. I expected no less from your great magnificence, noble sir, reply'd Don Quixote, and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me, is,

that to-morrow you will be pleas'd to bestow the honour of knighthood upon me. This night I will watch my armour in the chapel of your castle, and then in the morning you shall gratify me, as I passionately desire, that I may be duly qualify'd to seek out adventures in every corner of the universe, to relieve the distress'd, according to the laws of chivalry, and the inclinations of knight-errants like myself. The inn-keeper, who, as I said, was a sharp fellow, and had already a shrewd suspicion of the disorder in his guest's understanding, was fully convinc'd of it when he heard him talk after this manner; and, to make sport that night, resolv'd to humour him in his desires, telling him he was highly to be commended for his choice of such an employment, which was altogether worthy a knight of the first order, such as his gallant deportment discover'd him to be: that he himself had in his youth follow'd that honourable profession, ranging through many parts of the world in search of adventures, without so much as forgetting to visit the * Percheles of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the compass of Sevil, the quicksilver-house of Segovia, the olive field of Valencia, the circle of Granada, the wharf of St. Lucar, the potro of Cordova †, the hedge taverns of Toledo, and divers other places, where he had exercised the nimbleness of his feet, and

* These are all places noted for rogueries and disorderly doings.

† A square in the city of Cordova, where a fountain gushes out from the mouth of a horse, near which is also a whipping-post. The Spanish word *Potro* signifies a colt or young horse.

the subtilty of his hands, doing wrongs in abundances, soliciting many widows, undoing some damsels, bubbling young heirs †, and in a word making himself famous in most of the courts of judicature in Spain; till at length he retired to this castle, where he liv'd on his own estate and those of others, entertaining all knights-errant of what quality or condition soever, purely for the great affection he bore them, and to partake of what they got in recompense of his good-will. He added, that his castle at present had no chapel where the knight might keep the vigil of his arms, it being pull'd down in order to be new-built; but that he knew they might lawfully be watch'd in any other place in a case of necessity, and therefore he might do it that night in the court-yard of the castle; and in the morning (God willing) all the necessary ceremonies should be perform'd, so that he might assure himself he should be dubb'd a knight, nay, as much a knight as any one in the world could be. He then ask'd Don Quixote whether he had any money? Not a cross, replied the knight, for I never

† Pieces of roguery not unlike some of these, are to be met with in Don Belianis of Greece, and not disapprov'd of by the hero of that romance. In allusion to this, Don Quixote's host brags of divers wonders he had perform'd this way; and this was a strong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example fetch'd from his favourite Don Belianis's approv'd history. So that this passage in Cervantes, which has been thought very faulty, as being too gross and open, appears from hence to be not only excusable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of exposing those authors, and their numberless absurdities.

read in any history of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carry'd money about him. You are mistaken, cry'd the inn-keeper; for admit the histories are silent in this matter, the authors thinking it needless to mention things so evidently necessary as money and clean shirts, yet there is no reason to believe the knights went without either; and you may rest assur'd, that all the knights-errant, of whom so many histories are full, had their purses well lin'd to supply themselves with necessaries, and carry'd also with them some shirts, and a small box of salves to heal their wounds; for they had not the conveniency of surgeons to cure 'em every time they fought in fields and desarts, unless they were so happy as to have some sage or magician for their friend to give them present assistance, sending them some damsel or dwarf through the air in a cloud, with a small bottle of water of so great a virtue, that they no sooner tasted a drop of it, but their wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never receiv'd any. But when they wanted such a friend in former ages, the knights thought themselves oblig'd to take care, that their squires should be provided with money and other necessaries, as lint and salves to dress their wounds; and if those knights ever happen'd to have no squires, which was but very seldom, then they carry'd those things behind them in a little bag*, as if it had been something of greater value, and so neatly fitted to their saddle, that it was

* Of stripped stuff, which every one carries, in Spain, when they are travelling.

hardly seen ; for had it not been upon such an account, the carrying of wallets was not much allow'd among knights-errant. I must therefore advise you, continu'd he, nay, I might even charge and command you, as you are shortly to be my son in chivalry, never from this time forwards to ride without money, nor without the other necessaries of which I spoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you least expect it. Don Quixote promis'd to perform very punctually all his injunctions ; and so they dispos'd every thing in order to his watching his arms in a great yard that adjoin'd to the inn. To which purpose the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a horse-trough close by a well in that yard ; then bracing his target, and grasping his lance, just as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the horse-trough with a graceful deportment. In the mean while the inn-keeper acquainted all those that were in the house with the extravagancies of his guest, his watching his arms, and his hopes of being made a knight. They all admir'd very much at so strange a kind of folly, and went on to observe him at a distance ; where they saw him sometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and sometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fix'd upon his arms. 'Twas now undoubted night, but yet the moon did shine with such a brightness, as might almost have vy'd with that of the luminary which lent it her ; so that the knight was wholly expos'd to the spectators view. While he was thus employ'd, one of the carriers who lodg'd in the inn came out to water

his mules, which he could not do without removing the arms out of the trough. With that Don Quixote, who saw him make towards him, cry'd out to him aloud, O thou, whoe'er thou art, rash knight, that prepares to lay thy hands on the arms of the most valorous knight-errant that ever wore a sword, take heed; do not audaciously attempt to profane them with a touch, lest instant death be the too sure reward of thy temerity. But the carrier never regarded these dreadful threats; and laying hold on the armour by the straps, without any more ado threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone; for Don Quixote no sooner saw this, but lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seem'd, to his lady Dulcinea, assist me, lady, cry'd he, in the first opportunity that offers itself to your faithful slave; nor let your favour and protection be deny'd me in this first trial of my valour! Repeating such-like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both his hands, he gave the carrier such a terrible knock on his inconsiderate head with his lance, that he laid him at his feet in a woeful condition; and had he back'd that blow with another, the fellow would certainly have had no need of a surgeon. This done, Don Quixote took up his armour, laid it again in the horse-trough, and then walk'd on backwards and forwards with as great unconcern as he did at first.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happen'd, came also to water his mules, while the first yet lay on the ground in a trance; but as he offer'd

to clear the trough of the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any one's assistance, once more dropp'd his target, lifted up his lance, and then let it fall so heavily on the fellow's pate, that without damaging his lance, he broke the carrier's head in three or four places. His outcry soon alarm'd and brought thither all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest; which Don Quixote perceiving, thou queen of beauty (cry'd he, bracing on his shield, and drawing his sword) thou courage and vigour of my weaken'd heart, now is the time when thou must enliven thy adventurous slave with the beams of thy greatness, while this moment he is engaging in so terrible an adventure! With this, in his opinion, he found himself supply'd with such an addition of courage, that had all the carriers in the world at once attack'd him, he would undoubtedly have fac'd them all. On the other side, the carriers, enrag'd to see their comrades thus us'd, though they were afraid to come near, gaye the knight such a volley of stones, that he was forc'd to shelter himself as well as he could under the covert of his target, without daring to go far from the horse-trough, lest he should seem to abandon his arms. The inn-keeper call'd to the carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad, and consequently the law would acquit him, tho' he should kill 'em. Don Quixote also made yet more noise, calling 'em false and treacherous villains, and the lord of the castle base and unhospitable, and a dis-

courteous knight, for suffering a knight-errant to be so abus'd. I would make thee know (cry'd he) what a perfidious wretch thou art, had I but receiv'd the order of knighthood; but for you, base, ignominious rabble! fling on, do your worst; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the reward of your indiscretion and insolence. This he spoke with so much spirit and undauntedness, that he struck a terror into all his assailants; so that partly through fear, and partly through the inn-keeper's persuasions, they gave over flinging stones at him; and he, on his side, permitted the enemy to carry off their wounded, and then return'd to the guard of his arms as calm and composed as before.

The inn-keeper, who began somewhat to dislike these mad tricks of his guest, resolv'd to dispatch him forthwith, and bestow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent farther mischief: so coming to him, he excus'd himself for the insolence of those base scoundrels, as being done without his privy or consent; but their audaciousness, he said, was sufficiently punished. He added, that he had already told him there was no chapel in his castle; and that indeed there was no need of one to finish the rest of the ceremony of knighthood, which consisted only in the application of the sword to the neck and shoulders, as he had read in the register of the ceremonies of the order; and that this might be perform'd as well in a field as any where else: that he had already fulfill'd the obligation of watching his arms, which requir'd no more than two

hours watch, whereas he had been four hours upon the guard. Don Quixote, who easily believ'd him, told him he was ready to obey him, and desir'd him to make an end of the business as soon as possible, for if he were but knighted, and should see himself once attack'd, he believ'd he should not leave a man alive in the castle, except those whom he should desire him to spare for his sake.

Upon this the inn-keeper, lest the knight should proceed to such extremities, fetch'd the book in which he us'd to set down the carriers accounts for straw and barley; and having brought with him the two kind females, already mentioned, and a boy that held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, he order'd Don Quixote to kneel: then reading in his manual, as if he had been repeating some pious oration, in the midst of his devotion, he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle slap on the back with the flat of his sword, still mumbling some words between his teeth in the tone of a prayer. After this he ordered one of the wenches to gird the sword about the knight's waist; which she did with much solemnity, and, I may add, discretion, considering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every circumstance of the ceremony: 'tis true, the thoughts of the knight's late prowess, did not a little contribute to the suppression of her mirth. As she girded on his sword, Heav'n, cry'd the kind lady, make your worship a lucky knight, and prosper you wherever you go. Don Quixote desir'd to know her name, that he might

understand to whom he was indebted for the favour she had bestow'd upon him, and also make her partaker of the honour he was to acquire by the strength of his arm. To which the lady answered with all humility, that her name was Tolosa, a cobbler's daughter, that kept a stall among the little shops of Sanchobinaya at Toledo; and that whenever he pleas'd to command her, she would be his humble servant. Don Quixote begg'd of her to do him the favour to add hereafter the title of lady to her name, and for his sake to be call'd from that time the lady Tolosa; which she promised to do. Her companion having buckl'd on his spurs, occasion'd a like conference between them; and when he had ask'd her name, she told him she went by the name of Miller, being the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Our new knight intreated her also to stile herself the lady Miller, making her new offers of service. These extraordinary ceremonies (the like never seen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of post-haste, Don Quixote could not rest till he had taken the field in quest of adventures; therefore having immediately saddled his Rozinante, and being mounted, he embrac'd the inn-keeper, and return'd him so many thanks at so extravagant a rate, for the obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a knight, that 'tis impossible to give a true relation of 'em all: to which the inn-keeper, in haste to get rid of him, return'd as rhetorical, though shorter, answers; and, without stopping his horse for the reckoning, was glad with all his heart to see him go.

C H A P. IV.

What befell the Knight after he had left the Inn.

AURORA began to usher in the morn, when Don Quixote sallied out of the inn, so well pleas'd, so gay and so overjoy'd to find himself knighted, that he infus'd the same satisfaction into his horse, who seem'd ready to burst his girths for joy. But calling to mind the admonitions which the inn-keeper had given him, concerning the provision of necessary accommodations in his travels, particularly money and clean shirts, he resolv'd to return home to furnish himself with them, and likewise get him a squire, designing to entertain as such a labouring man, his neighbour, who was poor and had a charge of children, but yet very fit for the office. With this resolution he took to the road which led to his own village; and Rozinante, that seem'd to know his will by instinct, began to carry him a round trot so briskly, that his heels seem scarcely to touch the ground. The knight had not travell'd far, when he fancy'd he heard an effeminate voice complaining in a thicket on his right hand. 'I thank Heaven (said he when he heard the cries) for favouring me so soon with an opportunity to perform the duty of my profession, and reap the fruit of my desires! for these complaints are certainly the moans of some distressed creature who wants my present help.' Then turning to that side with all the speed which Rozinante could make, he no sooner came into the wood but he

found a mare ty'd to an oak, and to another a young lad about fifteen years of age, naked from the waist upwards. This was he who made such a lamentable outcry; and not without cause, for a lusty country-fellow was strapping him soundly with a girdle, at every stripe putting him in mind of a proverb, *Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open, firrah*. Good master, cry'd the boy, I'll do so no more; as I hope to be sav'd, I'll never do so again! indeed, master, hereafter I'll take more care of your goods. Don Quixote seeing this, cry'd, in an angry tone, 'Discourteous knight, 'tis an unworthy act to strike a person who is not able to defend himself: come, bestride thy steed, and take thy lance,' (for the farmer had something that look'd like one leaning to the same tree to which his mare was ty'd) 'then I'll make thee know thou hast acted the part of a coward.' The country fellow, who gave himself for lost at the sight of an apparition in armour brandishing his lance at his face, answered him in mild and submissive words: 'Sir knight cry'd he, this boy, whom I am chastising, is my servant, employed by me to look after a flock of sheep, which I have not far off; but he is so heedless, that I lose some of 'em every day. Now, because I correct him for his carelessness or his knavery, he says I do it out of covetousness, to defraud him of his wages; but, upon my life and soul, he belies me.' 'What! the lie in my presence, you saucy clown (cry'd Don Quixote); by the sun that shines I have a good mind to run thee through the body with my lance. Pay

‘the boy this instant, without any more words, or
‘by the power that rules us all, I’ll immediately dis-
‘patch, and annihilate thee: come, unbind him this
‘moment.’ The country-man hung down his head,
and without any further reply unbound the boy; who
being ask’d by Don Quixote what his master ow’d him?
told him ’twas nine months wages, at seven reals a
month. The knight having cast it up, found it came
to sixty-three reals in all; which he order’d the far-
mer to pay the fellow immediately, unless he intended
to lose his life that very moment. The poor country-
man trembling for fear, told him, that, as he was on
the brink of death, by the oath he had sworn (by the
by he had not sworn at all) he did not owe the lad so
much: for there was to be deducted for three pair of
shoes which he had bought him. and a real for his be-
ing let blood twice when he was sick. That may be,
reply’d Don Quixote; but set the price of the shoes
and the bleeding against the stripes which you have
given him without cause: for if he has us’d the shoe-
leather which you paid for, you have in return misus’d
and impair’d his skin sufficiently; and if the surgeon
let him blood when he was sick you have drawn blood
from him now he is in health; so that he owes you no-
thing on that account. The worst is, sir knight, cry’d
the farmer, that I have no money about me; but let
Andrew go home with me, and I’ll pay him every piece
out of hand. What! I go home with him, cry’d the
youngster, the devil a-bit, Sir! not I, truly, I know
better things; for he’d no sooner have me by himself,

but he'd flea me alive like another St. Bartholomew. He will never dare to do it, reply'd Don Quixote; I command him, and that's sufficient to restrain him: therefore provided he will swear by the order of knighthood which has been conferr'd upon him, that he will duly observe this regulation, I will freely let him go, and then thou art secure of thy money. Good Sir, take heed what you say, cry'd the boy; for my master is no knight, nor ever was of any order in his life: He's John Haldudo, the rich farmer of Quintinar. This signifies little, answer'd Don Quixote, for there may be knights among the Haldudos; besides, the brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works. That's true, Sir, quoth Andrew; but of what works, can this master of mine be the son, who denies me my wages, which I have earn'd with the sweat of my brows? I do not deny to pay thee thy wages, honest Andrew, cry'd the master; be but so kind as to go along with me, and by all the orders of knighthood in the world, I swear, I'll pay thee every piece, as I said, nay and perfum'd to *boot. ' You may spare ' your perfume, said Don Quixote; do but pay him in ' reals, and I am satisfied; but be sure you perform ' your oath; for if you fail, I myself swear by the same ' oath to return and find you out, and punish you, tho'

* To pay or return a thing perfumed, is a Spanish expression, signifying it shall be done to content or with advantage to the receiver. Jervas says it is used here as a satire on the effeminate custom of wearing every thing perfum'd, insomuch that the very money in their pockets were scented.

‘ you should hide yourself as close as a lizard. And if
‘ you will be inform’d who ’tis that lays these injuncti-
‘ ons on you, that you may understand how highly it
‘ concerns you to observe ’em, know, I am the valo-
‘ rous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs,
‘ the revenger and redresser of grievances; and so fare-
‘ well: but remember what you have promis’d and
‘ sworn, as you will answer the contrary at your peril.’
This said, he clapp’d spurs to Rozinante, and quickly
left the master and the man a good way behind him.

The country-man, who follow’d him with both his
eyes, no sooner perceiv’d that he was past the woods,
and quite out of sight, but he went back to his boy An-
drew. Come, child, said he, I will pay thee what I
owe thee, as that righter of wrongs, and redresser of
grievances has order’d me. Ay, quoth Andrew, on
my word, you’ll do well to fulfil the commands of that
good knight, whom Heaven grant long to live; for he
is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that adad if you
don’t pay me he’ll come back and make his words good.
I dare swear as much, answer’d the master; and to
shew thee how much I love thee, I am willing to in-
crease the debt, that I may enlarge the payment. With
that he caught the youngster by the arm, and ty’d him
again to the tree; where he handled him so unmerci-
fully, that scarce any signs of life were left in him.
Now call your righter of wrongs, Mr. Andrew, cry’d
the farmer, and you shall see he’ll near be able to un-
doe what I have done: though I think ’tis but a part
of what I ought to do, for I have a good mind to flea

you alive, as you said I would, you rascal. However, he untied him at last, and gave him leave to go and seek out his judge, in order to have his decree put in execution. Andrew went his ways not very well pleas'd you may be sure, yet fully resolv'd to find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and give him an exact account of the whole transaction: that he might pay the abuse with seven-fold usury: in short, he crept off fobbing and weeping, while his master staid behind laughing. And in this manner was this wrong redressed by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In the mean time, being highly pleased with himself and what had happen'd, imagining he had given a most fortunate and noble beginning to his feats of arms, as he went on towards his village, 'O most beautiful of beauties,' said he with a low voice, 'Dulcinea del Toboso! well may'st thou deem thyself most happy, since 'twas thy good fortune to captivate and hold a willing slave to thy pleasure so valorous and renowned a knight as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, had the honour of knighthood bestowed on him but yesterday, and this day redressed the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice could design, or cruelty commit: this day has he wrested the scourge out of the hands of that tormentor, who so unmercifully treated a tender infant, without the least occasion given.' Just as he had said this, he found himself at a place where four roads met; and this made him presently bethink of those cross-ways which often use to put knights-errant

to a stand, to consult with themselves which way they should take: and that he might follow their example, he stopp'd a while, and after he had seriously reflected on the matter, gave Rozinante the reins, subjecting his own will to that of his horse, who pursuing his first intent, took the way that led to his own stable.

Don Quixote had not gone above two miles, but he discover'd a company of people riding towards him, who prov'd to be merchants of Toledo, that were going to buy silks in Murcia. They were six in all, every one screen'd with an umbrella, besides four servants on horse-back, and three muleteers * on foot. The knight no sooner perceiv'd them, but he imagin'd this to be some new adventure; and because he was resolv'd to imitate as much as possible the passages which he had read in his books, he was pleas'd to represent this to himself as such a particular adventure as he had a singular desire to meet with; and so, with a dreadful grace and assurance, fixing himself in his stirrups, couching his lance, and covering his breast with his target, he posted himself in the middle of the road, expecting the coming up of the supposed knights-errant. As soon as they came within hearing, with a loud voice and haughty tone, ' Hold, cry'd he, let all
' mankind stand, nor hope to pass on further, unless
' all mankind acknowledge and confess, that there is
' not in the universe a more beautiful damsel than the
' empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del To-

* Mule-boys, who conduct travellers through Spain, and bring back the mules, and take care of them all the way.

‘bofo.’ At those words the merchants made a halt, to view the unaccountable figure of their opponent; and easily conjecturing, both by his expression and disguise, that the poor gentleman had lost his senses, they were willing to understand the meaning of that strange confession which he would force from them; and therefore one of the company, who lov’d and understood raillery, having discretion to manage it, undertook to talk to him. ‘Signor cavalier, cry’d he, we do not know this worthy lady you talk of; but be pleased to let us see her, and then if we find her possess’d of those matchless charms, of which you assert her to be the mistress, we will freely, and without the least compulsion, own the truth which you would extort from us.’ ‘Had I once shewed you that beauty, reply’d Don Quixote, what wonder would it be to acknowledge so notorious a truth? the importance of the thing lies in obliging you to believe it, confess it, affirm it, swear it, and maintain it, without seeing her; and therefore make this acknowledgment this very moment, or know, that ’tis with me you must join in battle, ye proud and unreasonable mortals. Come one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all at once, according to the dishonourable practice of men of your stamp; here I expect you all my single self, and will stand the encounter, confiding in the justice of my cause.’ ‘Sir knight *, reply’d the merchant, I beseech you, in the name of all the prin-

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' ces here present, that for the discharge of our consci-
 ' ences, which will not permit us to affirm a thing we
 ' never heard or saw, and which, besides, tends so
 ' much to the dishonour of the empresses and queens
 ' of Alcaria and Estremadura, your worship will vouch-
 ' safe to let us see some portraiture of that lady, tho'
 ' 'twere no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by a
 ' small sample we may judge of the whole piece, and
 ' by that means rest secure and satisfy'd, and you
 ' contented and appeas'd. Nay, I verily believe, that
 ' we all find ourselves already so inclinable to comply
 ' with you, that though her picture should represent
 ' her to be blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion
 ' and brimstone at the other, yet to oblige you, we
 ' should be ready to say in her favour whatever your
 ' worship desires.' ' Distill, ye infamous scoundrels,
 ' reply'd Don Quixote, in a burning rage! distill, say
 ' you? know, that nothing distills from her but amber
 ' and civet: neither is she defective in her make or
 ' shape, but more streight than a Guandaramian
 ' spindle *. But you shall all severely pay for the hor-
 ' rid blasphemy which thou hast utter'd against the
 ' transcendent beauty of my incomparable lady." Say-
 ing this, with his lance couch'd, he ran so furiously

* As straight as a spindle, is a Spanish simile, and Guada-
 rama is a noted place for making them, says Stevens. Guada-
 rama is a small town nine leagues from Madrid, seated at the
 foot of the mountain: near it stands the Escorial. Jervas says,
 the rocks of this hill are so streight and perpendicular, that
 they are called the spindles.

at the merchant who thus provok'd him, that had not good fortune so order'd it, that Rozinante should stumble and fall in the midst of his career, the audacious trifler had paid dear for his raillery: but as Rozinante fell, he threw down his master, who roll'd and tumbled a good way on the ground, without being able to get upon his legs, though he us'd all his skill and strength to effect it, so encumber'd he was with his lance, target, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his rusty armour. However, in this helpless condition he play'd the heroë with his tongue; 'Stay, cry'd he, 'cowards, rascals, do not fly! 'tis not through my 'fault that I lie here, but through that of my horse, 'ye poltroons!'

One of the grooms, who was none of the best natur'd creatures, hearing the overthrown knight thus insolently treat his master, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and therefore coming up to him, as he lay wallowing, he snatch'd his lance, and having broke it to pieces, he so belabour'd Don Quixote's sides with one of them, that, in spite of his arms, he thrash'd him like a wheat-sheaf. His master indeed call'd him not to lay on him so vigorously, and to let him alone; but the fellow, whose hand was in, would not give over rib-roasting the knight, till he had tir'd out his passion and himself; and therefore running to the other pieces of the broken lance, he fell to it again without ceasing, 'till he had splinter'd them all on the knight's iron inclosure. He, on his side, notwithstanding all this storm of bastina-

does, lay all the while bellowing, threatening heaven and earth, and those villainous ruffians, as he took them to be. At last the mule-driver was tir'd, and the merchants pursu'd their journey, sufficiently furnish'd with matter of discourse at the poor knight's expence. When he found himself alone, he try'd once more to get on his feet; but if he could not do it when he had the use of his limbs, how should he do it now, bruised and batter'd as he was? But yet for all this, he esteem'd himself a happy man, being still persuaded, that his misfortune was one of those accidents common in knight-errantry, and such a one as he could wholly attribute to the falling of his horse; nor could he possibly get up, so sore and mortify'd as his body was all over.

C H A P. V..

A farther account of our knight's misfortunes.

DON Quixote perceiving that he was not able to stir, resolv'd to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to bethink himself what passage in his books might afford him some comfort: and presently his folly brought to his remembrance the story of Baldwin and the marquis of Mantua, when Charlot left the former wounded on the mountain; a story learn'd and known by little children, not unknown to young men and women, celebrated, and even believ'd, by the old, and yet not a jot more authentic than the miracles of Mahomet. This seem'd to him as if made

on purpose for his present circumstances, and therefore he fell a rolling and tumbling up and down, expressing the greatest pain and resentment, and breathing out, with a languishing voice, the same complaints which the wounded knight of the wood is said to have made :

‘ Alas ! where are you, lady dear,

‘ That for my woe you do not moan ?

‘ You little know what ails me here,

‘ Or are to me disloyal grown !’

Thus he went on with the lamentations in that romance, till he came to these verses :

‘ O thou, my uncle and my prince,

‘ Marquis of Mantua, noble lord !—

When kind fortune so order’d it, that a ploughman, who liv’d in the same village, and near his house, happen’d to pass by, as he came from the mill with a sack of wheat. The fellow seeing a man lie at his full length on the ground, ask’d him who he was, and why he made such a sad complaint ? Don Quixote, whose distemper’d brain presently represented to him the country-man for the marquis of Mantua, his imaginary uncle, made him no answer, but went on with the romance, giving him an account of his misfortunes, and of the loves of his wife, and the emperor’s son, just as the book relates ’em. The fellow star’d, much amaz’d to hear a man talk such unaccountable stuff ; and taking off the vizor of his helmet, broken all to pieces with blows bestow’d upon’t by the mule-driver, he wip’d off the dust, that cover’d his face, and presently knew

the gentleman. Master Quixada! cry'd he, (for so he was properly call'd when he had the right use of his senses, and had not yet from a sober gentleman transform'd himself into a wand'ring knight) how came you in this condition? but the other continued his romance, and made no answers to all the questions the country-man put to him, but what follow'd in course in the book: which the good man perceiving, he took of the batter'd adventurer's armour, as well as he could, and fell a searching for his wounds; but finding no sign of blood, or any other hurt, he endeavour'd to set him upon his legs; and at last with a great deal of trouble, he heav'd him upon his own ass, as being the more easy and gentle carriage: he also got all the knight's arms together, not leaving behind so much as the splinters of his lance; and having ty'd 'em up, and laid 'em on Rozinante, which he took by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he led 'em all towards the village, and trudg'd a-foot himself very pensive, while he reflect-ed on the extravagancies which he heard Don Quixote utter. Nor was Don Quixote himself less melancholy, for he felt himself so bruised and batter'd that he could hardly sit on the ass; and now and then he breath'd such grievous sighs, as seem'd to pierce the very skies, which mov'd his compassionate neighbour once more to intreat him to declare to him the cause of his grief: but one would have imagin'd the devil prompted him with stories, that had some resemblance of his circumstances; for in that instant, wholly forgetting Baldwin, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, whom

Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcayde of Antequera, took and carry'd prisoner to his castle; so that when the husband-man ask'd him how he did, and what ail'd him? he answer'd word for word as the prisoner Abindarraez reply'd to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the *Diana* of George de Monte-mayor, where that adventure is related; applying it so properly to his purpose, that the country-man with'd himself at the devil rather than within the hearing of such strange nonsense; and being now fully convinc'd, that his neighbour's brains were turn'd, he made all the haste he could to the village, to be rid of his troublesome impertinencies. Don Quixote in the mean time thus went on: you must know, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautiful Xerifa, of whom I gave you an account, is at present the most lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whose sake I have done, still do, and will atchieve the most famous deeds of chivalry that ever were, are, or ever shall be seen in the universe. Good Sir, reply'd the husband-man, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo by name, your worship's neighbour; nor are you Baldwin, nor Abindarraez, but only that worthy gentleman Senior Quixada. I know very well who I am, answer'd Don Quixote; and what's more, I know, that I may not only be the persons I have named, but also the twelve peers of France, nay, and the nine worthies all in one; since my atchievements will out-rival not only the famous exploits which made any of 'em singly illustrious, but all their mighty deeds accumulated together.

Thus discoursing, they at last got near their village about sun-set; but the country-man staid at some distance till 'twas dark, that the distressed gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted, and then he led him home to his own house, which he found in great confusion. The curate and the barber of the village, both of 'em Don Quixote's intimate acquaintance, happen'd to be there at that juncture, as also the house-keeper, who was arguing with 'em: what do you think, pray good doctor Perez, said she. (for this was the curate's name) what do you think of my master's mischance? neither he, nor his horse, nor his target, lance, nor armour have been seen these six days. What shall I do, wretch that I am! I dare lay my life, and 'tis as sure as I am a living creature, that those cursed books of errantry, which he us'd to be always poring upon, have set him besides his senses; for now I remember, I have heard him often mutter to himself, that he had a mind to turn knight-errant, and jaunt up and down the world to find out adventures. May Satan and Barrabas e'en take all such books that have thus crack'd the best head-piece in all La Mancha! His niece said as much, addressing herself to the barber: you must know, Mr. Nicholas, quoth she, (for that was his name) that many times my uncle would read you those unconscionable books of disventures for eight and forty hours together; then away he'd throw you his book, and drawing his sword, he'd fall a fencing against the walls; and when he had tir'd himself with cutting and slashing, he would cry, he had kill'd four giants as big as any steeples;

and the sweat which he put himself into, he would say, was the blood of the wounds he had receiv'd in the fight; then would he swallow you a huge jug of cold water and presently he'd be as quiet and as well as e'er he was in his life; and he said, that this same water was a sort of precious drink brought him by the sage * Esquife a great magician and his special friend. Now 'tis I who am the cause of all this mischief, for not giving you timely notice of my uncle's raving, that you might have put a stop to it, ere 'twas too late, and have burnt all these excommunicated books; for there are I dont know how many of them that deserve as much to be burn'd as those of the rankest heretics. I am of your mind, said the curate; and verily to-morrow shall not pass over before I have fairly brought 'em to a trial, and condemn'd 'em to the flames, that they may not minister occasion, to such as would read 'em, to be perverted after the example of my good friend. The country-man, who with Don Quixote stood without, listning to all this discourse, now perfectly understood by this the cause of his neighbour's disorder; and therefore, without any more ado, he call'd out aloud, Here! house! open the gates there, for the lord Baldwin, and the lord marquis of Mantua, who is coming sadly wounded; and for the Moorish lord Abindaraez, whom the valorous Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcayde of Antequera, brings prisoner. At

* She means Alquife, a famous enchanter in Amadis de Gaul and Don Belianis of Greece, husband to the no less famous Urganda the forcerefs.

which words they all got out of doors; and the one finding it to be her uncle, and the other to be her master, and the rest their friend, who had not yet alighted from the asfs, because indeed he was not able, they all ran to embrace him; to whom Don Quixote; forbear, said he, for I am forely hurt, by reason that my horse fail'd me; carry me to bed, and if it be possible let the enchantress Urganda be sent for to cure my wounds. Now, in the name of mischief, quoth the house-keeper, see whether I did not guess right, on which foot my master halted? come, get you to bed, I beseech you; and my life for your's, we'll take care to cure you without sending for that same Urganda. A hearty curse, and the curse of curses, I say it again and again a hundred times, light upon those books of chivalry that have put you in this pickle. Thereupon they carry'd him up to his bed, and search'd for his wounds, but could find none; and then he told them he was only bruis'd, having had a dreadful fall from his horse Rozinante while he was fighting ten giants, the most outrageous and audacious that ever could be found upon the face of the earth. How! cry'd the curate, have we giants too in the dance*? nay then, by the holy sign of the cross, I'll burn 'em all by to-morrow-night. Then did they ask the Don a thousand questions; but to every one he made no other answer, but that they should give him something to eat, and then leave him to his repose, a thing which was to him of the greatest importance. They comply'd with his desires; and then

* Alluding to a passage in Amadis, where several giants are mix'd with ladies and knights at Constantinople in a dance.

the curate inform'd himself at large in what condition the country-man had found him; and having had a full account of every particular, as also of the knight's extravagant talk, both when the fellow found him, and as he brought him home, this increas'd the curate's desire of effecting what he had resolv'd to do the next morning: at which time he call'd upon his friend, Mr. Nicholas the barber, and went with him to Don Quixote's house.

C H A P. VI.

Of the pleasant and curious scrutiny which the curate and the barber made of the library of our ingenious gentleman.

THE knight was yet asleep, when the curate came attended by the barber, and desir'd his niece to let him have the key of the room where her uncle kept his books, the author of his woes: she readily consented; and so in they went, and the house-keeper with 'em. There they found above an hundred large volumes neatly bound, and a good number of small ones: as soon as the house-keeper had spy'd 'em out, she ran out of the study, and return'd immediately with a holy-water pot and a sprinkler: here doctor, cry'd she, pray sprinkle every creek and corner in the room, lest there should lurk in it some one of the many forcerers these books swarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the ill-will we bear 'em, in going a-

bout to send 'em out of the world. The curate could not forbear smiling at the good woman's simplicity; and desir'd the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might peruse the title pages, for perhaps he might find some among 'em, that might not deserve to be committed to the flames. Oh, by no means, cry'd the niece, spare none of them, they all help some how or other to crack my uncle's brain. I fancy we had best throw 'em all out at the window in the yard, and lay 'em together in a heap, and then set them o' fire, or else carry 'em into the back-yard, and there make a pile of 'em, and burn 'em, and so the smoak will offend no body: the house-keeper join'd with her, so eagerly bent they were both upon the destruction of those poor innocents; but the curate would not condescend to those irregular proceedings, and resolv'd first to read at least the title-page of every book.

The first that Mr. Nicholas put into his hands was *Amadis de Gaul*, in four volumes*. There seems to be some mystery in this book's being the first taken down (cry'd the curate, as soon as he had look'd upon't) for I have heard 'tis the first book of knight-errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the model of all the rest; and therefore I am of opinion, that, as the first teacher and author of so pernicious a sect, it ought to be condemn'd to the fire without mercy. I beg a re-

* Hence it appears, that only the first four books of *Amadis* were thought genuine by Cervantes. The subsequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemn'd hereby as spurious.

prieve for him, cry'd the barber, for I have been told 'tis the best book that has been written in that kind; and therefore as the only good thing of that sort, it may deserve a pardon. Well then, reply'd the curate, for this time let him have it. Let's see that other, which lies next to him. These, said the barber, are the exploits of Esplandian, the lawful begotten son of Amadis de Gaul. Verily, said the curate, the father's goodness shall not excuse the want of it in the son: here, good mistress house-keeper, open that window, and throw it into the yard, and let it serve as a foundation to that pile we are to set a blazing presently. She was not slack in her obedience; and thus poor Don Esplandian was sent headlong into the yard, there patiently to wait the time of his fiery trial. To the next, cry'd the curate. This, said the barber, is Amadis of Greece; and I'm of opinion, that all those that stand on this side are of the same family. Then let 'em all be sent packing into the yard, reply'd the curate; for rather than lose the pleasure of burning Queen* Pinti-quiniestra, and the shepherd † Darinel with his eclogues, and the confounded unintelligible discourses of the author, I think I should burn my own father along with 'em, if I met him in the disguise of a knight-errant. I am of your mind, cry'd the barber; and I too, said the niece: nay, then, quoth the old female, let 'em come, and down with 'em all into the yard. They were de-

* A terrible fighting giants in Amadis de Gaul, and one of the most ridiculous characters imaginable.

† A ridiculous buffoon in love with an empress, *ibid.*

liver'd to her accordingly, and many they were; so that to save herself the labour of carrying 'em down stairs, she fairly sent them flying out at the window.

What overgrown piece of lumber † have we here? cry'd the curate. Olivante de Laura, return'd the barber. The same author wrote *The garden of flowers*; and, to deal ingenuously with you, I cannot well tell which of the two books has most truth in it, or, to speak more properly, less lies: but this I know for certain, that he shall march into the backyard like a nonsensical arrogant blockhead as he is.

The next, cry'd the barber, is *Florismart of Hyrcania*. How! my lord *Florismart*, is he here? reply'd the curate: nay then truly he shall e'en follow the rest to the yard, in spite of his wonderful birth and incredible adventures; for his rough, dull, and insipid stile deserves no better usage. Come, toss him into the yard, and this other too, good mistress. With all my heart, quoth the governess; and strait she was as good as her word.

Here's the noble *Don Platir*, cry'd the barber. 'Tis an old book, reply'd the curate, and I can think of nothing in him that deserves a grain of pity: away with him, without any more words; and down he went accordingly.

Another book was opened, and it proved to be *The knight of the cross*. The holy title, cry'd the curate,

† What *Tun* of an author, &c. *Quien en esse tonel* &c. in the original.

might in some measure atone for the badness of the book; but then, as the saying is, 'The devil lurks behind the cross!' To the flames with him.

Then the barber taking down another book, cry'd, here's The mirror of knighthood. Oh! I have the honour to know him, reply'd the curate. There you will find the lord Rinalde of Montalban, with his friends and companions, all of them greater thieves than Cacus, together with the twelve peers of France, and that faithful historian Turpin. Truly, I must needs say, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, at least because their story contains something of the famous * Boyardo's invention, out of which the Christian poet Ariosto also spun his web: yet, if I happen'd to meet with him in this bad company, and speaking in any other language than his own, I'll shew him no manner of favour; but if he talks in his own native tongue, I'll treat him with all the respect imaginable †. I have him at home in Italian, said the barber, but I cannot understand him. Neither is it any great matter, whether you do or not ‡, reply'd the curate; and I could willingly have excus'd the good captain who translated it that trouble of attempting to make him

* A famous Italian poet, author of several canto's of Orlando Inamorato, from whom Ariosto borrow'd a great part of his Orlando Furioso.

† I will put him upon my head, in the original: a mark of honour and respect.

‡ It is plain from hence, that Cervantes did not relish Ariosto's extravagancies.

speak Spanish, for he has depriv'd him of a great deal of his primitive graces; a misfortune incident to all those who presume to translate verses, since their utmost wit and industry can never enable 'em to preserve the native beauties and genius that shine in the original. For this reason I am for having not only this book, but likewise all those which we shall find here, treating of French affairs *, laid up and deposited in some dry vault, till we have maturely determined what ought to be done with 'em; yet give me leave to except one Barnardo del Carpio, that must be somewhere here among the rest, and another, call'd Roncesvalles; for whenever I meet with 'em I will certainly deliver 'em up into the hands of the house-keeper, who shall toss them into the fire. The barber gave his approbation to every particular, well knowing that the curate was so good a Christian, and so great a lover of truth, that he would not have utter'd a falsity for all the world. Then opening another volume, he found it to be Palmerin de Oliva, and the next to that Palmerin of England. Ha! have I found you! cry'd the curate. Here take that Oliva, let him be torn to pieces, then burnt, and his ashes scatter'd in the air; but let Palmerin of England be preserved as a singular relique of antiquity; and let such a costly box be made for him as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, which he devoted to inclose Homer's works: for I must tell you,

* Meaning the common subject of romances, the scene of which lay in France, under Charlemagne and the Palatins.

neighbour, that book deserves particular respect for two things; first, for its own excellencies; and, secondly, for the sake of its author, who is said to have been a learned king of Portugal: then all the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are well and artfully manag'd, the dialogue very courtly and clear, and the decorum strictly observed in equal character, with equal propriety and judgment. Therefore, Mr. Nicholas, continu'd he, with submission to your better advice, this and Amadis de Gaul shall be exempted from the fire; and let all the rest be condemn'd without any further enquiry or examination. By no means, I beseech you, return'd the barber, for this which I have in my hands is the famous Don Bellianis. Truly, cry'd the curate, he, with his second, third, and fourth parts, had need of a dose of rhubarb to purge his excessive choler: besides, his castle of fame should be demolish'd, and a heap of other rubbish remov'd; in order to which I give my vote to grant 'em the benefit of a reprieve; and as they shew signs of amendment, so shall mercy or justice be us'd towards 'em: in the mean time, neighbour, take 'em into custody, and keep them safe at home; but let none be permitted to converse with them. Content, cry'd the barber; and to save himself the labour of looking on any more books of that kind, he bid the house-keeper take all the great volumes, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the

finest and largest web * : so that laying hold of no less than eight volumes at once, she presently made 'em leap towards the place of execution : but as she went too eagerly to work, taking more books than she could conveniently carry, she happen'd to drop one at the barber's feet, which he took up out of curiosity to see what it was, and found it to be the history of the famous knight Tirante the White. Good-lack-a-day, cry'd the curate, is Tirante the White here ; oh ! pray, good neighbour, give it me by all means, for I promise myself to find in it a treasure of delight, and a mine of recreation. There we have that valorous knight † Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montalban, with his brother Thomas of Montalban, and the knight Fonseca ; the combat between the valorous Detriante and Alano ; the dainty and witty conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the loves and guiles of the widow Reposada ; together with the lady empress, that was in love with Hippolito her gentleman usher. I vow and protest to you, neighbour, continu'd he, that in its way there is not a better book in the world : why here you knights eat and drink, sleep and die natural deaths in their beds, nay, and make their last wills and testaments ; with a world of other things, of

* A conceal'd piece of satire on the laziness and want of good housewifery in the Spanish women.

† Most of these names are significative, and are qualities personify'd : as *Kyrie-Eleison*, Greek for *Lord have mercy upon us* ; *Alano* is a mastiff dog ; *Plazerdemivida*, pleasure of my life ; *Reposada*, fedate and staid.

which all the rest of these sort of books don't say one syllable. Yet after all, I must tell you, that for wilfully taking the pains to write so many foolish things, the worthy author fairly deserves to be sent to the galleys for all the days of his life. Take it home with you and read it, and then tell me whether I have told you the truth or no. I believe you, reply'd the barber; but what shall we do with all these smaller books that are left? Certainly, reply'd the curate, these cannot be books of knight-errantry, they are too small; you'll find they are only poets: and so opening one, it happened to be the *Diana of Montemayor*; which made him say (believing all the rest to be of that stamp) these do not deserve to be punish'd like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do that mischief which those stories of chivalry have done, being generally ingenious books, that can do no body any prejudice. Oh! good Sir, cry'd the niece, burn 'em with the rest, I beseech you; for should my uncle get cur'd of his knight-errant frenzy, and betake himself to the reading of these books, we should have him turn shepherd, and so wander thro' the woods and fields; nay, and what would be worse yet, turn poet, which they say is a catching and an uncurable disease. The gentlewoman is in the right, said the curate, and it will not be amiss to remove that stumbling-block out of our friend's way; and since we began with the *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician *Felicia*, and the enchanted water, as also all

the longer poems ; and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first of that kind. Here's another Diana, quoth the barber, the second of that name, by Salmantino (of Salamanca) ; nay, and a third too, by Gill Polo. Pray, said the curate, let Salmantino increase the number of the criminals in the yard ; but as for that Gil Polo, preserve it as charily as if Apollo himself had wrote it ; and go on as fast as you can, I beseech you, good neighbour, for it grows late. Here, quoth the barber, I've a book call'd the Ten books of the fortunes of love, by Anthony de Lofracco, a Sardinian poet. Now, by my holy orders, cry'd the curate, I do not think since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, there ever was a more comical, a more whimsical book. Of all the works of the kind commend me to this, for in its way 'tis certainly the best and most singular that ever was publish'd, and he that never read it, may safely think he never in his life read any thing that was pleasant. Give it me, neighbour, continu'd he, for I am more glad to have found it, than if any one had given me a cassock of the best Florence serge. With that he laid it aside with extraordinary satisfaction, and the barber went on : these that follow, cry'd he, are The shepherd of Iberia, The nymphs of Enares, and The cure of jealousy. Take 'em jaylor, quoth the curate, and never ask me why, for then we shall ne'er have done. The next, said the barber, is The shepherd of Filida. He's no shepherd, return'd the curate, but a very discreet courtier ; keep him as a precious jewel.

Here's a bigger, cry'd the barber, call'd, The treasure of divers poems. Had there been fewer of 'em, said the curate, they would have been more esteem'd. 'Tis fit the book should be prun'd and clear'd of several trifles that disgrace the rest: keep it however, because the author is my friend, and for the sake of his other more heroic and lofty productions. Here's a book of songs by Lopez Maldonado, cry'd the barber. He's also my particular friend, said the curate: his verses are very well lik'd when he reads them himself; and his voice is so excellent, that they charm us whenever he sings 'em. He seems indeed to be somewhat too long in his eclogues; but can we ever have too much of a good thing? Let him be preserv'd among the best. What's the next book? The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes, reply'd the barber. That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance these many years, cry'd the curate; and I know he has been more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book indeed has I don't know what that looks like a good design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing: therefore we must stay for the second part, which he has promis'd us*; perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is deny'd him for the present; till that time keep him close prisoner at your house. I will, quoth the barber: but see, I have here three more for you, The Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla, The Austirada of Juan Ruffo, a magistrate of

* Cervantes never perform'd this promise.

Cordoua, and the Monferrato of Christopher de Virves, a Valentian poet. These, cry'd the curate, are the best heroic poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy: reserve them as the most valuable performance which Spain has to boast of in poetry.

At last the curate grew so tir'd with prying into so many volumes, that he order'd all the rest to be burnt at a venture †. But the barber shew'd him one which he had open'd by chance ere the dreadful sentence was past. Truly, said the curate, who saw by the title 'twas the tears of Angelica, I should have wept myself, had I caus'd such a book to share the condemnation of the rest; for the author was not only one of the best poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and translated some of Ovid's fables with extraordinary success.

C H A P. VII.

Don Quixote's second sally in quest of adventures.

WHILE they were thus employ'd, Don Quixote in a raving fit began to talk aloud to himself: here, here, valorous knights, cry'd he, now's the time that you must exert the strength of your mighty arms; for lo, the courtiers bear away the honour of the tournament. This amazing out-cry call'd away the inqui-

† In the original, *a carga cerrada* (inside and contents unknown) a mercantile phrase used in their bills of lading.

sitors from any further examination of the library ; and therefore the house-keeper and the niece being left to their own discretion, 'tis thought the Carolea and Leo of Spain, with the deeds of the emperor, written by Don Lewis d'Avila, which to be sure were part of the collection, were committed to the flames unseen and unheard, without any legal trial ; a fate which perhaps they might have escap'd, had the curate been there to have weigh'd what might have been urg'd in their defence.

When they came into Don Quixote's chamber, they found him risen out of his bed as mad as ever he was, tearing his throat, and making a heavy bustle, laying about him with his sword back-stroke and fore-stroke, as broad awake as if he had never slept. They ran in upon him, caught him in their arms, and carry'd him to bed again by main force ; where, after he was somewhat quiet and settled, turning himself to the curate, Certainly, cry'd he, my lord archbishop Turpin, 'tis a great dishonour to us who are call'd the twelve peers, to suffer the knights of the court to bear away the honour of the tournament without any further opposition, after we the knight adventurers had carry'd it for three days before. Be pacify'd, my good friend, reply'd the curate ; fortune may have yet a better success in reserve for you, and they who lose to-day may win to-morrow ; at present think on your health, for doubtless you must needs be now extremely tir'd, if not very much wounded. Wounded ! reply'd Don Quixote, no ; but as for being bruis'd, I will not deny it, for that base born knight Don Orlando has batter'd

all my limbs with the trunk of an oak, out of meer envy, because he sees that I only dare rival his exploits: but may I no more be call'd Rinaldo of Mont-alban, if, in spite of his enchantments, I do not make him severely pay for this as soon as I can leave my bed; and therefore let my dinner be brought in, for 'tis what I want most at this juncture, and then let me alone to revenge this abuse. Accordingly they brought him some victuals, which when he had eaten, he fell asleep again, and they left him, all of them strangely amaz'd at his uncommon madness. That night the house-keeper burnt all the books, not only those in the yard, but all those that were in the house; and several suffer'd in the general calamity, that deserv'd to have been treasur'd up in everlasting archives, had not their fate and the remissness of the inquisitors order'd it otherwise. And thus they verify'd the proverb, 'That the good often fare the worse for the bad.'

One of the expedients which the curate and the barber bethought themselves of, in order to their friend's recovery, was to stop up the door of the room where his books lay, that he might not find it, nor miss them when he rose; for they hop'd the effect would cease when they had taken away the cause; and they order'd, that if he enquir'd about it, they should tell him, that a certain enchanter had carry'd away study, books and all. Two days after, Don Quixote being got up, the first thing he did was to go visit his darling books; and as he could not find the study in the place where he had left it, he went up and down,

and look'd for it in every room. Sometimes he came to the place where the door us'd to stand, and then stood feeling and groping about a good while, then cast his eyes, and star'd on every side, without speaking a word. At last, after a long deliberation, he thought fit to ask his house-keeper which was the way to his study? What study, (answer'd the woman, according to her instructions) or rather, what nothing is it you look for? alas! here's neither study nor books in the house now, for the devil is run away with 'em all. No, 'twas not the devil, said the niece, but a conjurer, or an inchanter, as they call 'em, who, since you went, came hither one night mounted on a dragon o'th' top of a cloud, and then alighting, went into your study, where what he did, he and the devil best can tell, for a while after, he flew out at the roof of the house, leaving it all full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find the books, nor so much as the very study; only the house-keeper and I very well remember, that when the old thief went away, he cry'd out aloud, that out of a private grudge which he bore in his mind to the owner of those books, he had done the house a mischief, as we should soon perceive; and then I think he call'd himself the sage Muniaton. Not Muniaton, but * Freston you should have said, cry'd Don Quixote. Truly, quoth the niece, I can't tell whether it was Freston or Friston, but sure I am that his name ended with a ton: 'tis so, return'd

* An inchanter in Don Bellianis of Greece.

Don Quixote, for he is a famous necromancer, and my mortal enemy, and bears me a great deal of malice; for seeing by his art, that in spite of all his spells, in process of time I shall fight and vanquish in single combat a knight whose interest he espouses, therefore he endeavours to do me all manner of mischief; but I dare assure him, that he strives against the stream, nor can his power reverse the first decrees of fate. Who doubts of that? cry'd the niece: but, dear uncle, what makes you run yourself into these quarrels? had not you better stay at home, and live in peace and quietness, than go rambling up and down like a vagabond, and seeking for better bread than is made of wheat, without once so much as considering, that many go to seek wool, and come home shorn themselves? Oh, good niece, reply'd Don Quixote, how ill thou understandest these matters! Know, that before I'll suffer myself to be shorn, I'll tear and pluck off the beards of all those audacious mortals, that shall attempt to profane the tip of one single hair within the verge of these mustachoes. To this neither the niece nor the governess thought fit to make any reply, for they perceived the knight to grow angry. Full fifteen days did our knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the least sign of his desire to renew his rambling; during which time there pass'd a great deal of pleasant discourse between him and his two friends the curate and the barber; while he maintain'd, that there was nothing the world stood so much in need of as knights-errant; wherefore he was resolv'd to revive

the order: in which disputes Mr. Curate sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes submitted; for had he not now and then given way to his fancies, there would have been no conversing with him.

In the mean time Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbours, a country labourer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse, and poor in brains; and, in short, the knight talk'd so long to him, ply'd him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor silly clown consented to go along with him, and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him, that 'twas likely such an adventure would present itself, as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allur'd with these large promises, and many others, Sancho Pança (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrow'd a target of a friend, and having patch'd up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he

thought necessary; but above all he charg'd him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promis'd to do, telling him he wou'd also take his afs along with him, which being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not us'd to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the afs made the noble knight pause a while; he mus'd and ponder'd whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whose squire us'd to ride upon an afs; but he could not remember any precedent for it: however, he gave him leave at last to bring his afs, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnish'd himself with shirts, and as many other necessities as he could conveniently carry, according to the inn-keeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Pança, without bidding either his wife or children good-by; and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his house-keeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by any body, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Pança, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knap-sack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happen'd to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Montiel, over which he travel'd with less inconveniency

than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning; at which time the sun-beams being almost parallel to the surface of the earth, and not directly darted down, as in the middle of the day, did not prove so offensive. As they jogg'd on, I beseech your worship, Sir knight-errant, quoth Sancho to his master, be sure you don't forget what you promis'd me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big. You must know, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquer'd: now I am not only resolv'd to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predecessors in generosity: for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delay'd rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with service, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have pass'd six days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have

promised. Why, should this come to pass, quoth Sancho Pança, and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then happy be lucky, my Whither-d'ye-go Mary Gutierrez wou'd be at least a queen, and my children infantas and princes, an't like your worship. Who doubts of that? cry'd Don Quixote. I doubt of it, reply'd Sancho Pança; for I can't help believing, that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierrez's head; for I must needs tell you, she's not worth two brass jacks to make a queen of: no, countesss would be better for her, an't please you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as she can handsomely manage. Recommend the matter to providence, return'd Don Quixote, 'twill be sure to give what is most expedient for thee; but yet disdain to entertain inferior thoughts, and be not tempted to accept less than the dignity of a vice-roy. No more I won't, Sir, quoth Sancho, especially since I have so rare a master as your worship, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had in the most terrifying and never-to-be-imagin'd adventure of the wind-mills, with other transactions worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

AS they were thus discoursing, they discover'd some thirty or forty wind-mills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spy'd them, fortune, cry'd he, directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wish'd: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having depriv'd them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven. What giants, quoth Sancho Pança? Those whom thou see'st yonder, answer'd Don Quixote, with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length. Pray look better, Sir, quoth Sancho; those things yonder are no giants, but wind-mills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirl'd about by the wind, make the mill go. 'Tis a sign, cry'd Don Quixote, thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolv'd to engage in a dreadful unequal com-

bat against them all. This said, he clapt spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawl'd out to him, and assur'd him, that they were wind-mills, and no giants. But he was so fully possess'd with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were; although he was already very near them: far from that, Stand, cowards, cry'd he, as loud as he could; stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all. At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spy'd, Base miscreants, cry'd he, though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance. He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rush'd with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first wind-mill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirl'd it about with such swiftnes, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurl'd away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Pança ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had receiv'd. Mercy o'me! cry'd Sancho, did I not give your worship fair warning? did I not tell you they were wind-mills, and that nobody could think other-

wife, unless he had also wind-mills in his head? Peace, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that curst necromancer Freston, who carry'd away my study and my books, has transform'd these giants into wind-mills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me: but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword. *Amen*, say I, reply'd Sancho; and so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slip'd with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice*; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, I have read, said he, friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pull'd up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself

* A pass in the mountains, such as they call *Puerto Seco*, a dry port, where the king's officers levy the tolls and customs upon passengers and goods.

and his posterity the surname of The Pounder ‡, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe. Heaven grant you may, cry'd Sancho: I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall. It does so, reply'd Don Quixote; and if I do not complain of the pain, 'tis because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them. Then I've no more to say, quoth Sancho; and yet Heaven knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship hone a little now and then when something ails you: for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights. Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleas'd, but as much as he pleas'd, whether he had any cause or not; for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho desir'd him, however, to consider,

‡ *Machuca*, from *Machucar*, to pound in a mortar.

that 'twas high time to go to dinner; but his master answer'd him, that he might eat whenever he pleas'd; as for himself, he was not yet dispos'd to do it. Sancho having thus obtain'd leave, fix'd himself as orderly as he cou'd upon his afs; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily as he rode behind his master; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose, and fetch'd such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best pamper'd vintner in Malaga a-dry to have seen him. While he thus went on stuffing and swilling, he did not think in the least of all his master's great promises; and was so far from esteeming it a trouble to travel in quest of adventures, that he fancy'd it to be the greatest pleasure in the world, though they were never so dreadful.

In fine, they pass'd that night under some trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a wither'd branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fix'd the head or spear of his broken lance. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass that time, without sleep in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with the entertaining thoughts of their absent mistresses. As for Sancho, he did not spend the night at that idle rate; for having his paunch well stuff'd with something more substantial than dandelion-water, he made but one nap of it; and had not his master wak'd him, neither the sprightly beams which the sun darted on his face, nor the melody of the birds,

that chearfully on every branch welcom'd the smiling morn, would have been able to have made him stir. As he got up, to clear his eye-sight, he took two or three long-winded swigs at his friendly bottle for a morning's draught: but he found it somewhat lighter than it was the night before; which misfortune went to his very heart, for he shrewdly mistrusted that he was not in a way to cure it of that distemper as soon as he could have wish'd. On the other side, Don Quixote would not break fast, having been feasting all night on the more delicate and savoury thoughts of his mistress; and therefore they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discover'd about three a-clock. When they came near it, Here it is, brother Sancho, said Don Quixote, that we may wanton, and as it were, thrust our arms up to the very elbows, in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one necessary caution; know, that though thou should'st see me in the greatest extremity of danger, thou must not offer to draw thy sword in my defence, unless thou findest me assaulted by base plebeians and vile scoundrels; for in such a case thou may'st assist thy master: but if those with whom I am fighting are knights, thou must not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight, till thou art one thyself. Never fear, quoth Sancho; I'll be sure to obey your worship in that, I'll warrant you; for I've ever lov'd peace and quietness, and never car'd to thrust myself into frays and quarrels: and yet I don't care to take blows at any one's hands neither; and should any

knight offer to set upon me first, I fancy I should hardly mind your laws; for all laws, whether of God or man, allow one to stand in his own defence if any offer to do him a mischief. I agree to that, reply'd Don Quixote; but as for helping me against any knights, thou must set bounds to thy natural impulses. I'll be sure to do it, quoth Sancho; ne'er trust me if I don't keep your commandment as well as I do the sabbath.

As they were talking, they spy'd coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were so high and stately, that they seem'd little less. They wore riding-masks, with glasses at the eyes, against the dust, and umbrella's to shelter them from the sun. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. There prov'd to be in the coach a Biscayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her husband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post. Scarce had Don Quixote perceiv'd the monks, who were not of the same company, though they went the same way, but he cry'd to his squire, Either I am deceiv'd, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was known; for without all question those two black things that move towards us must be some necromancers, that are carrying away by force some princess in that coach; and 'tis my duty to prevent so great an injury. I fear me this will prove a worse jobb than the wind-mills, quoth Sancho. 'Slife, Sir, don't you see these are Benedictin friars, and 'tis

likely the coach belongs to some travellers that are in't: therefore once more take warning, and don't you be led away by the devil. I have already told thee, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, thou art miserably ignorant in matters of adventures: what I say is true, and thou shalt find it so presently. This said, he spurr'd on his horse, and posted himself just in the midst of the road where the monks were to pass. And when they came within hearing, Curs'd implements of hell, cry'd he in a loud and haughty tone, immediately release those high born princesses whom your are violently conveying away in the coach, or else prepare to meet with instant death, as the just punishment of your pernicious deeds. The monks stopt their mules, no less astonish'd at the figure, than at the expressions of the speaker. Sir knight, cry'd they, we are no such persons as you are pleas'd to term us, but religious men, of the order of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs; and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princesses carry'd away by force in that coach. I'm not to be deceiv'd with fair words, reply'd Don Quixote; I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs; and immediately, without expecting their reply, he set spurs to Rozinante, and ran so furiously, with his lance couch'd, against the first monk, that if he had not prudently flung himself off to the ground, the knight would certainly have laid him either dead, or grievously wounded. The other observing the discourteous usage of his companion, clapp'd his heels to his over-grown mule's flanks, and scour'd o'er the plain as if he had

been running a race with the wind. Sancho Pança no sooner saw the monk fall, but he nimbly skipt off his ass, and running to him, began to strip him immediately, but then the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and ask'd why he offer'd to strip him? Sancho told them, that this belong'd to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his spoils and battle, and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance in deep discourse by the side of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on his guts, thump'd and maul'd him in every part of his carcase, and there left him sprawling without breath or motion. In the mean while the monk, scar'd out of his wits, and as pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he cou'd, and spurr'd after his friend, who staid for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this strange adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the devil had been posting after them.

Don Quixote, as I said, was all that while engaged with the lady in the coach. Lady, cry'd he, your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this my strenuous arm: and that you may not be at a loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am call'd Don Quixote de

la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: nor do I desire any other recompence for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present yourselves to that lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your deliverance. To this strange talk, a certain Biscayan, the lady's squire, gentleman-usher, or what you'll please to call him, who rode along with the coach, listen'd with great attention; and perceiving that Don Quixote not only stopped the coach, but would have it presently go back to Toboso, he bore briskly up to him, and laying hold on his lance, 'Get gone,' cry'd he to him in bad Spanish, and worse Biscayan*. 'Get gone thou knight, and devil go with thou; or by he who me create, if thou do not leave the coach, me kill thee now so sure as me be a Biscayan.' Don Quixote, who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this answer: wert thou a gentleman†, as thou art not, ere this I would have chastis'd thy insolence and temerity, thou inconsiderable mortal. What! me no gentleman? reply'd the Biscayan; I swear thou be liar, as me be Christian. If thou throw away lance, and draw sword, me will make no more of thee than cat does of

* The Biscayners generally speak broken Spanish, as is imitated in the original; wherefore the English is render'd accordingly

† *Cavallero* in Spanish signifies a gentleman as well as a knight; and being here used, is to be suppos'd to have caus'd the difference between Don Quixote and the Biscayner.

mouse: me will shew thee me be Biscayan, and gentleman by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman in spite of devil; and thou lye if thou say contrary. I'll try titles with you, as the man said, reply'd Don Quixote: and with that throwing away his lance, he drew his sword, grasp'd his target, and attack'd the Biscayan, fully bent on his destruction. The Biscayan seeing him come on so furiously, would gladly have alighted, not trusting to his mule, which was one of those scurvy jades that are let out to hire; but all he had time to do was only to draw his sword, and snatch a cushion out of the coach to serve him instead of a shield; and immediately they assaulted one another with all the fury of mortal enemies. The by-standers did all they could to prevent their fighting; but 'twas in vain, for the Biscayan swore in his gibberish that he would kill his very lady, and all those who presume to hinder him, if they would not let him fight. The lady in the coach being extremely affrighted at these passages, made her coachman drive out of harm's-way, and at a distance was an eye-witness of the furious combat. At the same time the Biscayan let fall such a mighty blow on Don Quixote's shoulder over his target, that had not his armour been sword-proof he would have cleft him down to the very waist. The knight feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cry'd out aloud, Oh! lady of my soul, Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, vouchsafe to succour your champion in this dangerous combat, undertaken to set forth your worth. The breathing out of this short prayer, the gripping fast of his sword, the

covering of himself with his shield, and the charging of his enemy, was but the work of a moment ; for Don Quixote was resolv'd to venture the fortune of the combat all upon one blow. The Biscayan, who read his design in his dreadful countenance. resolv'd to face him with equal bravery, and stand the terrible shock, with up-lifted sword, and cover'd with the cushion, not being able to manage his jaded mule, who defying the spur, and not being cut out for such pranks, would move neither to the right nor to the left. While Don Quixote, with his sword aloft, was rushing upon the wary Biscayan, with a full resolution to cleave him asunder, all the spectators stood trembling with terror and amazement, expecting the dreadful event of those prodigious blows which threaten'd the two desperate combatants: the lady in the coach, with her women, were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that Providence might deliver them and the squire out of the great danger that threaten'd them

But here we must deplore the abrupt end of this history, which the author leaves off just at the very point when the fortune of the battle is going to be decided, pretending he could find nothing more recorded of Don Quixote's wondrous atchievements than what he had already related. However, the second undertaker of this work could not believe, that so curious a history could lie for ever inevitably buried in oblivion ; or that the learned of La Mancha were so regardless of their country's glory, as not to preserve in their archives, or

at least in their closets, some memoirs, as monuments of this famous knight; and therefore he wou'd not give over inquiring after the continuation of this pleasant history, till at last he happily found it, as the next book will inform the reader.

THE
L I F E
AND
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE RENOWN'D
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.
PART I. BOOK II.

CH A P. I.

*The event of the most stupendous combat between the
brave Biscayan and the valorous Don Quixote.*

IN the first book of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and the renown'd Don Quixote with their swords lifted up, and ready to discharge on each other two furious and most terrible blows, which had they fall'n directly, and met with no opposition, would have cut and divided the two combatants from head to heel, and have split 'em like a pomegranate: but, as I said before, the story remain'd imperfect; neither did the author inform us where we might find the remaining part of the relation. This vex'd me extremely, and turn'd the pleasure, which the perusal of the beginning had afforded me, into disgust, when I had reason to

despair of ever seeing the rest. Yet, after all, it seem'd to me no less impossible than unjust, that so valiant a knight should have been destitute of some learned person to record his incomparable exploits; a misfortune which never attended any of his predecessors, I mean the knights-adventurers, each of whom was always provided with one or two learned men, who were always at hand to write not only their wondrous deeds, but also to set down their thoughts and childish petty actions, were they never so hidden. Therefore, as I could not imagine that so worthy a knight should be so unfortunate, as to want that which has been so profusely lavish'd even on such a one as Platyr *, and others of that stamp; I could not induce myself to believe, that so admirable a history was ever left unfinish'd, and rather chose to think that time, the devourer of all things, had hid or consum'd it. On the other side, when I consider'd that several modern books were found in his study, as *The cure of jealousy*, and *The nymphs and shepherds of Henares* †, I had reason to think, that the history of our knight could be of no very ancient date; and that, had it never been continu'd, yet his neighbours and friends could not have forgot the

* A second rate knight in *Palmerin of England*.

† The river that runs through Madrid, says the author of the new translation: but he mistakes; Henares runs by the university of Alcalá (i. e. Complutum) in Old Castile, and therefore much celebrated by Spanish poets bred in that university. They call it *Henarius* in Latin.

The river that runs by Madrid, and which is in New Castile, is call'd *Manzanares*, in Latin *Manzanarius*.

most remarkable passages of his life. Full of this imagination, I resolv'd to make it my business to make a particular and exact inquiry into the life and miracles of our renown'd Spaniard, Don Quixote, that resplendent glory and mirror of the knighthood of La Mancha, and the first who in these deprav'd and miserable times devoted himself to the neglected profession of knight-errantry, to redress wrongs and injuries, to relieve widows, and defend the honour of damsels; such of them, I mean, who in former ages rode up and down over hills and dales with whip in hand, mounted on their palfreys, with all their virginity about them, secure from all manner of danger, and who, unless they happen'd to be ravish'd by some boisterous villain or huge giant, were sure, at fourscore years of age, (all which time they never slept one night under a roof) to be decently laid in their graves, as pure virgins as the mothers that bore 'em. For this reason, and many others, I say, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy everlasting and universal praise: nor ought I to be deny'd my due commendation for my indefatigable care and diligence, in seeking and finding out the continuation of this delightful history; though, after all, I must confess, that had not Providence, chance, or fortune, as I will now inform you, assisted me in the discovery, the world had been depriv'd of two hours diversion and pleasure, which 'tis likely to afford to those who will read it with attention. One day being in the Alcaña * at Toledo, I saw a young lad offer to sell a

* An exchange; a place full of shops.

parcel of old written papers to a shopkeeper. Now I being apt to take up the least piece of written or printed papers that lies in my way, though 'twere in the middle of the street, could not forbear laying my hands on one of the manuscripts, to see what it was, and I found it to be written in Arabic, which I could not read. This made me look about to see whether I could find e'er a Morisco * that understood Spanish, to read it for me, and give me some account of it; nor was it very difficult to meet with an interpreter there; for had I wanted one for a better and more ancient tongue † that place would have infallibly supply'd me. 'Twas my good fortune to find one immediately; and having informed him of my desire, he no sooner read some lines, but he began to laugh. I ask'd him what he laugh'd at? At a certain remark here in the margin of the book, said he. I pray'd him to explain it; whereupon still laughing, he did it in these words: 'This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mention'd in this history, is said to have had the best hand at salting of pork of any woman in all La Mancha.' I was surpris'd when I hear'd him name Dulcinea del Toboso, and presently imagin'd that those old papers contain'd the history of Don Quixote. This made me press him to read the title of the book; which he did, turning it thus extemporary out of Arabic; The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha; written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian historiographer. I was so over-

* A Morisco is one of the race of the Moors.

† Meaning some Jew, to interpret the Hebrew or Chaldee.

joy'd when I heard the title, that I had much ado to conceal it; and presently taking the bargain out of the shop-keeper's hand, I agree with the young man for the whole, and bought that for half a real, which he might have sold me for twenty times as much, had he but guess'd at the eagerness of his chapman. I immediately withdrew with my purchase to the cloister of the great church, taking the Moor with me; and desir'd him to translate me those papers that treated of Don Quixote, without adding or omitting the least word, offering him any reasonable satisfaction. He ask'd me but two arrobes* of raisins, and two bushels of wheat, and promis'd me to do it faithfully with all expedition: in short, for the quicker dispatch, and the greater security, being unwilling to let such a lucky prize go out of my hands, I took the Moor to my own house, where in less than six weeks he finish'd the whole translation.

Don Quixote's fight with the Biscayan was exactly drawn on one of the leaves of the first quire, in the same posture as we left them, with their swords lifted up over their heads, the one guarding himself with his shield, the other with his cushion. The Biscayan's mule was pictur'd so to the life, that with half an eye you might have known it to be an hir'd mule. Under the Biscayan was written Don Sancho de Aspetia, and under Rosinante Don Quixote. Rozinante was so admirably delineated, so slim, so stiff, so lean, so jaded, with so sharp a ridge-bone, and altogether so like one

* An arroba is about 32 pound weight.

wasted with an incurable consumption, that any one must have pown'd at first sight, that no horse ever better deserv'd that name. Not far off stood Sancho * Pança holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet there was a scroll, in which was written Sancho † Canças: and if we may judge of him by his picture, he was thick and short, paunch-belly'd, and long-haunch'd; so that in all likelihood for this reason he is sometimes call'd Pança, and sometimes Cança, in the history. There were some other niceties to be seen in that piece, but hardly worth observation, as not giving any light into this true history, otherwise they had not pass'd unmention'd; for none can be amiss so they be authentic. I must only acquaint the reader, that if any objection is to be made as to the veracity of this, 'tis only that the author is an Arabian, and those of that country are not a little addicted to lying: but yet, if we consider that they are our enemies, we should sooner imagine, that the author has rather suppress'd the truth, than added to the real worth of our knight; and I am the more inclinable to think so, because 'tis plain, that where he ought to have enlarg'd on his praises, he maliciously chuses to be silent; a proceeding unworthy of an historian, who ought to be exact, sincere, and impartial; free from passion, and not to be bias'd either by interest, fear, resentment, or affection to deviate from truth, which is the mother of history, the preserver and eternizer of great actions, the profess'd enemy of

* Paunch.

† Haunches, or rather thigh-bones.

oblivion, the witness of things pass'd, and the director of future-times. As for this history, I know 'twill afford you as great variety as you cou'd wish, in the most entertaining manner; and if in any point it falls short of your expectation, I am of opinion 'tis more the fault of the infidel * its author, than the subject: and so let us come to the second book, which, according to our translation, began in this manner.

Such were the bold and formidable looks of the two enraged combatants, that with up-lifted arms, and with destructive steel, they seem'd to threaten heaven, earth, and the infernal mansions; while the spectators seem'd wholly lost in fear and astonishment. The cholerick Biscayan discharg'd the first blow, and that with such a force, and so desperate a fury, that had not his sword turn'd in his hand, that single stroke had put an end to the dreadful combat, and all our knight's adventures. But fate, that reserv'd him for greater things, so order'd it, that his enemy's sword turn'd in such a manner, that tho' it struck him on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side of his head, carrying away with it a great part of his helmet and one half of his ear, which like a dreadful ruin fell together to the ground. Assist me ye powers! but it is in vain: the fury which then engross'd the breast of our hero of La Mancha is not to be express'd; words wou'd but wrong it; for what colour of speech can be

* *Galgo* in the original, which properly means a greyhound, but here it means any dog. In Spain they call the Moors dogs.

lively enough to give but a slight sketch or faint image of his unutterable rage? Exerting all his valour, he rais'd himself upon his stirrups, and seem'd even greater than himself; and at the same instant gripping his sword fast with both hands, he discharg'd such a tremendous blow full on the Biscayan's cushion and his head, that in spite of so good a defence, as if a whole mountain had fallen upon him, the blood gush'd out at his mouth, nose, and ears, all at once; and he totter'd so in his saddle, that he had fallen to the ground immediately, had he not caught hold of the neck of his mule. but the dull beast itself being rous'd out of its stupidity with that terrible blow, began to run about the fields; and the Biscayan, having lost his stirrups and his hold, with two or three winces the mule shook him off, and threw him on the ground. Don Quixote beheld the disaster of his foe with the greatest tranquillity and unconcern imaginable; and seeing him down, slipp'd nimbly from his saddle, and running to him, set the point of his sword to his throat, and bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunn'd, that he could make him no reply; and Don Quixote had certainly made good his threats, so provok'd was he, had not the ladies in the coach, who with great uneasiness and fear beheld the sad transactions, hasten'd to beseech Don Quixote very earnestly to spare his life. Truly, beautiful ladies, said the victorious knight, with a great deal of loftiness and gravity, I am willing to grant your request; but upon condition that this same knight shall pass his word of honour to go to Toboso,

and there present himself in my name before the peerless lady Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall see convenient. The lady, who was frightened almost out of her senses, without considering what Don Quixote enjoin'd, or enquiring who the lady Dulcinea was, promis'd in her squire's behalf a punctual obedience to the knight's commands. Let him live then, reply'd Don Quixote, upon your word, and owe to your intercession that pardon which I might justly deny his arrogance.

C H A P. II.

*What farther befel Don Quixote with the Biscayan ;
and of the danger he ran among a parcel of Yanguessians.*

SANCHO PANCA was got up again before this, not much the better for the kicks and thumps bestow'd on his carcase by the monks grooms ; and seeing his master engag'd in fight, he went devoutly to prayers, beseeching heaven to grant him victory, that he might now win some island, in order to his being made governor of it, according to his promise. At last, perceiving the danger was over, the combat at an end, and his master ready to mount again, he ran in all haste to help him ; but ere the knight put his foot in the stirrup, Sancho fell on his knees before him, and kissing his hand, An't please your worship, cry'd he, my good lord Don Quixote, I beseech you make me governor of the island you have won in this dreadful and

bloody fight; for tho' it were never so great, I find myself able to govern it as well as the best he that ever went about to govern an island in the world. Brother Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, these are no adventures of islands; these are only rencounters on the road, where little is to be got besides a broken head, or the loss of an ear: therefore have patience, and some adventure will offer itself, which will not only enable me to prefer thee to a government, but even to something more considerable. Sancho gave him a world of thanks; and having once more kiss'd his hand, and the skirts of his coat of armour, he help'd him to get upon Rozinante; and then leaping on his ass, he follow'd the hero, who, without taking leave of those in the coach, put on a good round pace, and rode into a wood, that was not far off. Sancho made after him as fast as his ass wou'd trot; but finding that Rozinante was like to leave him behind, he was forc'd to call to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote accordingly check'd his horse, and soon gave Sancho leisure to overtake him. Methinks, Sir, said the fearful squire, as soon as he came up with him, it won't be amiss for us to betake ourselves to some church, to get out of harm's way; for if that same man whom you have fought with should do otherwise than well, I dare lay my life they'll get a warrant from the holy * brotherhood, and have us taken up; which if they do, on my word 'twill go hard

* An institution spread thro' all Spain, to suppress robbers, and make the roads safe to travellers.

with us ere we can get out of their clutches. Hold thy tongue, cry'd Don Quixote: where didst thou ever read, or find that a knight-errant was ever brought before any judge for the homicides which he committed? I can't tell what you mean by your homilies, reply'd Sancho; I don't know that ever I saw one in my born days, not I: but well I wot that the law lays hold on those that goes to murder one another in the fields; and for your what d'ye call 'ems, I've nothing to say to 'em. Then be not afraid, good Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; for I would deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, and with much more ease out of those of the holy brotherhood. But come, tell me truly, dost thou believe that the whole world can boast of another knight that may pretend to rival me in valour? Didst thou ever read in history, that any other ever shew'd more resolution to undertake, more vigour to attack, more breath to hold out, more dexterity and activity to strike, and more art and force to overthrow his enemies? Not I, by my troth, reply'd Sancho, I never did meet with any thing like you in history, for I neither can read nor write; but that which I dare wager is, that I never in my life serv'd a bolder master than your worship: pray heaven this same boldness may'nt bring us to what I bid you beware of. All I have to put you in mind of now is, that you get your ear dress'd, for you lose a deal of blood; and by good luck I've here some lint and a little white salve in my wallet. How needless would all this have been, cry'd Don Quixote, had I but bethought myself of making

a small bottle full of the balsam of hierabrams? a single drop of which would have spar'd us a great deal of time and medicaments. What is that same balsam, an't please you? cry'd Sancho. A balsam, answer'd Don Quixote, of which I have the receipt in my head; he that has some of it may defy death itself, and dally with all manner of wounds: therefore when I have made some of it, and given it thee, if at any time thou happen'st to see my body cut in two by some unlucky back-stroke, as 'tis common among us knights-errant, thou hast no more to do but to take up nicely that half of me which is fall'n to the ground, and clap it exactly to the other half on the saddle before the blood's congeal'd, always taking care to lay it just in its proper place; then thou shalt give me two draughts of that balsam, and thou shalt immediately see me become whole, and sound as an apple. If this be true, quoth Sancho, I'll quit you of your promise about the island this minute of an hour, and will have nothing of your worship for what service I have done, and am to do you, but the receipt of that same balsam; for, I dare say, let me go where-ever I will, 'twill be sure to yield me three good reals an ounce; and thus I shall make shift to pick a pretty good livelihood out of it. But stay though, continu'd he, does the making stand your worship in much, Sir? Three quarts of it, reply'd Don Quixote, may be made for three reals. Body of me, cry'd Sancho, why don't you make some out of hand, and teach me how to make it? Say no more, friend Sancho, return'd Don Quixote; I intend to teach thee

much greater secrets, and design thee nobler rewards; but in the mean time dress my ear, for it pains me more than I could wish. Sancho then took his lint and ointment out of his wallet; but when Don Quixote perceived the vizor of his helmet was broken, he had like to have run stark staring mad; streight laying hold on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, By the great Creator of the universe, cry'd he, by every syllable contain'd in the four holy evangelists, I swear to lead a life like the great marquis of Mantua, when he made a vow to revenge the death of his cousin Baldwin, which was never to eat bread on a table-cloth, never to lie with the dear partner of his bed, and other things, which, tho' they are now at present slipp'd out of my memory, I comprize in my vow no less than if I had now mention'd 'em; and this I bind myself to, till I have fully reveng'd myself on him that has done me this injury.

Good your worship, cry'd Sancho, (amaz'd to hear him take such a horrid oath) think on what you're doing; for if that same knight has done as you bid him, and has gone and cast himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I don't see but you and he are quit; and the man deserves no further punishment, unless he does you some new mischief. 'Tis well observ'd, reply'd Don Quixote; and therefore as to the point of revenge, I revoke my oath; but I renew and confirm the rest, protesting solemnly to lead the life I mention'd, 'till I have by force of arms despoil'd some knight of as good a helmet as mine was. Neither do thou fancy, Sancho,

that I make this protestation lightly, or make a smoke of straw: no, I have a laudable precedent for it, the authority of which will sufficiently justify my imitation: for the very same thing happen'd about Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear *. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, let all such cursing and swearing go to the devil; there's nothing can be worse for your soul's health, nay for your bodily health neither. Besides, suppose we should not this good while meet any one with a helmet on, what a sad case should we then be in? Will your worship then keep your oath in spite of so many hardships, such as to lie rough for a month together, far from any inhabited place, and a thousand other idle penances which that mad old marquis of Mantua punish'd himself with by his vow? Do but consider, that we may ride I don't know how long upon this road without meeting any arm'd knight to pick a quarrel with; for here are none but carriers and waggoners, who are so far from wearing any helmets, that 'tis ten to one whether they ever heard of such a thing in their lives. Thou art mistaken, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for we shall not be two hours this way without meeting more men in arms than there were at the siege of Albraca, to carry off the fair Angelica †. Well then, let it be so, quoth Sancho; and may we have the luck to come off well, and quickly win that island which costs me so dear, and then I don't

* The story is in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.

† Meaning king Marfilio, and the thirty-two kings his tributaries, with all their forces. *Ariosto.*

matter what befalls me. I have already bid thee not trouble thyself about this business, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for shou'd we miss of an island, there is either the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa*, as fit for thy purpose as a ring to thy finger; and what ought to be no small comfort to thee, they are both upon Terra Firma†. But we'll talk of this in its proper season: at this time I'd have thee see whether thou hast any thing to eat in thy wallet, that we may afterwards seek for some cattle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam I told thee; for I protest my ear smarts extremely. I have here an onion, reply'd the squire, a piece of cheese, and a few stale crusts of bread; but sure such coarse fare is not for such a brave knight as your worship. Thou art grossly mistaken, friend Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote: know, that 'tis the glory of knights-errant to be whole months without eating: and when they do, they fall upon the first thing they meet with, though it be never so homely. Hadst thou but read as many books as I have done, thou hadst been better inform'd as to that point; for though I think I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never cou'd find that the knights-errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, or when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets; at other times they indulg'd them-

* A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.

† In allusion to the famous Firm Island, in Amadis de Gaul, the land of promise to the faithful squires of knights-errant.

elves with little other food besides their thoughts. Though it is not to be imagin'd they could live without supplying the exigencies of human nature, as being after all no more than mortal men, yet 'tis likewise to be suppos'd, that as they spent the greatest part of their lives in forests and desarts, and always destitute of a cook, consequently their usual food was but such coarse country fare as thou now offerest me. Never then make thyself uneasy about what pleases me, friend Sancho, nor pretend to make a new world, nor to unbinge the very constitution and ancient customs of knight-errantry. I beg your worship's pardon, cry'd Sancho; for as I was never bred a scholar, I may chance to have mis'd in some main point of your laws of knighthood; but from this time forward I'll be sure to stock my wallet with all sorts of dry fruits for you, because your worship's a knight; as for myself, who am none, I'll provide good poultry and other substantial victuals. I don't say, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, that a knight-errant is oblig'd to feed altogether upon fruit; I only mean, that this was their common food, together with some roots and herbs, which they found up and down the fields, of all which they had a perfect knowledge as I myself have. 'Tis a good thing to know those herbs, cry'd Sancho; for I am much mistaken, or that kind of knowledge will stand us in good stead ere long. In the mean time, continu'd he, here's what good heaven has sent us: with that he pull'd out the provision he had, and they fell to heartily together. But their impatience to find out a place where they might be

harbour'd that night, made them shorten their sorry meal, and mount again, for fear of being benighted: so away they put on in search of a lodging. But the fun and their hopes fail'd them at once, as they came to a place where some goat-herds had fet up some small huts; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging there that night. This was as great a mortification to Sancho, who was altogether for a good town, as it was a pleasure to his master, who was for sleeping in the open field: as believing, that as often as he did it, he confirm'd his title to knighthood by a new act of possession.

C H A P. III.

What pass'd between Don Quixote and the goat-herds.

THE knight was very courteously received by the goat-herds: and as for Sancho, after he had fet up Rozinante and his afs as well as he could, he presently repair'd to the attractive smell of some pieces of kid's flesh which stood boiling in a kettle over the fire. The hungry squire wou'd immediately have try'd whether they were fit to be remov'd out of the kettle into the stomach, but was not put to that trouble; for the goat-herds took them off the fire, and spread some sheep skins on the ground, and soon got their rural feast ready; and chearfully invited his master and him to partake of what they had. Next, with some coarse compliment, after the country way, they desir'd Don Quixote to sit down on a trough with the bottom

upwards; and then six of them, who were all that belong'd to that fold, squatted them down round the skins, while Sancho stood to wait upon his master, and gave him drink in a horn cup, which the goat-herds us'd. But he seeing his man stand behind, said to him, That thou may'st understand, Sancho, the benefits of knight-errantry, and how the meanest retainers to it have a fair prospect of being speedily esteem'd and honour'd by the world, 'tis my pleasure that thou sit thee down by me, in the company of these good people; and that there be no difference now observ'd between thee and me, thy natural lord and master; that thou eat in the same dish, and drink in the same cup: for it may be said of knight-errantry, as of love, that it makes all things equal. I thank your worship, cry'd Sancho; but yet I must needs own, had I but a good deal of meat before me, I'd eat it as well, or rather better, standing, and by myself, than if I sat by an emperor; and, to deal plainly and truly with you, I had rather munch a crust of brown bread and an onion in a corner, without any more a-do or ceremony, than feed upon turkey at another man's table, where one is fain to sit mincing and chewing his meat an hour together, drink little, be always wiping your fingers and his chops, and never dare to cough nor sneeze, though he has never so much a mind to it, nor do a many things which a body may do freely by one's self: therefore, good Sir, change those tokens of your kindness, which I have a right to by being your worship's squire, into something that may do me more good. As

for these same honours, I heartily thank you as much as if I had accepted them, but yet I give up my right to them from this time to the world's end. Talk no more, reply'd Don Quixote, but sit thee down, for the humble shall be exalted; and so pulling him by the arms, he forc'd him to sit by him.

All this while the goat-herds, who did not understand this jargon of knights-errant, chivalry, and squires, fed heartily, and said nothing, but star'd upon their guests; who very fairly swallow'd whole luncheons as big as their fists with a mighty appetite. The first course being over, they brought in the second, consisting of dry'd acorns, and half a cheese as hard as a brick: nor was the horn idle all the while, but went merrily round up and down so many times, sometimes full, and sometimes empty, like the two buckets of a well, that they made shift at last to drink off one of the two skins of wine which they had there. And now Don Quixote having satisfy'd his appetite, he took a handful of acorns, and looking earnestly upon them; O happy age, cry'd he, which our first parents call'd the age of gold! not because gold, so much ador'd in this iron-age, was then easily purchas'd, but because those two fatal words, mine and thine, were distinctions unknown to the people of those fortunate times; for all things were in common in that holy age: men, for their sustenance, needed only to lift their hands, and take it from the sturdy oak, whose spreading arms liberally invited them to gather the wholesome savoury fruit; while the clear springs, and silver rivulets, with

luxuriant plenty, offer'd them their pure refreshing water. In hollow trees, and in the clefts of rocks, the labouring and industrious bees erected their little common-wealths, that men might reap with pleasure and with ease the sweet and fertile harvest of their toils. The tough and strenuous cork-trees did of themselves, and without other art than their native liberality, dismiss and impart their broad light bark, which serv'd to cover those lowly huts, propp'd up with rough-hewn stakes, that were first built as a shelter against the inclemencies of the air: all then was union, all peace, all love and friendship in the world: as yet no rude plough-share presum'd with violence to pry into the pious bowels of our mother earth, for she without compulsion kindly yielded from every part of her fruitful and spacious bosom, whatever might at once satisfy, sustain and indulge her frugal children. Then was the time when innocent beautiful young shepherdesses went tripping o'er the hills and vales: their lovely hair sometimes plaited, sometimes loose and flowing, clad in no other vestment but what was necessary to cover decently what modesty would always have concealed: the Tyrian die, and the rich glossy hue of silk, martyr'd and dissembled into every colour, which are now esteem'd so fine and magnificent, were unknown to the innocent plainness of that age; yet bedeck'd with more becoming leaves and flowers, they may be said to outshine the proudest of the vain-dressing ladies of our age, array'd in the most magnificent garbs and all the most sumptuous adornings which idleness and luxury

have taught succeeding pride: lovers then express'd the passion of their souls in the unaffected language of the heart, with the native plainness and sincerity in which they were conceiv'd, and divested of all that artificial contexture, which enervates what it labours to enforce: imposture, deceit and malice had not yet crept in, and impos'd themselves unbrib'd upon mankind in the disguise of truth and simplicity: justice, unbiass'd either by favour or interest, which now so fatally pervert it, was equally and impartially dispensed; nor was the judges fancy law, for then there were neither judges, nor causes to be judg'd; the modest maid might walk wherever she pleas'd alone, free from the attacks of lewd lascivious importuners. But in this degenerate age, fraud and a legion of ills infecting the world, no virtue can be safe, no honour be secure; while wanton desires, diffus'd into the hearts of men, corrupt the strictest watches, and the closest retreats; which, though as intricate and unknown as the labyrinth of Crete, are no security for chastity. Thus that primitive innocence being vanish'd, the oppression daily prevailing, there was a necessity to oppose the torrent of violence: for which reason the order of knight-hood-errant was instituted, to defend the honour of virgins, protect widows, relieve orphans, and assist all the distress'd in general. Now I myself am one of this order, honest friends; and though all people are oblig'd by the law of nature to be kind to persons of my order; yet since you, without knowing any thing of this obligation, have so generously entertain'd me, I ought

to pay you my utmost acknowledgement; and, accordingly, return you my most hearty thanks for the same.

All this long oration, which might very well have been spar'd, was owing to the acorns that recalled the golden age to our knight's remembrance, and made him thus hold forth to the goat-herds, who devoutly listen'd, but edify'd little, the discourse not being suited to their capacities. Sancho, as well as they, was silent all the while, eating acorns, and frequently visiting the second skin of wine, which for coolness-sake was hung upon a neighbouring cork-tree. As for Don Quixote, he was longer, and more intent upon his speech than upon his supper. When he had done, one of the goat-herds addressing himself to him, Sir knight, said he, that you may be sure you are heartily welcome, we'll get one of our fellows to give us a song; he is just a coming: a good notable young lad he is, I'll say that for him, and up to the ears in love. He's a scholar, and can read and write; and plays so rarely upon the Rebeck*, that 'tis a charm but to hear him. No sooner were the words out of the goat-herd's mouth, but they heard the sound of the instrument he spoke of, and presently appear'd a good comely young man of about two and twenty years of age. The goat-herds ask'd him if he had supp'd? and he having told them he had, then, dear Antonio, says the first speaker, pr'ythee sing us a song, to let this gentleman, our guest, see that we have those among us who know somewhat of

* A fiddle, with only three strings, us'd by shepherds.

music, for all we live amidst woods and mountains. We have told him of thee already; therefore pr'ythee make our words good, and sing us the ditty thy uncle the prebendary made of thy love, that was so liked in our town. With all my heart, reply'd Antonio; and so without any further intreaty, sitting down on the stump of an oak, he tun'd his fiddle, and very handsomely sung the following song.

ANTONIO'S amorous Complaint.

THO' love ne'er prattles at your eyes,
 (The eyes those silent tongues of love)
 Yet sure, Olalia, you're my prize:
 For truth, with zeal, ev'n heaven can move.
I think, my love you only try,
 Ev'n while I fear you've seal'd my doom:
So, though involv'd in doubts I lie,
 Hope sometimes glimmers through the gloom.
A flame so fierce, so bright, so pure,
 No scorn can quench, or art improve:
Thus like a martyr I endure;
 For there's a heav'n to crown my love.
In drefs and dancing I have strove
 My proudest rivals to outvy.
In serenades I've breath'd my love,
 When all things slept but love and I.
I need not add, I speak your praise
 Till every nymph's disdain I move:
Tho' thus a thousand foes I raise,
 Tis sweet to praise the fair I love.

Teresa once your charms debas'd,

But I her rudeness soon reprov'd :

In vain her friend my anger fac'd ;

For then I fought for her I lov'd.

Dear cruel fair, why then so coy ?

How can you so much love withstand ?

Alas ! I crave no lawless joy,

But with my heart would give my hand.

Soft, easy, strong is Hymen's tie :

Oh ! then no more the bliss refuse.

Oh ! wed me, or I swear to die,

Or linger wretched and recluse.

Here Antonio ended his song ; Don Quixote intreated him to sing another, but Sancho Pança, who had more mind to sleep than to hear the finest singing in the world, told his master, there is enough. Good Sir, quoth he, your worship had better go and lie down where you are to take your rest this night ; besides, these good people are tir'd with their day's labour, and rather want to go to sleep, than to sit up all night to hear ballads. I understand thee, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote ; and indeed I thought thy frequent visiting the bottle would make thee fonder of sleep than of music. Make us thankful cry'd Sancho, we all lik'd the wine well enough. I do not deny it, reply'd Don Quixote ; but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleasest ; as for me, it better becomes a man of my profession to wake than to sleep : yet stay and dress my ear before thou goest, for it pains me extremely.

Thereupon one of the goat-herds beholding the wound, as Sancho offer'd to dress it, desired the knight not to trouble himself, for he had a remedy that would quickly cure him; and then fetching a few rosemary leaves, which grew in great plenty thereabout, he bruised them, and mix'd a little salt among 'em, and having apply'd the medicine to the ear, he bound it up, assuring him, he needed no other remedy; which in a little time prov'd very true.

C H A P. IV.

The story which a young goat-herd told to those that were with Don Quixote.

A Young fellow, who us'd to bring them provisions from the next village, happen'd to come while this was doing, and addressing himself to the goat-herds, hark ye, friends, said he, d'ye hear the news? What news, cry'd one of the company? That fine shepherd and scholar Chrysofome dy'd this morning, answer'd the other; and they say 'twas for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcella, rich William's daughter, that goes up and down the country in the habit of a shepherdess. For Marcella? cry'd one of the goat-herds. I say for her, reply'd the fellow, and what's more, 'tis reported, he has order'd by his will, they should bury him in the fields like any heathen Moor, just at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree fountain, where they say he had the first sight of her. Nay, he has likewise order'd many other strange things to be done,

which the heads of the parish won't allow of, for they seem to be after the way of the Pagans. But Ambrose, the other scholar, who likewise apparell'd himself like a shepherd, is resolv'd to have his friend Chrysostome's will fulfill'd in every thing, just as he has order'd it. All the village is in an uproar. But after all, 'tis thought Ambrose and his friends will carry the day; and to-morrow morning he is to be bury'd in great state where I told you: I fancy 'twill be worth seeing; howsoever, be it what it will, I'll e'en go and see it, even tho' I could not get back again to-morrow. We'll all go, cry'd the goat-herds, and cast lots who shall tarry to look after the goats. Well said, Peter, cry'd one of the goat-herds; but as for casting of lots, I'll save you that labour, for I'll stay myself, not so much out of kindness to you neither, or want of curiosity, as because of the thorn in my toe, that will not let me go. Thank you, however, quoth Peter. Don Quixote, who heard all this, intreated Peter to tell him who the deceased was, and also to give him a short account of the shepherdes.

Peter made answer, that all he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, who lived not far off, that he had been several years at the university of Salamanca, and then came home mightily improv'd in his learning. But above all, quoth he, 'twas said of him, that he had great knowledge in the stars, and whatsoever the sun and moon do in the skies; for he would tell us to a title the clip of the sun and moon. We call it an eclipse, cry'd Don Quixote, and

not a clip, when either of those two great luminaries are darken'd. He wou'd also, (continu'd Peter, who did not stand upon such nice distinctions) foretel when the year wou'd be plentiful or *estil*. You wou'd say *steril*, cry'd Don Quixote. *Steril* or *estil*, reply'd the fellow, that's all one to me: but this I say, that his parents and friends being rul'd by him, grew woundy rich in a short time; for he would tell 'em, This year sow barley, and no wheat: in this you may sow pease, and no barley: next year will be a good year for oil: the three after that, you shan't gather a drop; and whatsoever he said wou'd certainly come to pass. That science, said Don Quixote, is call'd astrology. I don't know what you call it, answer'd Peter, but I know he knew all this, and a deal more. But in short, within some few months after he had left the university, on a certain morning we saw him come dress'd for all the world like a shepherd, and driving his flock, having laid down the long gown, which he us'd to wear as a scholar. At the same time one Ambrose, a great friend of his, who had been his fellow-scholar also, took upon him to go like a shepherd, and keep him company, which we all did not a little marvel at. I had almost forgot to tell you how he that's dead was a mighty man for making of verses, insomuch that he commonly made the carols which we sung on Christmas-eve; and the plays which the young lads in our neighbourhood enacted on Corpus Christi day, and every one wou'd say, that no body cou'd mend 'em. Somewhat before that time Chrysofome's father died, and left him a deal of wealth, both in

land, money, cattle, and other goods, whereof the young man remain'd dissolute master; and in troth he deserv'd it all, for he was as good-natur'd a soul as e'er trod on shoe of leather; mighty good to the poor, a main friend to all honest people, and had a face like a blessing. At last it came to be known, that the reason of his altering his garb in that fashion, was only that he might go up and down after that shepherdesse Marcella, whom our comrade told you of before, for he was fallen mightily in love with her. And now I'll tell you such a thing you never heard the like in your born days, and mayn't chance to hear of such another while you breathe, tho' you were to live as long as Sarnah. Say Sarah, cry'd Don Quixote; who hated to hear him blunder thus. The Sarna, or the itch, (for that's all one with us, quoth Peter) lives long enough too; but if you go on thus, and make me break off my tale at every word, we an't like to have done this twelve-month. Pardon me, friend, reply'd Don Quixote; I only spoke to make thee understand that there's a difference between Sarna and Sarah: however, thou say'st well; for the Sarna (that is, the itch) lives longer than Sarah; therefore pray make an end of thy story, for I will not interrupt thee any more. Well then, quoth Peter, you must know, good master of mine, that there liv'd near us one William, a yeoman, who was richer yet than Chrysofome's father; now he had no child in the versal world but a daughter; her mother dy'd in child-bed of her (rest her soul) and was as good a woman as ever went upon two legs: methinks

I see her yet standing afore me, with that blest'd face of hers, the sun on one side, and the moon on t'other. She was a main house-wife, and did a deal of good among the poor; for which I dare say she is at this minute in paradise. Alas! her death broke old William's heart, he soon went after her, poor man, and left all to his little daughter, that Marcella by name, giving charge of her to her uncle, the parson of our parish. Well, the girl grew such a fine child, and so like her mother, that it us'd to put us in mind of her every foot: however, 'twas thought she'd make a finer woman yet; and so it happen'd indeed; for, by that time she was fourteen or fifteen years of age, no man set his eyes on her, that did not bless heaven for having made her so handsome; so that most men fell in love with her, and were ready to run mad for her. All this while her uncle kept her up very close: yet the report of her great beauty and wealth spread far and near, in-somuch, that she had I don't know how many sweet-hearts, almost all the young men in our town ask'd her of her uncle; nay, from I don't know how many leagues about us, there flock'd whole droves of suitors, and the very best in the country too, who all begg'd and su'd, and teaz'd her uncle to let them have her. But though he'd have been glad to have got fairly rid of her, as soon as she was fit for a husband, yet wou'd not he advise or marry her against her will; for he's a good man, I'll say that for him, and a true Christian every inch of him, and scorns to keep her from marrying to make a benefit of her estate; and, to his praise be it

spoken, he's been mainly commended for't more than once, when the people of our parish meet together. For I must tell you, Sir Errant, that here in the country, and in our little towns, there's not the least thing can be said or done, but people will talk and find fault: but let busy-bodies prate as they please, the parson must have been a good body indeed, who cou'd bring his whole parish to give him a good word, especially in the country. Thou'rt in the right, cry'd Don Quixote, and therefore go on, honest Peter for the story is pleasant and thou tell'st it with a grace. May I never want God's grace, quoth Peter, for that's most to the purpose. But for our parson, as I told you before, he was not for keeping his niece from marrying, and therefore he took care to let her know of all those that wou'd have taken her to wife, both what they were, and what they had, and he was at her, to have her pitch upon one of 'em for a husband; yet wou'd she never answer otherwise, but that she had no mind to wed as yet, as finding herself too young for the burden of wedlock. With these and such like come-offs she got her uncle to let her alone, and wait till she thought fit to chuse for herself: for he was wont to say, that parents are not to bestow their children where they bear no liking; and in that he spoke like an honest man. And thus it happen'd, that when we least dream'd of it, that coy lass, finding herself at liberty, wou'd needs turn shepherdess, and neither her uncle, nor all those of the village who advis'd her against it, cou'd work any thing upon her, but away she went to the

fields to keep her own sheep with the other young lasses of the town. But then it was ten times worse; for no sooner was she seen abroad, when I can't tell how many spruce gallants, both gentlemen and rich farmers, chang'd their garb for love of her, and follow'd her up and down in shepherd's guise. One of 'em, as I have told you, was this same Chrysofome, who now lies dead, of whom 'tis said, he not only lov'd, but worship'd her. Howsoever, I wou'd not have you think or surmise, because Marcella took that course of life, and was as it were under no manner of keeping, that she gave the least token of naughtiness or light behaviour; for she ever was, and is still so coy, and so watchful to keep her honour pure and free from evil tongues, that among so many wooers who suitor her, there's not one can make his brags of having the least hope of ever speeding with her. For though she does not shun the company of shepherds, but uses 'em courteously, so far as they behave themselves handsomely; yet whensoever any one of them does but offer to break his mind to her, be it never so well meant, and only in order to marry, she casts him away from her, as with a sling, and will never have any more to say to him.

And thus this fair maiden does more harm in this country, than the plague wou'd do; for her courteousness and fair looks draw on every body to love her; but then her dogged stubborn coyness breaks their hearts, and makes 'em ready to hang themselves; and all they can do, poor wretches, is to make a heavy complaint, and call her cruel, unkind, ungrateful, and

a world of such names, whereby they plainly shew what a sad condition they are in: were you but to stay here some time, you'd hear these hills and vallies ring again with the doleful moans of those she has deny'd, who yet can't for the blood of 'em give over sneaking after her. We have a place not far off, where there are some two dozen of beech-trees, and on 'em all you may find I don't know how many Marcella's cut in the smooth bark. On some of 'em there's a crown carv'd over the name, as much as to say that Marcella bears away the crown, and deserves the garland of beauty. Here sighs one shepherd, there another whines; here is one singing doleful ditties, there another is wringing his hands and making woful complaints. You shall have one lay him down at night at the foot of a rock, or some oak, and there lie weeping and wailing without a wink of sleep, and talking to himself till the sun finds him the next morning; you shall have another lie stretch'd upon the hot sandy ground, breathing his sad lamentations to heaven, without heeding the sultry heat of the summer-sun. And all this while the hard-hearted Marcella ne'er minds any one of 'em, and does not seem to be the least concern'd for 'em. We are all mightily at a loss to know what will be the end of all this pride and coyness, who shall be the happy man that shall at last tame her, and bring her to his lure. Now because there's nothing more certain than all this, I am the more apt to give credit to what our comrade has told us, as to the occasion of Chrysofome's death; and therefore I would needs have you go and see him

laid in's grave to-morrow ; which I believe will be worth your while, for he had many friends, and 'tis not half a league to the place where 'twas his will to be bury'd. I intend to be there, answer'd Don Quixote, and in the mean time I return thee many thanks for the extraordinary satisfaction this story has afforded me. Alas ! Sir knight, reply'd the goat-herd, I have not told you half the mischiefs this proud creature hath done here, but to-morrow may-hap we shall meet some shepherd by the way that will be able to tell you more. Mean while it won't be amiss for you to take your rest in one of the huts ; for the open air is not good for your wound, tho' what I've put to it is so special a medicine that there's not much need to fear but 'twill do well enough. Sancho, who was quite out of patience with the goat-herd's long story, and wish'd him at the devil for his pains, at last prevail'd with him to lie down in Peter's hut, where Don Quixote, in imitation of Marcella's lovers, devoted the remainder of the night to amorous expostulations with his dear Dulcinea. As for Sancho, he laid himself down between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a disconsolate lover, but like a man that had been soundly kick'd and bruise'd in the morning.

C H A P. V.

A continuation of the story of Marcella.

SCARCE had day began to appear from the balconies of the east, when five of the goat-herds got up, and having wak'd Don Quixote, ask'd him if he held his resolution of going to the funeral, whither they were ready to bear him company. Thereupon the knight, who desired nothing more, presently arose, and order'd Sancho to get Rozinante and the asfs ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they set forwards. They had not yet gone a quarter of a league before they saw advancing towards them, out of a cross path, six shepherds clad in black skins, their heads crown'd with garlands of cypress and bitter rose-bay-tree, with long holly-staves in their hands. Two gentlemen on horseback, attended by three young lads on foot, came immediately after 'em: as they drew near, they saluted one another civilly, and after the usual question, Which way d'ye travel? they found they were all going the same way to see the funeral, and so they all join'd company. I fancy, Senior Vivaldo, said one of the gentlemen, addressing himself to the other, we shall not think our time mispent in going to see this famous funeral; for it must of necessity be very extraordinary, according to the account which these men have given us of the dead shepherd and his murdering mistress. I am so far of your opinion, answer'd Vivaldo, that I would not only stay one day, but a

whole week, rather than miss the sight. This gave Don Quixote occasion to ask them what they had heard concerning Chrysothome and Marcella? One of the gentlemen made answer, That having met that morning with those shepherds, they could not forbear inquiring of them, why they wore such a mournful dress? whereupon one of 'em acquainted 'em with the sad occasion, by relating the story of a certain shepherdess, nam'd Marcella, no less lovely than cruel, whose coyness and disdain has made a world of unfortunate lovers, and caus'd the death of that Chrysothome, to whose funeral they were going. In short, he repeated to Don Quixote all that Peter had told him the night before. After this, Vivaldo ask'd the knight why he travell'd so completely arm'd in so peaceable a country? My profession, answer'd the champion, does not permit me to ride otherwise. Luxurious feasts, sumptuous dresses, and downy ease were invented for effeminate courtiers; but labour, vigilance and arms are the portion of those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I have the honour to be one, though the most unworthy, and the meanest of the fraternity. He needed to say no more to satisfy 'em his brains were out of order; however, that they might the better understand the nature of his folly, Vivaldo ask'd him, what he meant by a knight-errant? Have you not read then, cry'd Don Quixote, the annals and history of Britain, where are recorded the famous deeds of king Arthur, who, according to an ancient tradition in that kingdom, never dy'd, but was turn'd into a crow by in-

chantment, and shall one day resume his former shape, and recover his kingdom again. For which reason since that time, the people of Great-Britain dare not offer to kill a crow. In this good king's time, the most noble order of the knights of the round table was first instituted, and then also the amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinever were really transacted, as that history relates; they being manag'd and carry'd on by the mediation of that honourable matron the lady Quintaniona. Which produc'd that excellent history in verse so sung and celebrated here in Spain.

There never was on earth a knight

So waited on by ladies fair,

As once was he Sir Lancelot light,

When first he left his country dear :

And the rest, which gives so delightful an account both of his loves and feats of arms. From that time the order of knight-errantry began by degrees to dilate and extend itself into most parts of the world. Then did the great Amadis de Gaul signalize himself by heroic exploits, and so did his offspring to the fifth generation. The valorous Felixmart of Hyrcania then got immortal fame, and that undaunted knight Tirante the White, who never can be applauded to his worth. Nay, had we but liv'd a little sooner, we might have been blest'd with the conversation of that invincible knight of our modern times, the valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, gentlemen, is that order of chivalry, which, as much a sinner as I am, I profess, with a due observance of the laws which those brave knights

observ'd before me ; and for that reason I chuse to wander through these solitary desarts, seeking adventures, fully resolv'd to expose my person to the most formidable dangers which fortune can obtrude on me, that by the strength of my arm I may relieve the weak and the distressed.

After all this stuff, you may be sure the travellers were sufficiently convinc'd of Don Quixote's frenzy. Nor were they less surpriz'd than were all those who had hitherto discover'd so unaccountable a distraction in one who seem'd a rational creature. However, Vivaldo, who was of a gay disposition, had no sooner made the discovery, but he resolv'd to make the best advantage of it, that the shortness of the way would allow him.

Therefore, to give him further occasion to divert 'em with his whimsies, Methinks, Sir knight-errant, said he to him, you have taken up one of the strictest and most mortifying professions in the world. I don't think but that a Carthusian friar has a better time on't than you have. Perhaps, answer'd Don Quixote, the profession of a Carthusian may be as austere, but I am within two fingers breadth of doubting, whether it may be as beneficial to the world as ours. For, if we must speak the truth, the soldier, who puts his captain's command in execution, may be said to do as much at least as the captain who commanded him. The application is easy : for, while those religious men have nothing to do, but with all quietness and security to say their prayers for the prosperity of the world, we

knights, like soldiers, execute what they do but pray for, and procure those benefits to mankind, by the strength of our arms, and at the hazard of our lives, for which they only interceed. Nor do we do this shelter'd from the injuries of the air, but under no other roof than that of the wide heavens, expos'd to summer's scorching heat, and winter's pinching cold. So that we may justly style ourselves the ministers of heaven, and the instruments of its justice upon earth; and as the business of war is not to be compass'd without vast toil and labour, so the religious soldier must undoubtedly be preferr'd before the religious monk, who living still quiet and at ease, has nothing to do but to pray for the afflicted and distressed. However, gentlemen, do not imagine I wou'd insinuate as if the profession of a knight-errant was a state of perfection equal to that of a holy recluse: I would only infer from what I've said, and what I myself endure, that ours without question is more laborious, more subject to the discipline of heavy blows, to maceration, to the penance of hunger and thirst, and in a word, to rags, to want and misery. For if you find that some knights-errant have at last by their valour been rais'd to thrones and empires, you may be sure it has been still at the expence of much sweat and blood. And had even those happier knights been depriv'd of those assisting sages and enchanters, who help'd 'em in all emergencies, they wou'd have been strangely disappointed of their mighty expectations. I am of the same opinion, reply'd Vivaldo. But one thing among many others, which I can

by no means approve in your profession, is, that when you are just going to engage in some very hazardous adventure, where your lives are evidently to be much endanger'd, you never once remember to commend yourselves to God, as every good Christian ought to do on such occasions, but only recommend yourselves to your mistresses, and that with as great zeal and devotion as if you worship'd no other deity ; a thing, which in my opinion, strongly relishes of Paganism. Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, there's no altering that method ; for should a knight-errant do otherwise, he wou'd too much deviate from the ancient and establish'd customs of knight-errantry, which inviolably oblige him just in the moment when he is rushing on, and giving birth to some dubious atchievement, to have his mistress still before his eyes, still present to his mind, by a strong and lively imagination, and with soft, amorous and energetic looks imploring her favour and protection in that perilous circumstance. Nay, if no body can overhear him, he's oblig'd to whisper, or speak between his teeth, some short ejaculations, to recommend himself with all the fervency imaginable to the lady of his wishes, and of this we have innumerable examples in history. Nor are you for all this to imagine that knights-errant omit recommending themselves to heaven, for they have leisure enough to do it even in the midst of the combat.

Sir, reply'd Vivaldo, you must give me leave to tell you, I am not yet thoroughly satisfy'd in this point : for I have often observ'd in my reading, that two knights-

errant, having first talk'd a little together, have fallen out presently, and been so highly provok'd, that having turn'd their horses heads to gain room for the career, they have wheel'd about, and then with all speed run full tilt at one another, hastily recommending themselves to their mistresses in the midst of their career; and the next thing has commonly been, that one of them has been thrown to the ground over the crupper of his horse, fairly run thro' and thro' with his enemy's lance; and the other forc'd to catch hold of his horse's main to keep himself from falling. Now I can't apprehend how the knight that was slain had any time to recommend himself to heaven, when his business was done so suddenly. Methinks those hasty invocations, which in his career were directed to his mistress, shou'd have been directed to heaven, as every good Christian wou'd have done. Besides, I fancy every knight-errant has not a mistress to invoke, nor is every one of 'em in love. Your conjecture is wrong, reply'd Don Quixote; a knight-errant cannot be without a mistress; 'tis not more essential for the skies to have stars, than 'tis to us to be in love. Infomuch, that I dare affirm, that no history ever made mention of any knight-errant, that was not a lover; for were any knight free from the impulses of that generous passion, he wou'd not be allow'd to be a lawful knight; but a misborn intruder, and one who was not admitted within the pale of knight-hood at the door, but leap'd the fence, and stole in like a robber and a thief. Yet, Sir, reply'd the other, I'm much mistaken, or I have read

that Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis, never had any certain mistress to recommend himself to, and yet for all that, he was not the less esteem'd. One swallow never makes a summer, answer'd Don Quixote. Besides, I know, that knight was privately very much in love; and as for his making his addressee, wherever he met with beauty, this was an effect of his natural inclination, which he cou'd not easily restrain. But after all, 'tis an undeniable truth that he had a favourite lady, whom he had crown'd empress of his will; and to her he frequently recommended himself in private, for he did not a little value himself upon his discretion and secrecy in love. Then, Sir, said Vivaldo, since 'tis so much the being of knight-errantry to be in love, I presume, you, who are of that profession, cannot be without a mistress. And therefore, if you do not set up for secrecy as much as Don Galaor did, give me leave to beg of you in the name of all the company, that you will be pleas'd so far to oblige us, as to let us know the name and quality of your mistress, the place of her birth, and the charms of her person. For, without doubt, the lady cannot but esteem herself happy in being known to all the world to be the object of the wishes of a knight so accomplish'd as yourself. With that Don Quixote breathing out a deep sigh, I cannot tell, said he, whether this lovely enemy of my repose, is the least affected with the world's being inform'd of her power over my heart; all I dare say, in compliance with your request is, that her name is Dulcinea, her country La Mancha, and Toboso the happy place

which she honours with her residence. As for her quality, it cannot be less than princess, seeing she is my mistress and my queen. Her beauty transcends all the united charms of her whole sex; even those chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have assign'd to their mistresses, cease to be incredible descriptions when apply'd to her, in whom all those miraculous endowments are most divinely centred. The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are purest gold; her smooth forehead the Elysian Plain; her brows are two celestial bows; her eyes two glorious suns; her cheeks two beds of roses; her lips are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaster; her breasts marble; her hands ivory; and snow wou'd lose its whiteness near her bosom. Then for the parts which modesty has vail'd, my imagination, not to wrong 'em, chuses to lose itself in silent admiration; for nature boasts nothing that may give an idea of their incomparable worth. Pray, Sir, cry'd Vivaldo, oblige us with an account of her parentage, and the place of her birth, to complete the description. Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, she is not descended from the ancient Curtius's, Caius's, nor Scipio's of Rome, nor from the more modern Colonna's, nor Urfini's; nor from the Mençada's, and Requesens's of Catalonia; nor from the Rebilla's, and Villanova's of Valencia; nor from the Palafoxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foze's, or Gurrea's of Arragon; nor from the Cerda's, Manrique's, Mendoza's, and Gusman's of Castile; nor from the Alencastro's, Palla's,

and Menezes of Portugal; but she derives her great original from the family of Toboso in La Mancha, a race, which though it be modern, is sufficient to give a noble beginning to the most illustrious progenies of succeeding ages. And let no man presume to contradict me in this, unless it be upon these conditions, which Zerbin fix'd at the foot of Orlando's armour,

Let none but he these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face.

I draw my pedigree from the Cachopines of Laredo, reply'd Vivaldo, yet I dare not make any comparisons with the Toboso's of La Mancha; tho' to deal sincerely with you, 'tis a family I never heard of till this moment. 'Tis strange, said Don Quixote, you should never have heard of it before.

All the rest of the company gave great attention to this discourse; and even the very goat-herds and shepherds were now fully convinc'd that Don Quixote's brains were turn'd topsy-turvy. But Sancho Pança believ'd every word that drop'd from his master's mouth to be truth, as having known him from his cradle, to be a man of sincerity. Yet that which somewhat stagger'd his faith, was this story of Dulcinea of Toboso; for he was sure he had never heard before of any such princess, nor even of the name, tho' he liv'd hard by Toboso.

As they went on thus discoursing, they saw, upon the hollow road between the neighbouring mountains, about twenty shepherds more, all accouter'd in black skins with garlands on their heads, which, as they as-

terwards perceiv'd, were all of yew or cypress; six of 'em carry'd a bier cover'd with several sorts of boughs and flowers: which one of the goat herds espying, Those are they, cry'd he, that are carrying poor Chrysofome to his grave; and 'twas in yonder bottom that he gave charge they should bury his corps. This made 'em all double their pace, that they might get thither in time; and so they arriv'd just as the bearers had set down the bier upon the ground, and four of them had begun to open the ground with their spades, just at the foot of a rock. They all saluted each other courteously, and condol'd their mutual loss; and then Don Quixote, with those who came with him, went to view the bier; where they saw the dead body of a young man in shepherd's weeds all strew'd over with flowers. The deccas'd seem'd to be about thirty years old; and, dead as he was, 'tis easily perceiv'd that both his face and shape were extraordinary handsome. Within the bier were some few books and several papers, some open, and the rest folded up. This doleful object so strangely fill'd all the company with sadness, that not only the beholders, but also the grave-makers, and all the mourning shepherds remain'd a long time silent; till at last one of the bearers, addressing himself to one of the rest, Look, Ambrose, cry'd he, whether this be the place which Chrysofome meant, since you must needs have his will so punctually perform'd? This is the very place, answer'd the other; there it was that my unhappy friend many times told me the sad story of his cruel fortune; and there it was that he first saw that

mortal enemy of mankind; there it was that he made the first discovery of his passion, no less innocent than violent; there it was that the relentless Marcella last deny'd, shunn'd him, and drove him to that extremity of sorrow and despair that hasten'd the sad catastrophe of his tragical and miserable life; and there it was, that, in token of so many misfortunes, he desir'd to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the rest of the travellers, This body, gentlemen, said he, which here you now behold, was once enliven'd by a soul which heaven had enrich'd with the greatest part of its most valuable graces. This is the body of that Chrysostome who was unrival'd in wit, matchless in courteousness, incomparable in gracefulness, a phoenix in friendship, generous and magnificent without ostentation, prudent and grave without pride, modest without affectation, pleasant and complaisant without meanness: in a word, the first in every esteemable qualification, and second to none in misfortune: he lov'd well, and was hated; he ador'd, and was disdain'd; he beg'd pity of cruelty itself; he strove to move obdurate marble; pursu'd the wind; made his moans to solitary deserts; was constant to ingratitude; and for the recompence of his fidelity, became a prey to death in the flower of his age, thro' the barbarity of a shepherdes, whom he strove to immortalize by his verse; as these papers which are here deposited might testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice 'em to the flames, at the same time that his body was committed to the earth.

Shou'd you do so, cry'd Vivaldo, you wou'd appear more cruel to 'em than their exasperated unhappy parent. Consider, Sir, 'tis not consistent with discretion, nor even with justice, so nicely to perform the request of the dead, when 'tis repugnant to reason. Augustus Caesar himself wou'd have forfeited his title to wisdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine Virgil had order'd by his will. Therefore, Sir, now that you resign your friend's body to the grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only remains of that dear unhappy man to a worse fate, the death of oblivion. What, tho' he has doom'd 'em to perish in the height of his resentment, you ought not indiscreetly to be their executioner; but rather reprieve and redeem 'em from eternal silence, that they may live, and, flying thro' the world, transmit to all ages the dismal story of your friend's virtue and Marcella's ingratitude, as a warning to others, that they may avoid such tempting snares and enchanting destructions; for not only to me, but to all here present is well known the history of your enamour'd and desperate friend: we are no strangers to the friendship that was between you, as also to Marcella's cruelty which occasion'd his death. Last night being inform'd that he was to be buried here to-day, mov'd not so much by curiosity as pity, we are come to behold with our eyes that which gave us so much trouble to hear. Therefore, in the name of all the company, like me, deeply affected with a sense of Chrysothome's extraordinary merit, and his unhappy fate, and desirous to prevent such deplorable

disasters for the future, I beg that you will permit me to save some of these papers, whatever you resolve to do with the rest. And so, without expecting an answer, he stretch'd out his arm, and took out those papers which lay next to his hand. Well, Sir, said Ambrose, you have found a way to make me submit, and you may keep those papers; but for the rest, nothing shall make me alter my resolution of burning 'em. Vivaldo said no more; but being impatient to see what those papers were, which he had rescu'd from the flames, he open'd one of 'em immediately and read the title of it, which was, The Despairing Lover. That, said Ambrose, was the last piece my dear friend ever wrote; and therefore, that you may all hear to what a sad condition his unhappy passion had reduc'd him, read it aloud, I beseech you, Sir, while the grave is making. With all my heart, reply'd Vivaldo: and so the company, having the same desire, presently gather'd round about him, and he read the following lines.

C H A P. VI.

The unfortunate shepherd's verses, and other unexpected matters.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

RELENTLESS tyrant of my heart,
Attend, and hear thy slave impart

The matchless story of his pain.

In vain I labour to conceal

What my extorted groans reveal;

Who can be rack'd, and not complain?

But oh! who duly can express
Thy cruelty, and my distress?

No human art, no human tongue.
Then fiends assist, and rage infuse!
A raving fury be my muse,

And hell inspire the dismal song!
Owls, ravens, terrors of the night,
Wolves, monsters, fiends, with dire affright,

Join your dread accents to my moans!
Join, howling winds, your sullen noise;
Thou, grumbling thunder, join thy voice;
Mad seas, your roar, and hell, thy groans.

Tho' still I moan in dreary caves,
To desert rocks, and silent graves,

My loud complaints shall wander far;
Born by the winds they shall survive,
By pitying echoes kept alive,

And fill the world with my despair.
Love's deadly cure is fierce disdain,
Distracting fear a dreadful pain,

And jealousy a matchless woe;
Absence is death, yet while it kills,
I live with all these mortal ills,

Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and absent too.
No dawn of hope e'er cheer'd my heart,

No pitying ray e'er sooth'd my smart,
All, all the sweets of life are gone;

Then come despair, and frantic rage,
With instant fate my pain assuage,

And end a thousand deaths by one.

But even in death let love he crown'd,
 My fair destruction guiltless found,
 And I be thought with justice scorn'd:
 Thus let me fall unlov'd, unblest'd,
 With all my load of woes oppress'd,

And even too wretched to be mourn'd.
 O! thou, by whose destructive hate,
 I'm hurry'd to this doleful fate,

When I'm no more, thy pity spare!
 I dread thy tears; oh spare 'em then—
 But oh! I rave, I was too vain,

My death can never cost a tear.
 Tormented souls, on you I call,
 Hear one more wretched than you all;
 Come howl as in redoubled flames.

Attend me to th' eternal night,
 No other dirge, or fun'ral rite,

A poor despairing lover claims.
 And thou my song, sad child of woe,
 When life is gone, and I'm below,

For thy lost parent cease to grieve.
 With life and thee my woes increase,
 And shou'd they not by dying cease,
 Hell has no pain like these I leave.

These verses were well approv'd by all the company; only Vivaldo observ'd, that the jealousies and fears of which the shepherd complain'd, did not very well agree with what he had heard of Marcella's unspotted modesty and reservedness. But Ambrose, who

had been always privy to the most secret thoughts of his friend, inform'd him, that the unhappy Chrysofome wrote those verses when he had torn himself from his ador'd mistress, to try whether absence, the common cure of love, would relieve him, and mitigate his pain. And as every thing disturbs an absent lover, and nothing is more usual than for him to torment himself with a thousand chimeras of his own brain, so did Chrysofome perplex himself with jealousies and suspicions, which had no ground but in his distracted imagination; and therefore whatever he said in those uneasy circumstances, could never affect, or in the least prejudice Marcella's virtuous character, upon whom, setting aside her cruelty, and her disdainful haughtiness, envy itself could never fix the least reproach. Vivaldo being thus convinc'd, they were going to read another paper, when they were unexpectedly prevented by a kind of apparition that offer'd itself to their view. 'Twas Marcella herself, who appear'd at the top of the rock, at the foot of which they were digging the grave; but so beautiful, that fame seem'd rather to have less'n'd than to have magnify'd her charms: those who had never seen her before, gaz'd on her with silent wonder and delight; nay, those who us'd to see her every day seem'd no less lost in admiration than the rest. But scarce had Ambrose spy'd her, when, with anger and indignation in his heart, he cry'd out, What mak'st thou there, thou fierce, thou cruel basilisk of these mountains? com'st thou to see whether the wounds of this murder'd wretch will bleed afresh at

thy presence? or com'st thou thus mounted aloft, to glory in the fatal effects of thy native inhumanity, like another Nero at the sight of flaming Rome? or is it to trample on this unfortunate corps, as Tarquin's ungrateful daughter did her father's? tell us quickly why thou com'st, and what thou yet desirest? for since I know that Chrysofome's whole study was to serve and please thee while he liv'd, I'm willing to dispose all his friends to pay thee the like obedience now he's dead. I come not here to any of those ungrateful ends, Ambrose, reply'd Marcella; but only to clear my innocence, and shew the injustice of all those who lay their misfortunes and Chrysofome's death to my charge: therefore I intreat you all who are here at this time to hear me a little, for I shall not need to use many words to convince people of sense of an evident truth. Heav'n, you're pleas'd to say, has made me beautiful, and that to such a degree, that you are forc'd, nay, as it were compell'd to love me, in spite of your endeavours to the contrary; and for the sake of that love, you say I ought to love you again. Now, though I am sensible, that whatever is beautiful is lovely, I cannot conceive, that what is lov'd for being handsome, should be bound to love that by which 'tis lov'd, merely because 'tis lov'd. He that loves a beautiful object may happen to be ugly; and as what is ugly deserves not to be lov'd, 'twould be ridiculous to say, I love you because you are handsome, and therefore you must love me again tho' I am ugly. But suppose two persons of different sexes are equally handsome, it does

not follow, that their desires should be alike and reciprocal; for all beauties do not kindle love; some only recreate the sight, and never reach, nor captivate the heart. Alas! should whatever is beautiful beget love, and enslave the mind, mankind's desires would ever run confus'd and wandering, without being able to fix their determinate choice; for as there is an infinite number of beautiful objects, the desires would consequently be also infinite; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard, that true love is still confin'd to one, and voluntary and unforc'd. This being granted, why would you have me force my inclinations for no other reason but that you say you love me? tell me, I beseech you, had heaven form'd me as ugly as it has made me beautiful. could I justly complain of you for not loving me? pray consider also, that I do not possess those charms by choice; such as they are, they were freely bestow'd on me by heaven: and as the viper is not to be blam'd for the poison with which she kills, seeing 'twas assign'd her by nature; so I ought not to be censur'd for that beauty which I derive from the same cause: for beauty in a virtuous woman is but like a distant flame, or a sharp-edg'd sword, and only burns and wounds those who approach too near it. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul, and that body that's destitute of 'em cannot be esteem'd beautiful, though it be naturally so. If then honour be one of those endowments which most adorn the body, why should she that's belov'd for her beauty, expose herself to the loss of it, merely to gratify the loose de-

fires of one, who for his own selfish ends uses all the means imaginable to make her lose it? I was born free, and that I might continue so, I retir'd to these solitary hills and plains, where trees are my companions, and clear fountains my looking-glasses. With the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts, and my beauty. I am a distant flame, and a sword far off: those whom I have attracted with my sight, I have undeceiv'd with my words; and if hope be the food of desire, as I never gave any encouragement to Chrysotome, nor to any other, it may well be said, it was rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that shorten'd his life. If you tell me that his intentions were honest, and therefore ought to have been comply'd with; I answer, that when, at the very place where his grave is making, he discover'd his passion, I told him, I was resolv'd to live and die single, and that the earth alone should reap the fruit of my reservedness, and enjoy the spoils of my beauty; and if, after all the admonitions I gave him, he would persist in his obstinate pursuit, and sail against the wind, what wonder is't he should perish in the waves of his indiscretion? had I ever encourag'd him, or amus'd him with ambiguous words, then I had been false; and had I gratify'd his wishes, I had acted contrary to my better resolves: he persisted, tho' I had given him a due caution, and he despair'd without being hated. Now I leave you to judge, whether I ought to be blam'd for his sufferings? if I have deceived any one, let him complain; if I have broke my promise to any one, let him despair; if

I encourage any one, let him presume; if I entertain any one, let him boast: but let no man call me cruel nor murderer, 'till I either deceive, break my promise, encourage, or entertain him. Heaven has not yet been pleas'd to shew whether 'tis its will I should love by destiny; and 'tis vain to think I will ever do it by choice: so let this general caution serve every one of those who make their addresses to me for their own ends. And if any one hereafter dies on my account, let not their jealousy, nor my scorn or hate, be thought the cause of their death; for she who never pretended to love, cannot make any one jealous, and a free and generous declaration of our fix'd resolution, ought not to be counted hate or disdain. In short, let him that calls me a tygres, and a basilisk, avoid me as a dangerous thing; and let him that calls me ungrateful, give over serving me: I assure 'em I will never seek nor pursue 'em. Therefore let none hereafter make it their business to disturb my ease, nor strive to make me hazard among men the peace I now enjoy, which I am persuaded is not to be found with them. I have wealth enough; I neither love nor hate any one: the innocent conversation of the neighbouring shepherdesses, with the care of my flocks, help me to pass away my time, without either coquetting with this man, or practising arts to ensnare that other. My thoughts are limited by these mountains; and if they wander further, 'tis only to admire the beauty of heaven, and thus by steps to raise my soul towards their original dwelling.

As soon as she had said this, without expecting any

answer, she left the place, and ran into the thickest of the adjoining wood, leaving all that heard her charm'd with her discretion as well as with her beauty.

However, so prevalent were the charms of the latter, that some of the company, who were desperately struck, could not forbear offering to follow her, without being the least deterr'd by the solemn protestations which they had heard her make that very moment. But Don Quixote perceiving their design, and believing he had now a fit opportunity to exert his knight-errantry; Let no man, cry'd he, of what quality or condition soever, presume to follow the fair Marcella, under the penalty of incurring my furious displeasure. She has made it appear, by undeniable reasons, that she was not guilty of Chrysothome's death; and has positively declar'd her firm resolution never to condescend to the desires of any of her admirers: for which reason, instead of being importun'd and persecuted, she ought to be esteem'd and honoured by all good men, as being perhaps the only woman in the world that ever liv'd with such a virtuous reservedness. Now, whether it were that Don Quixote's threats terrify'd the amorous shepherds, or that Ambrose's persuasion prevail'd with 'em to stay and see their friend interr'd, none of the shepherds left the place, till the grave being made, and the papers burnt, the body was deposited into the bosom of the earth, not without many tears from all the assistants. They cover'd the grave with a great stone till a monument was made, which Ambrose said he design'd to have set up there, with the following epitaph upon it.

CHRYSOSTOME'S EPITAPH.

HERE of a wretched swain
 The frozen body's laid,
 Kill'd by the cold disdain
 Of an ungrateful maid.
 Here first love's power he try'd,
 Here first his pains express'd;
 Here first he was deny'd,
 Here first he chose to rest.
 You who the shepherd mourn,
 From coy Marcella fly;
 Who Chrysofome cou'd scorn,
 May all mankind destroy.

The shepherds strew'd the grave with many flowers and boughs; and every one having condol'd a while with his friend Ambrose, they took their leave of him, and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the like; as did also Don Quixote, who was not a person to forget himself on such occasions: he likewise bid adieu to the kind goat-herds, that had entertain'd him, and to the two travellers who desir'd him to go with them to Seville, assuring him there was no place in the world more fertile in adventures, every street and every corner there producing some. Don Quixote return'd them thanks for their kind information; but told them he neither would, nor ought to go to Seville, till he had clear'd all those mountains of the thieves

and robbers which he heard very much infested all those parts. Thereupon the travellers, being unwilling to divert him from so good a design, took their leaves of him once more, and pursu'd their journey, sufficiently supply'd with matter to discourse on from the story of Marcella and Chrysostome, and Don Quixote's follies. As for him, he resolv'd to find out the shepherdess Marcella, if possible, to offer her his service to protect her to the utmost of his power: but he happen'd to be cross'd in his designs, as you shall hear in the sequel of this true history; for here ends the second book.

THE
L I F E
AND
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE RENOWN'D
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

*Giving an account of Don Quixote's unfortunate encounter with certain bloody-minded and wicked Yanguessian * carriers.*

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of all those that were at Chrysofome's funeral, he and his squire went after Marcella into the wood; and having rang'd it above two hours without being able to find her, they came at last to a meadow, whose springing green, water'd with a delightful and refreshing rivulet, invited, or rather pleasantly forc'd 'em to alight and give way to the heat of the day, which began to be very violent :

* Carriers of the kingdom of Galicia, commonly so called.

so leaving the ass and Rozinante to graze at large, they ransack'd the wallet; and without ceremony the master and the man fell to, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be a horse of that sobriety and chastity, that all the mares in the pastures of Cordova could not have rais'd him to attempt an indecent thing. But either fortune, or the devil, who seldom sleeps, so order'd it, that a good number of Galician mares, belonging to some Yanguesian carriers, were then feeding in the same valley, it being the custom of those men, about the hottest time of the day, to stop wherever they met with grass and water to refresh their cattle: nor could they have found a fitter place than that where Don Quixote was. Rozinante, as I said before, was chaste and modest; however, he was flesh and blood; so that as soon as he had smelt the mares, forsaking his natural gravity and reserv'dness, without asking his master's leave, away he trots it briskly to make 'em sensible of his little necessities: but they, who it seems had more mind to feed than to be merry, receiv'd their gallant so rudely with their heels and teeth, that in a trice they broke his girths and threw down his saddle, and left him disrob'd of all his equipage. And for an addition to his misery, the carriers perceiving the violence that was offer'd to their mares, flew to their relief with poles and pack-slaves, and so belabour'd poor Rozinante that he soon sunk to the ground under the weight of their unmerciful blows.

Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving at a distance, the ill usage of Rozinante, ran with all speed to his rescue; and as they came near the place, panting and almost out of breath, Friend Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, I perceive these are no knights, but only a pack of scoundrels and fellows of the lowest rank; I say it, because thus thou may'st lawfully help me to revenge the injury they have done Rozinante before our faces. What a devil d'ye talk of revenge, quoth Sancho? we are like to revenge ourselves finely! you see they are above twenty, and we are but two; nay, perhaps but one and a half. I alone am worth a hundred, reply'd Don Quixote; then, without any more words, he drew his sword, and flew upon the Yangueshians. Sancho, encourag'd by his master's example, did the like; and with the first blow which Don Quixote gave one of 'em, he cut through his leathern doublet, and gave him a deep slash in the shoulder. The Yangueshians, seeing themselves thus rudely handled, betook themselves to their leavers and pack-staves, and then all at once furrounding the valiant knight and his trusty squire, they charg'd 'em and laid on with great fury. At the second round, down they settled poor Sancho, and then Don Quixote himself, who, as chance would have it, fell at the feet of Rozinante, that had not yet recover'd his legs; neither could the knight's courage nor his skill avail against the fury of a number of rustical fellows arm'd with pack-staves. The Yangueshians fearing the ill consequences of the mischief they had done, made all the haste they could to be gone, leaving our

two adventurers in a woful condition. The first that came to himself was Sancho Pança, who, finding himself near his master, call'd to him thus, with a weak and doleful voice; Ah master! master! Sir, Sir knight! What's the matter, friend Sancho? ask'd the knight, in the same feeble and lamenting tone. I could wish, reply'd Sancho, that your worship would help me to two good draughts of the liquor you talk on, if you have any by you; perhaps 'tis as good to cure broken bones, as 'tis to heal outward wounds. Oh! that I had some of it here now, cry'd Don Quixote; we could not then be said to want any thing: but I swear to thee, honest Sancho, by the faith of a knight-errant, within these two days (if no other disaster prevent me) I will have some at my disposal, or it shall hardly escape my hands. Two days, Sir! reply'd Sancho: why, pray how many days do you think 'twill be before we are able to stir our feet? As for myself, answer'd the bruis'd Don Quixote, I must own I cannot set a certain term to the days of our recovery; but 'tis I who am the fatal cause of all this mischief; for I ought not to have drawn my sword against a company of fellows, upon whom the honour of knight-hood was never conferr'd; and I do not doubt but that the Lord of hosts suffer'd this punishment to befall me for transgressing thus the laws of chivalry. I therefore, friend Sancho, observe what I am going to tell thee, for it is a thing that highly concerns the welfare of us both: 'tis, that for the future, whenever thou perceiv'st us to be any ways abus'd by such inferior fellows, thou art not to

expect I should offer to draw my sword against them ; for I will not do it in the least : no, do thou then draw, and chastise 'em as thou think'st fit : but if any knights come to take their parts, then will I be sure to step between thee and danger, and assault 'em with the utmost vigour and intrepidity. Thou hast already had a thousand proofs of the greatness of my valour, and the prevailing strength of my most dreadful arm ; (so arrogant the knight was grown since his victory over the bold Biscayan) but Sancho was not so well pleas'd with his master's admonitions, but that he thought fit to answer him. Sir, says he, I am a peaceful man, a harmless quiet fellow, d'ye see ; I can make shift to pass by an injury as well as any man, as having a wife to maintain, and children to bring up, and therefore pray take this from me by the way of advice, (for I'll not offer to command my master) that I will not in any wise draw my sword neither against knight nor clown, not I. I freely forgive all mankind, high and low, rich and poor, lords and beggars, whatever wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the least exception. Sancho (said his master, hearing this) I heartily wish I had breath enough to answer thee effectually, or that the pain which I feel in one of my short ribs would leave me but for so long as might serve to convince thee of thy error. Come, suppose, thou silly wretch, that the gale of fortune, which has hitherto been so contrary to us, should at last turn favourable, swelling the sails of our desires, so that we might with as much security as ease arrive at some of those islands

which I have promis'd thee; what would become of thee, if after I had conquer'd one of 'em, I were to make thee lord of it? thou wouldst certainly be found not duly qualify'd for that dignity, as having abjur'd all knighthood. all thoughts of honour, and all intention to revenge injuries, and defend thy own dominions. For thou must understand, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquer'd, the hearts and minds of the inhabitants are never so thoroughly subdu'd, or wedded to the interests of their new sovereign, but that there is reason to fear, they will endeavour to raise some commotions to change the face of affairs, and, as men say, once more try their fortune. Therefore 'tis necessary that the new possessor have not only understanding to govern, but also valour to attack his enemies, and defend himself on all occasions. I would I had had that understanding and valour you talk of, quoth Sancho; but now, Sir, I must be free to tell you, I have more need of a surgeon, than of a preacher. Pray try whether you can rise, and we'll help Rozinante, tho' he does not deserve it; for he's the chief cause of all this beating. For my part, I could never have believ'd the like of him before, for I always took him for as chaste and sober a person as myself. In short, 'tis a true saying, that 'a man must eat a peck of salt with 'his friend, before he knows him;' and I find 'there's 'nothing sure in this world:' for, who would have thought, after the dreadful flashes you gave to that knight-errant, such a terrible shower of bastinadoes would so soon have fallen upon our shoulders? As for

chine, reply'd Don Quixote, I doubt they are us'd to endure such sort of showers ; but mine, that were nurs'd in soft linen, will most certainly be longer sensible of this misfortune ; and were it not that I imagine, (but why do I say imagine ?) were it not that I am positively sure, that all these inconveniences are inseparable from the profession of chivalry, I would abandon myself to grief, and die of meer despair on this very spot. I beseech you, Sir, quoth Sancho, since these rubs are the vails of your trade of knighthood, tell me whether they use to come often, or whether we may look for 'em at set times : for, I fancy, if we meet but with two such harvests more, we shall never be able to reap the third, unless God of his infinite mercy assist us. Know, friend Sancho, return'd Don Quixote, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand hazards and misfortunes : but on the other side, they may at any time suddenly become kings and emperors, as experience has demonstrated in many knights, of whose histories I have a perfect knowledge. And I could tell thee now (would my pain suffer me) of some of 'em who have rais'd themselves to those high dignities only by the valour of their arm ; and those very knights, both before and after their advancement, were involv'd in many calamities : for, the valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Archelaus the inchanter, of whom 'tis credibly reported, that when he held him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred stripes with his horse bridle, after he had ty'd him to a pillar in the court-yard of his house. There

is also a secret author of no little credit relates, that the knight of the sun being taken in a trap in a certain castle, was hurry'd to a deep dungeon, where, after they had bound him hand and foot, they forcibly gave him a clyster of snow-water and sand, which would probably have cost him his life, had he not been assisted in that distress by a wise magician, his particular friend. Thus I may well bear my misfortune patiently, since those which so many greater persons have endur'd may be said to outdo it: for, I would have thee to know, that those wounds that are given with the instruments and tools which a man happens to have in his hand, do not really disgrace the person struck. We read it expressly in the laws of duels, 'That if a shoe-maker strikes another man with his last which he held in his hand, tho' it be of wood, as a cudgel is, yet the party who was struck with it shall not be said to have been cudgell'd.' I tell thee this, that thou may'st not think we are in the least dishonour'd, tho' we have been horribly beaten in this rencounter; for the weapons which those men us'd were but instruments of their profession, and not one of 'em, as I very well remember, had either tuck, or sword, or dagger. They gave me no leisure, quoth Sancho, to examine things so narrowly; for I had no sooner laid my hand on my cutlafs *, but they cross'd my shoulders with such a wooden blessing, as settl'd me on the ground

* *Tizona*: The romantic name of the sword, which the Spanish general Roderick Diaz de Bivar used against the Moors. *Titio* Latin for a firebrand (from whence *tison* in

without sense or motion, where you see me lie, and where I don't trouble my head whether it be a disgrace to be mawl'd with cudgels or with pack-staves: let 'em be what they will, I am only vex'd to feel 'em so heavy on my shoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep as they are on my mind. For all this, reply'd Don Quixote, I must inform thee, friend Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time will not deface, nor no pain to which death will not put a period. Thank you for nothing, quoth Sancho! what worse can befall us, than to have only death to trust to? were our affliction to be cur'd with a plaister or two, a man might have some patience; but for ought I see, all the salves in an hospital won't set us on our best legs again. Come, no more of this, cry'd Don Quixote; take courage, and make a virtue of necessity; for 'tis what I am resolv'd to do. Let's see how it fares with Rozinante; for if I am not mistaken, the poor creature has not been the least sufferer in this adventure. No wonder at that, quoth Sancho, seeing he's a knight-errant too; I rather wonder, how my ass has escap'd so well, while we have fared so ill. In our disasters, return'd Don Quixote, fortune leaves always some door open to come at a remedy. I say it, Sancho, because that little beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, to carry me to some castle, where I may get cur'd of my wounds. Nor do I esteem this kind of riding dishonourable, for

French) and thence *tizona* in Spanish; and (if I mistake not) Rinald of Montaubaris' whinyard was call'd Flamberge.

I remember, that the good old Silenus, tutor and governor to the jovial god of wine, rode very fairly on a goodly afs, when he made his entry into the city with a hundred gates. Ay, quoth Sancho, 'twill do well enough, cou'd you ride as fairly on your afs, as he did on his; but there's a deal of difference between riding and being laid cross the pannel like a pack of rubbish. The wounds which are receiv'd in combat, said Don Quixote, rather add to our honour, than deprive us of it; therefore good Sancho, trouble me with no more replies, but, as I said, endeavour to get up, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy afs, that we may leave this place ere night steal upon us. But, Sir, cry'd Sancho, I have heard you say, that 'tis a common thing among you knights-errant to sleep in the fields and deserts the best part of the year and that you look upon it to be a very happy kind of life. That is to say, reply'd Don Quixote, when we can do no better, or when we are in love; and this is so true, that there have been knights who have dwelt on rocks, expos'd to the sun, and other inclemencies of the sky, for the space of two years, without their lady's knowledge: one of those was Amadis, when, assuming the name of the Lovely Obscure, he inhabited the bare rock, either eight years, or eight months, I can't now punctually tell which of the two; for I don't thoroughly remember that passage. Let it suffice that there he dwelt, doing penance, for I don't know what unkindness his lady Oriana had shew'd him. But setting these discourses aside, pr'ythee dispatch, lest some mischief befall the afs, as it has done

Rozinante. That would be the devil indeed, reply'd Sancho, and so breathing out some thirty lamentations, three-score sighs, and a hundred and twenty plagues and poxes on those that had decoy'd him thither, he at last got upon his legs, yet not so but that he went stooping, with his body bent like a Turk's bow, not being able to stand upright. Yet in this crooked posture he made a shift to harness his ass, who had not forgot to take his share of licentiousness that day. After this, he help'd up Rozinante, who, could his tongue have express'd his sorrows, would certainly not have been behind-hand with Sancho and his master. After many bitter oh's, and screw'd faces, Sancho laid Don Quixote on the ass, ty'd Rozinante to its tail, and then leading the ass by the halter, he took the nearest way that he could guess to the high road; to which he luckily came, before he had travell'd a short league, and then he discover'd an inn; which, in spite of all he could say, Don Quixote was pleas'd to mistake for a castle. Sancho swore bloodily 'twas an inn, and his master was as positive of the contrary. In short, their dispute lasted so long, that before they could decide it they reach'd the inn-door, where Sancho straight went in, with all his train, without troubling himself any further about the matter.

C H A P. II.

What happen'd to Don Quixote in the inn which he took for a castle.

THE inn-keeper, seeing Don Quixote lying quite athwart the ass, ask'd Sancho what ail'd him? Sancho answer'd, 'twas nothing, only his master had got a fall from the top of a rock to the bottom, and had bruise'd his sides a little. The inn-keeper had a wife, very different from the common sort of hostesses, for she was of a charitable nature, and very compassionate of her neighbour's affliction; which made her immediately take care of Don Quixote, and call her daughter (a good handsome girl) to set her helping-hand to his cure. One of the servants in the inn was an Asturian wench, a broad-face'd, flat-headed, saddle-nos'd dowdy: blind of one eye, and t'other almost out: however, the activity of her body supply'd all other defects. She was not above three feet high from her heels to her head; and her shoulders, which somewhat load-ed her, as having too much flesh upon 'em, made her look downwards oftner than she could have wish'd. This charming original likewise assisted the mistress and the daughter; and with the latter, help'd to make the knight's bed, and a sorry one it was; the room where it stood was an old gambling cock-loft, which by manifold signs seem'd to have been, in the days of yore, a repository for chop'd straw. Somewhat further, in a corner of that garret, a carrier had his lodging; and

tho' his bed was nothing but the pannels and coverings of his mules, 'twas much better than that of Don Quixote, which only consisted of four rough hewn boards laid upon two uneven tressels, a flock-bed, that, for thinness, might well have pass'd for a quilt, and was full of knobs and bunches, which had they not peep'd out thro' many a hole, and shewn themselves to be of wool, might well have been taken for stones: the rest of that extraordinary bed's furniture was a pair of sheets, which rather seem'd to be of leather than of linnen cloth, and a coverlet whose every individual thread you might have told, and never have mis'd one in the tale.

In this ungracious bed was the knight laid to rest his belabour'd carcase, and presently the hostess and her daughter anointed and plaister'd him all over, while Maritornes (for that was the name of the Asturian wench) held the candle. The hostess, while she greas'd him, wondering to see him so bruis'd all over, I fancy, said she, those bumps look much more like a dry beating than a fall. 'Twas no dry beating, mistress, I promise you, quoth Sancho, but the rock had I know not how many cragged ends and knobs, whereof every one gave my master a token of his kindness. And by the way, forsooth, continu'd he, I beseech you save a little of that same tow and ointment for me too, for I don't know what's the matter with my back, but I fancy I stand mainly in want of a little greasing too. What, I suppose you fell too, quoth the land-lady. Not I, quoth Sancho, but the very fright that I took to see my master tumble down the rock, has so wrought upon my

body, that I'm as sore as if I had been sadly maul'd. It may well be as you say, cry'd the inn-keeper's daughter; for I have dream'd several times that I have been falling from the top of a high tower without ever coming to the ground; and, when I wak'd, I have found myself as out of order, and as bruis'd, as if I had fall'n in good earnest. That's e'en my case, mistress, quoth Sancho; only ill luck would have it so, that I should find myself e'en almost as batter'd and bruis'd as my lord Don Quixote, and yet all the while be as broad awake as I am now. How do you call this same gentleman, quoth Maritornes? He's Don Quixote de la Mancha, reply'd Sancho; and he's a knight-errant, and one of the primest and stoutest that ever the sun shin'd on. A knight-errant, cry'd the wench, pray what's that? Heigh-day! cry'd Sancho, does the wench know no more of the world than that comes to? why, a knight-errant is a thing which in two words you see well cudgell'd, and then an emperor. To-day there's not a more wretched thing upon the earth, and yet to-morrow he'll have you two or three kingdoms to give away to his squire. How comes it to pass then, quoth the landlady, that thou who art this great person's squire, hast not yet got thee at least an earldom? Fair and softly goes far, reply'd Sancho. Why, we have not been a month in our gears, so that we have not yet encounter'd any adventure worth the naming: besides, many a time we look for one thing, and light on another. But if my lord Don Quixote happens to get well again, and I 'scape remaining a cripple, I'll not

take the best title in the land for what I am sure will fall to my share.

Here Don Quixote, who had listen'd with great attention to all these discourses, rais'd himself up in his bed with much ado, and taking the hostess in a most obliging manner by the hand, Believe me, said he, beautiful lady, you may well esteem it a happiness that you have now the opportunity to entertain my person in your castle. Self-praise is unworthy a man of honour, and therefore I shall say no more of myself, but my squire will inform you who I am; only thus much let me add, that I will eternally preserve your kindness in the treasury of my remembrance, and study all occasions to testify my gratitude. And I wish, continu'd he, the powers above had so dispos'd my fate, that I were not already love's devoted slave, and captivated by the charms of the disdainful beauty who engrosses all my softer thoughts; for then would I be proud to sacrifice my liberty to this beautiful damsel. The hostess, her daughter, and the kind-hearted Maritornes star'd on one another, quite at a loss for the meaning of this high-flown language, which they understood full as well as if it had been Greek. Yet, conceiving these were words of compliment and courtship, they look'd upon him, and admir'd him as a man of another world: and so, having made him such returns as inn-keeper's breeding could afford, they left him to his rest; only Maritornes stay'd to rub down Sancho, who wanted her help no less than his master.

Now you must know, that the carrier and she had

agreed to pass the night together; and she had given him her word, that as soon as all the people in the inn were in bed, she wou'd be sure to come to him, and be at his service. And 'tis said of this good-natur'd thing, that whenever she had pass'd her word in such cases, she was sure to make it good, tho' she had made the promise in the midst of a wood, and without any witness at all: for she stood much upon her gentility, tho' she undervalu'd herself so far as to serve in an inn; often saying, that nothing but crosses and necessity cou'd have made her stoop to it.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, miserable bed was the first of the four in that wretched apartment; next to that was Sancho's kennel, which consisted of nothing but a bed-mat and a coverlet, that rather seem'd shorn canvas than a rug. Beyond these two beds was that of the carrier, made, as we have said, of the pannels and furniture of two of the best of twelve mules which he kept, every one of 'em goodly beasts, and in special good case; for he was one of the richest muleteers of Arevalo, as the Moorish author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been acquainted with him; nay, some don't stick to say, he was somewhat a-kin to him. However it be, it appears, that Cid Mahomet Benengeli was a very exact historian, since he takes care to give us an account of things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable example which those historians should follow, who usually relate matters so concisely, that we have scarcely a smack of 'em, leaving the most ef-

essential part of the story drown'd in the bottom of the ink-horn, either thro' neglect, malice or ignorance. A thousand blessings then be given to the curious author of *Tablante of Ricamonte*, and to that other indefatigable sage who recorded the atchievements of count *Tomillas*; for they have describ'd even the most minute and trifling circumstances with a singular preciseness. But to return to our story, you must know, that after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course *, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of the most punctual *Martornes's* kind visit. By this time *Sancho*, duly greas'd and anointed, was crept into his sty, where he did all he could to sleep, but his aking ribs did all they could to prevent him. As for the knight, whose sides were in as bad circumstances as his squire's, he lay with both his eyes open like a hare. And now was every soul in the inn gone to bed, not any light to be seen, except that of a lamp which hung in the middle of the gate-way. This general tranquillity setting *Don Quixote's* thoughts at work, offer'd to his imagination one of the most absurd follies that ever crept into a dis-temper'd brain from the perusal of romantic whimsies. Now he fancy'd himself to be in a famous castle, (for, as we have already said, all the inns he lodg'd in seem'd no less than castles to him) and that the inn-keeper's daughter (consequently daughter to the lord

* In Spain they get up in the night to dress their cattle, and give 'em their barley and straw, which serves for hay and oats.

of the castle) strangely captivated with his graceful presence and gallantry, had promis'd him the pleasure of her embraces, as soon as her father and mother were gone to rest. This chimera disturb'd him, as if it had been a real truth ; so that he began to be mightily perplex'd, reflecting on the danger to which his honour was expos'd : but at last his virtue overcame the powerful temptation, and he firmly resolv'd not to be guilty of the least infidelity to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, tho' queen Genever herself, with her trusty matron Quintaniona, shou'd join to decoy him into the alluring snare.

While these wild imaginations work'd in his brain, the gentle Maritornes was mindful of her assignation, and with soft and wary steps, bare-foot, and in her smock, with her hair gather'd up in a fustian coif, stole into the room, and felt about for her beloved carrier's bed : but scarce had she got to the door, when Don Quixote, whose ears were on the scout, was sensible that something was coming in : and therefore having rais'd himself in his bed, sore and wrapt up in plaisters, as he was, he stretch'd out his arms to receive his fancy'd damsel, and caught hold of Maritornes by the wrist, as she was, with her arms stretch'd, groping her way to her paramour ; he pull'd her to him, and made her sit down by his bed's side, she not daring to speak a word all the while. Now, as he imagin'd her to be the lord of the castle's daughter, her smock, which was of the coarsest canvas, seem'd to him of the finest holland ; and the glass-beads about her wrist, precious

oriental pearls ; her hair, that was almost as rough as a horse's main, he took to be soft flowing threads of bright curling gold ; and her breath, that had a stronger hogoe than stale venison, was to him a grateful compound of the most fragrant perfumes of Arabia. In short, flattering imagination transform'd her into the likeness of those romantic beauties, one of whom, as he remember'd to have read, came to pay a private visit to a wounded knight, with whom she was desperately in love ; and the poor gentleman's obstinate folly had so insatuated his outward sense, that his feeling and his smell could not in the least undeceive him, and he thought he had no less than a balmy Venus in his arms, while he hugg'd a fulsome bundle of deformities, that would have turn'd any man's stomach but a sharp-set carrier's. Therefore clasping her still closer, with a soft and amorous whisper ; Oh ! thou most lovely temptation, cry'd he, oh ! that I now might but pay a warm acknowledgment for the mighty blessing which your extravagant goodness would lavish on me ; yes, most beautiful charmer, I would give an empire to purchase your more desirable embraces : but fortune, madam, fortune, that tyrant of my life, that unrelenting enemy to the truly deserving, has maliciously hurry'd and rivetted me to this bed, where I lie so bruis'd and macerated, that, tho' I were eager to gratify your desires, I should at this dear unhappy minute be doom'd to impotence : nay, to that unlucky bar fate has added a yet more invincible obstacle ; I mean my plighted faith to the unrival'd Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mi-

strefs of my wishes and absolute sovereign of my heart. Oh ! did not this oppose my present happiness, I could never be so dull and insensible a knight as to lose the benefit of this extraordinary favour which you have now condescended to offer me.

Poor Maritornes all this while sweated for fear and anxiety, to find herself thus lock'd in the knight's arms : and without either understanding, or willing to understand his florid excuses, she did what she could to get from him, and sheer off, without speaking a word. On the other side, the carrier, whose lewd thoughts kept him awake, having heard his trusty lady when she first came in, and listen'd ever since to the knight's discourse, began to be afraid that she had made some other assignation ; and so, without any more ado, he crept softly to Don Quixote's bed, where he listen'd a while to hear what would be the end of all this talk, which he could not understand : but perceiving at last by the struggling of his faithful Maritornes, that 'twas none of her fault, and that the knight strove to detain her against her will, he could by no means bear his familiarity ; and therefore taking it in mighty dudgeon, he up with his fist, and hit the enamour'd knight such a swinging blow on the jaws, that his face was all over blood in a moment. And not satisfy'd with this, he got o'top of the knight, and with his splay feet betrampled him, as if he had been trampling a hay-mow. With that the bed, whose foundations were none of the best, sunk under the additional load of the carrier, and fell with such a noise,

that it wak'd the inn-keeper, who presently suspects it to be one of Maritornes's nightly skirmishes; and therefore having call'd her aloud, and finding that she did not answer, he lighted a lamp, and made to the place where he heard the bustle. The wench, who heard him coming, knowing him to be of a passionate nature, was scar'd out of her wits, and fled for shelter to Sancho's sty, where he lay snoring to some tune: there she pigg'd in, and slunk under the coverlet, where she lay snug, and trufs'd up as round as an egg. Presently her master came in, in a mighty heat: Where's this damn'd whore, cry'd he? I dare say, this is one of her pranks. By this, Sancho awak'd; and feeling that unusual lump, which almost overlaid him, he took it to be the night-mare, and began to lay about him with his fists, and thump'd the wench so unmercifully, that at last flesh and blood were no longer able to bear it; and forgetting the danger she was in, and her dear reputation, she paid him back his thumps as fast as her fists could lay 'em on, and soon rous'd the drousy squire out of his sluggishness, whether he would or no: who finding himself thus pommell'd, by he did not know who, he bustled up in his nest, and catching hold of Maritornes, they began the most pleasant skirmish in the world. When the carrier perceiving, by the light of the inn-keeper's lamp, the dismal condition that his dear mistress was in, presently took her part; and leaving the knight, whom he had more than sufficiently mawl'd, flew at the squire, and paid him confoundedly. On the other hand, the inn-keeper, who took the wench to be the

cause of all this hurly-burly, cuff'd and kick'd, and kick'd and cuff'd her over and over again: and so there was a strange multiplication of fisticuffs and drubbings. The carrier pommell'd Sancho, Sancho mawl'd the wench, the wench belabour'd the squire, and the inn-keeper thrash'd her again: and all of 'em laid on with such expedition, that you would have thought they had been afraid of losing time. But the jest was, that in the heat of the fray the lamp went out, so that being now in the dark, they ply'd one another at a venture; they struck and tore, all went to rack, while nails and fists flew about without mercy.

There happen'd to lodge that night in the inn one of the officers belonging to that society which they call the old holy brotherhood of Toledo, whose chief office is to look after thieves and robbers. Being wak'd with the heavy bustle, he presently jump'd out of his bed, and with his short staff in one hand, and a tin-box with his commission in't in the other, he grop'd out his way; and being enter'd the room in the dark, cry'd out, I charge ye all to keep the peace: I am an officer of the holy brotherhood. The first he popp'd his hand upon happen'd to be the poor batter'd knight, who lay upon his back at his full length, without any feeling, upon the ruins of his bed. The officer, having caught him by the beard, presently cry'd out, I charge you to aid and assist me: but finding he could not stir, tho' he grip'd him hard, he presently imagin'd him to be dead, and murder'd by the rest in the room. With that he bawl'd out to have the gates of the inn shut. Here's a

man murder'd, cry'd he; look that no body makes his escape. These words struck all the combatants with such a terror, that as soon as they reach'd their ears, they gave over, and left the argument undecided. Away stole the inn-keeper to his own room, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her kennel; only the unfortunate knight, and his as unfortunate squire, remain'd where they lay, not being able to stir; while the officer, having let go Don Quixote's beard, went out for a light, in order to apprehend the suppos'd murderers: but the inn-keeper having wisely put out the lamp in the gate-way, as he sneak'd out of the room, the officer was oblig'd to repair to the kitchen-chimney, where with much ado, puffing and blowing a long while amidst the embers, he at last made shift to get a light.

C H A P. III.

A further account of the innumerable hardships which the brave Don Quixote, and his worthy squire Sancho, underwent in the inn, which the knight unluckily took for a castle.

DON Quixote, who by this time was come to himself, began to call Sancho with the same lamentable tone as the day before, when he had been beaten by the carriers in the meadow. Sancho, cry'd he, friend Sancho, art thou asleep? art thou asleep, friend Sancho? Sleep! reply'd Sancho, mightily out of humour, may old Nick rock my cradle then. Why,

how the devil should I sleep, when all the imps of hell have been tormenting me to-night? Nay, thou'rt in the right, answer'd Don Quixote, for either I have no skill in these matters, or this castle is enchanted. Hear what I say to thee, but first swear that thou wilt never reveal it till after my death. I swear it, quoth Sancho. I am thus cautious, said Don Quixote, because I hate to take away the reputation of any person. Why, quoth Sancho, I tell you again, I swear never to speak a word of the matter while you live; and I wish I may be at liberty to talk on't to-morrow. Why, cry'd Don Quixote! have I done thee so much wrong, Sancho, that thou would'st have me die so soon? Nay, 'tis not for that neither, quoth Sancho; but because I can't abide to keep things long, for fear they should grow mouldy. Well, let it be as thou pleasest, said Don Quixote: for I dare trust greater concerns to thy courtesy and affection. In short, know, that this very night there happen'd to me one of the strangest adventures that can be imagin'd; for the daughter of the lord of this castle came to me, who is one of the most engaging and most beautiful damsels that ever nature has been proud to boast of: what could I not tell thee of the charms of her shape and face, and the perfections of her mind! what could I not add of other hidden beauties, which I condemn to silence and oblivion, lest I endanger my allegiance and fidelity to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso! I will only tell thee, that the heavens envying the inestimable happiness which fortune had thrown into my hands; or rather, because this castle

is enchanted, it happen'd, that in the midst of the most tender and passionate discourses that pass'd between us, the prophane hand of some mighty giant, which I could not see, nor imagine whence it came, hit me such a dreadful blow on the jaws, that they are still embu'd with blood; after which the discourteous wretch, presuming on my present weakness, did so barbarously bruise me, that I feel myself in a worse condition now than I did yesterday, after the carriers had so roughly handled me for Rozinante's incontinency: from which I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not reserv'd for me.

Nor for me, neither, quoth Sancho; for I have been rib-roasted by above four hundred Moors, who have hammer'd my bones in such guise, that I may safely say, the assault and battery made on my body by the carriers poles and pack-staves, were but ticklings and stroakings with a feather to this *. But, Sir, pray tell me, d'ye call this such a pleasant adventure, when we are so lamentably pounded after it? And yet your hap may well be accounted better than mine, seeing you have hugg'd that fair maiden in your arms. But I, what have I had, I pray you, but the heaviest blows that e'er fell on a poor man's shoulders? Woe's me, and the mother that bore me, for I neither am, nor ever mean to be a knight-errant, and yet of all the misadventures, the greater part falls still to my lot. What,

* In the original, were tarts and cheese cakes to this: *Tortas y pan pinta.*

hast thou been beaten as well as I, said Don Quixote? What a plague, cry'd Sancho, han't I been telling you so all this while! Come, never let it trouble thee, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for I'll immediately make the precious balsam, that will cure thee in the twinkling of an eye.

By this time the officer, having lighted his lamp, came into the room, to see who it was that was murder'd. Sancho seeing him enter in his shirt, a napkin wrapp'd about his head like a turbant, and the lamp in his hand, he being also an ugly ill-look'd fellow; Sir, quoth the squire to his master, pray see whether this be not the enchanted Moor, that's come again to have t'other bout with me, and † try whether he has not left some place unbruised for him now to maul as much as the rest. It cannot be the Moor, reply'd Don Quixote: for persons enchanted are to be seen by nobody. If they don't suffer themselves to be seen, quoth Sancho, at least they suffer themselves to be felt: if not, let my carcase bear witness. So might mine, cry'd

† 'Left some place unbruised,' &c. The new translation has it, 'Left something at the bottom of the ink-horn;' which is indeed what Cervantes literally says, *Si se dexò algo en el tintero*. But as no English reader would understand this, and many more of the like phrases (without notes at least) I have thought proper to deviate sometimes from the very words of the original. 'To leave something at the bottom of the ink-horn,' is, 'to leave a history, or any other book imperfect,' or, 'partly unwritten; here it alludes to the unbruised places of Sancho's body.

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Don Quixote: yet this is no sufficient reason to prove, that what we see is the enchanted Moor.

While they were thus arguing, the officer advanc'd, and wonder'd to hear two men talk so calmly to one another there: yet finding the unfortunate knight lying in the same deplorable posture as he left him, stretch'd out like a corps, bloody, bruise'd, and beplaster'd, and not able to stir himself; how is't, honest fellow, quoth he to the champion, how do you find yourself? Were I your fellow, reply'd Don Quixote, I would have a little more manners than you have, you blockhead, you; is that your way of approaching knights-errant in this country? The officer could not bear such a reprimand from one who made so scurvy a figure, and lifting up the lamp, oil and all, hit Don Quixote such a blow on the head with it, that he had reason to fear he had made work for the surgeon, and therefore stole presently out of the room, under the protection of the night. Well, Sir, quoth Sancho, d'you think now 'twas the enchanted Moor, or no? for my part, I think he keeps the treasure you talk of for others, and reserves only kicks, cuffs, thumps and knocks for your worship and myself. I am now convinc'd, answer'd Don Quixote: therefore let's wave that resentment of these injuries, which we might otherwise justly shew; for considering these enchanterers can make themselves invincible when they please, 'tis needless to think of revenge. But, I pr'ythee rise, if thou canst, Sancho, and desire the governor of the castle to send me some oil, salt, wine and rosemary, that I may make my healing bal-

sam; for truly I want it extremely, so fast the blood flows out of the wound which the fantasin gave me just now.

Sancho then got up as fast as his aking bones would let him, and with much ado made shift to crawl out of the room to look for the inn-keeper, and stumbling by the way on the officer, who stood heark'ning to know what mischief he had done; Sir, quoth he to him, for heaven's sake, do so much as help us to a little oil, salt, wine, and rosemary, to make a medicine for one of the best knights-errant that e'er trod on shoe of leather, who lies yonder griveously wounded by the enchanted Moor of this inn. The officer hearing him talk at that rate, took him to be one out of his wits; and it beginning to be day-light, he open'd the inn-door, and told the inn-keeper what Sancho wanted. The host presently provided the desir'd ingredients, and Sancho crept back with them to his master, whom he found holding his head, and sadly complaining of the pain which he felt there: tho' after all, the lamp had done him no more harm than only raising of two huge bumps; for that which he fancy'd to be blood, was only sweat, and the oil of the lamp that had liquor'd his hair and face.

The knight took all the ingredients, and having mix'd them together, he had them set o'er the fire, and there kept them boiling till he thought they were enough. That done, he ask'd for a vial to put this precious liquor in: but there being none to be got, the inn-keeper presented him with an old earthen jug, and

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Don Quixote was forc'd to be contented with that. Then he mumbled over the pot above fourscore *Pater-noster's*, and as many *Ave Maria's*, *Salve Regina's*, and *Credo's*, making the sign of the cross at every word by way of benediction. At which ceremony, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer were present; for as for the carrier, he was gone to look after his mules, and took no manner of notice of what was pass'd. This blessed medicine being made, Don Quixote resolv'd to make an immediate experiment of it on himself; and to that purpose he took off a good draught of the overplus, which the pot would not hold: but he had scarce gulp'd it down, when it set him a vomiting so violently, that you would have thought he'd have cast up his heart, liver and guts; and his reaching and straining put him into such a sweat, that he desir'd to be cover'd up warm, and left to his repose. With that they left him, and he slept three whole hours; and then waking, found himself so wonderfully eas'd, that he made no question but he had now the right balsam of Fierabras; and therefore he thought he might safely undertake all the most dangerous adventures in the world, without the least hazard of his person.

Sancho, encourag'd by the wonderful effect of the balsam on his master, begg'd that he would be pleas'd to give him leave to sip up what was left in the pot, which was no small quantity; and the Don having consented, honest Sancho lifted it up with both his hands, and with a strong faith, and better will, pour'd every drop down his throat. Now the man's stomach

not being so nice as his master's, the drench did not set him a vomiting after that manner; but caus'd such a wambling in his stomach, such a bitter loathing, kecking, and reaching, and such grinding pangs, with cold sweats and swoonings, that he verily believ'd his last hour was come, and in the midst of his agony gave both the balsam and him that made it to the devil. Friend, said Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, I begin to think all this pain befalls thee, only because thou hast not receiv'd the order of knighthood; for 'tis my opinion, this balsam ought to be us'd by no man that is not a profess'd knight. What a plague did you mean then by letting me drink it? quoth Sancho; a murrain on me, and all my generation, why did not you tell me this before? At length the dose began to work to some purpose, and forc'd its way at both ends so copiously, that both his bed-mat and coverlet were soon made unfit for any further use; and all the while he strain'd so hard, that not only himself, but the standers-by thought he would have dy'd. This dreadful hurricane lasted about two hours; and then too, instead of finding himself as free from pain as his master, he felt himself as feeble, and so far spent, that he was not able to stand.

But Don Quixote, as we have said, found himself in an excellent temper; and his active soul loathing an inglorious repose, he presently was impatient to depart to perform the duties of his adventurous profession: for he thought those moments that were trifled away in amusements, or other concerns, only a blank in life;

and all delays a depriving distress'd persons, and the world in general, of his needed assistance. The confidence which he repos'd in his balsam, heighten'd, if possible, his resolution; and thus carry'd away by his eager thoughts, he saddl'd Rozinante himself, and then put the pannel upon the ass, and his squire upon the pannel, after he had help'd him to huddle on his cloaths: that done, he mounted his steed; and having spy'd a javelin that stood in a corner, he seiz'd and appropriated it to himself, to supply the want of his lance. Above twenty people that were in the inn stood spectators of all these transactions; and among the rest the inn-keeper's daughter, from whom Don Quixote had not power to withdraw his eyes, breathing out at every glance a deep sigh from the very bottom of his heart; which those who had seen him so mortify'd the night before, took to proceed from the pain of his bruises.

And now being ready to set forwards, he call'd for the master of the house, and with a grave delivery, My lord governor, cry'd he, the favours I have receiv'd in your castle are so great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgment: therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge part of the obligation, think if there be e'er a proud mortal breathing on whom you desire to be reveng'd for some affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now, and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppress'd, and punish the bad, I promise you I'll take effectual care, that you shall

have ample satisfaction to the utmost of your wishes, Sir knight, answer'd the inn-keeper with an austere gravity, I shall not need your assistance to revenge any wrong that may have been offer'd to my person; for I would have you to understand, that I am able to do myself justice, whenever any man presumes to do me wrong: therefore all the satisfaction I desire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horse-meat and man's meat, and all your expences in my inn. How! cry'd Don Quixote, is this an inn? Yes, answer'd the host, and one of the most noted, and of the best repute upon the road. How strangely have I been mistaken then! cry'd Don Quixote; upon my honour I took it for a castle, and a considerable one too: but if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying any thing; for I would by no means break the laws which we knight-errants are bound to observe; nor was it ever known, that they ever paid in any inn whatsoever; for this is the least recompence that can be allow'd 'em for the intolerable labours they endure day and night, winter and summer, o'foot and o'horse-back, pinch'd with hunger, choak'd with thirst, and expos'd to all the injuries of the air, and all the inconveniencies in the world. I've nothing to do with all this, cry'd the inn-keeper: pay your reckoning, and don't trouble me with your foolish stories of a cock and a bull; I can't afford to keep house at that rate. Thou art both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper, reply'd Don Quixote: and with that clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his javelin at

his host, he rode out of the inn without any opposition, and got a good way from it, without so much as once looking behind him to see whether his squire came after him.

The knight being march'd off, there remain'd only the squire, who was stopp'd for the reckoning. However he swore bloodily he would not pay a cross; for the self-same law that acquitted the knight acquitted the squire. This put the inn-keeper into a great passion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho swore by his master's knighthood, he wou'd sooner part with his life than his money on such an account; nor should the squires in after-ages ever have occasion to upbraid him with giving so ill a precedent, or breaking their rights. But as ill luck would have it, there happen'd to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordoua point-makers, and two Seville hucksters, all brisk, gamesome, arch fellows; who agreeing all in the same design, encompass'd Sancho, and pull'd him off his ass, while one of 'em went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate squire into it, and observing the roof of the place they were in, to be somewhat too low for their purpose, they carry'd him into the back-yard, which had no limits but the sky, and there they toss'd him for several times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove-Tuesday. Poor Sancho made so grievous an outcry all the while, that his master heard him, and imagin'd those lamentations were of some

person in distress, and consequently the occasion of some adventure: but having at last distinguished the voice, he made to the inn with a broken gallop; and finding the gates shut, he rode about to see whether he might not find some other way to get in. But he no sooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the highest, when he was an eye witness of the scurvy trick that was put upon his squire. There he saw him ascend and descend, and frolic and caper in the air with so much nimbleness and agility, that 'tis thought the knight himself could not have forbore laughing, had he been any thing less angry. He did his best to get over the wall, but alas! he was so bruised, that he could not so much as alight from his horse. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his passion in a thousand threats and curses, so strange and various that 'tis impossible to repeat 'em. But the more he storm'd, the more they tofs'd and laugh'd; Sancho on his side begging, and howling, and threatening, and damning to as little purpose as his master, for 'twas weariness alone could make the tossers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and set him upon his ass again, carefully wrapp'd in his mantle. But Maritornes's tender soul made her pity a male creature in such tribulation; and thinking he had danc'd and tumbled enough to be a-dry, she was so generous as to help him to a draught of water, which she purposely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho clapp'd the pot to his mouth, but his master made him desist: Hold, hold, cry'd he, son Sancho,

drink no water, child, 'twill kill thee: behold I have here the most holy balsam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually. Ha, (reply'd Sancho, shaking his head, and looking sourly on the knight with a side-face) have you again forgot that I'm no knight? or wou'd you have me cast up the few guts I've left since yesternight's job? Keep your brewings for yourself in the devil's name, and let me alone. With that he lifted up the jug to his nose, but finding it to be meer element, he sported out again the little he had tasted, and desir'd the wench to help him to some better liquor: so she went and fetch'd him wine to make him amends, and paid for't too out of her own pocket; for to give the devil his due, 'twas said of her, that tho' she was somewhat too free of her favours, yet she had something of Christianity in her. As soon as Sancho had tipp'd off his wine, he visited his ass's ribs two or thrice with his heels, and free egress being granted him, he troop'd off mightily tickled with the thoughts of having had his ends; and got off shot-free, tho' at the expence of his shoulders, his usual sureties: 'tis true, the inn-keeper kept his wallet for the reckoning; but the poor squire was so dismay'd, and in such haste to be gone, that he never miss'd it. The host was for shutting the inn-doors after him, for fear of the worst; but the toffers would not let him, being a sort of fellows that would not have matter'd Don Quixote a straw, thro' he had really been one of the knights of the round-table.

C H A P. IV.

*Of the discourse between the knight and the squire,
with other matters worth relating.*

SANCHO overtook his master, but so pale, so dead-hearted, and so mortify'd, that he was hardly able to sit his ass. My dear Sancho, said Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, I am now fully convinc'd that this castle, or inn, is enchanted; for what could they be that made themselves such barbarous sport with thee, but spirits and people of the other world? and I the rather believe this, seeing, that when I look'd over the wall, I saw thee thus abus'd, I strove to get over it, but could not stir, nor by any means alight from Rozinante. For, by my honour, could I either have got over the wall, or dismounted, I would have reveng'd thee so effectually on those discourteous wretches, that they should never have forgot the severity of their punishment, though for once I had infringed the laws of chivalry; which, as I have often inform'd thee, do not permit any knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, unless it be in his own defence, and in case of great necessity. Nay, quoth Sancho, I would have paid 'em home myself, whether knight or no knight, but 'twas not in my power; and yet I dare say, those that made themselves so merry with my carcase were neither spirits nor enchanted folks, as you will have it, but meer flesh and blood as we be. I'm sure they call'd one another by their

Christian names and surnames, while they made me vault and frisk in the air: one was call'd Pedro Martinez, t'other Tenorio Hernandez; and as for our dog of a host, I heard 'em call him Juan Palomeque the left-handed. Then pray don't you fancy, that your not being able to get over the wall, nor to alight, was some inchanter's trick. 'Tis a folly to make many words; 'tis as plain as the nose in a man's face, that these same adventures which we hunt for up and down, are like to bring us at last into a peck of troubles, and such a plaguy deal of mischief, that we shan't be able to set one foot afore t'other. The short and the long is, I take it to be the wisest course to jog home and look after our harvest, and not to run rambling from '*Ceca to Meca,' lest 'we leap out of the frying-pan into the fire,' or, 'out of God's blessing into the warm sun.' Poor Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, how ignorant thou art in matters of chivalry! come, say no more, and have patience: a day will come when thou shalt be convinc'd how honourable a thing it is to follow this employment. For, tell me, what satisfaction in this world, what pleasure can equal that of vanquishing and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt. It may be so for ought I know, quoth Sancho, though I know nothing of the matter. However, this I may venture to say, that

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors, in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go on pilgrimage from other places, as Meca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify 'Sauntering about to no purpose.' A banter upon Popish pilgrimages,

ever since we have turn'd knights-errant, (your worship I mean, for 'tis not for such scrubs as myself to be nam'd the same day with such folk) the devil of any fight you have had the better in, unless it be that with the Biscayan; and in that too you came off with the loss of one ear and the vizor of your helmet. And what have we got ever since, pray, but blows, and more blows; bruises, and more bruises? besides this tossing in a blanket, which fell all to my share, and for which I can't be reveng'd because they were hobgoblins that serv'd me so forsooth, though I hugely long to be even with 'em, that I may know the pleasure you say there is in vanquishing one's enemy. I find, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, thou and I are both sick of the same disease; but I will endeavour with all speed to get me a sword made with so much art, that no sort of enchantment shall be able to hurt whosoever shall wear it; and perhaps fortune may put into my hand that which Amadis de Gaul wore when he styl'd himself, 'The knight of the burning sword,' which was one of the best blades that ever was drawn by knight: for besides the virtue I now mention'd, it had an edge like a razor, and would enter the strongest armour that ever was tempered or enchanted. I'll lay any thing, quoth Sancho, when you've found this sword, 'twill prove just such another help to me as your balsam; that is to say, 'twill stand nobody in any stead but your dubb'd knights, let the poor devil of a squire shift how he can. Fear no such thing reply'd Don Quixote; heaven will be more propitious to thee than thou imaginest.

Thus they went on discourfing, when Don Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of duft arife right before 'em in the road, the day is come, faid he, turning to his fquire, the day is come, Sancho, that fhall usher in the happinefs which fortune has referv'd for me: this day fhall the ftrength of my arm be fignaliz'd by fuch exploits as fhall be tranfmitted even to the lateft pofterity. See'ft thou that cloud of duft, Sancho? it is raifed by a prodigious army marching this way, and compos'd of an infinite number of nations. Why then, at this rate, quoth Sancho, there fhould be two armies; for yonder's as great a duft on t'other fide: with that Don Quixote look'd, and was tranfported with joy at the fight, firmly believing that two vaft armies were ready to engage each other in that plain: for his imagination was fo croud- ed with thofe battles, enchantments, furprifing adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimsies which he had read of in romances, that his ftrong fancy chang'd every thing he faw into what he defir'd to fee; and thus he could not conceive that the duft was only rais'd by two large flocks of fheep that were going the fame road from different parts, and could not be discern'd till they were very near: he was fo pofitive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly believ'd him at laft. Well Sir, quoth the fquire, what are we to do, I befeech you? What fhall we do, reply'd Don Quixote, but affift the weaker and the injur'd fide? for know Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vaft ifland of Iaprobana: the other that advances be-

hind us is his enemy, the king of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm; so call'd, because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare *. Pray Sir, quoth Sancho, why are these two great men going together by the ears? the occasion of their quarrel is this, answer'd Don Quixote, Alifanfaron, a strong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Christian: now her father refuses to give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion. Burn my beard, said Sancho, if Pentapolin ben't in the right on't; I'll stand by him, and help him all I may. I commend thy resolution, reply'd Don Quixote, 'tis not only lawful, but requisite; for there's no need of being a knight to fight in such battles. I guess'd as much, quoth Sancho: but where shall we leave my ass in the mean time, that I may be sure to find him again after the battle; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charg'd upon such a beast. 'Tis true, answer'd Don Quixote, and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though thou wert sure never to find him again; for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day, that even Rozinante himself will be in danger of being chang'd for another. Then mounting to the top of a hillock, whence they might have seen both the flocks, had not the dust obstructed their sight, look yonder Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote! that knight whom thou seest in the gilded arms, bearing in

* Alluding to the story of Scanderbeg king of Epirus.

his shield a crown'd lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurealco, lord of the silver bridge. He in the armour powder'd with flowers of gold, bearing three crows Argent in a field Azure, is the formidable Micocolembó, great duke of Quiracia. That other of a gigantic size that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabia's; he's array'd in a serpent's skin, and carries instead of a shield a huge gate, which they say belong'd to the temple which Samson pull'd down at his death, when he reveng'd himself upon his enemies. But cast thy eyes on this side, Sancho, and at the head of t'other army see the ever victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, prince of New Biscay, whose armour is quarter'd Azure, Vert, Or, and Argent, and who bears in his shield a cat Or, in a field Gules, with these four letters, M I A U, for a motto, being the beginning of his mistress's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alpheniquen duke of Algarva. That other monstrous load upon the back of yonder wild horse, with arms as white as snow, and a shield without any device, is a Frenchman, new created knight, call'd Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique: he whom you see pricking that py'd courser's flanks with his arm'd heels, is the mighty duke of Nervia, Espartafilardo of the wood, bearing in his shield a field of pure Azure, powder'd with Asparagus (*Esparago**) with this motto in Castilian, *Rasfrea mi suerte; Thus trails, or drags my fortune.*

* The gingle between the duke's name *Espartafilardo* and *Esparago* (his arms) is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles to

And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination assign'd arms, colours, impresses and motto's, as readily as if they had really been that moment extant before his eyes. And then proceeding without the least hesitation; that vast body, said he, that's just opposite to us, is compos'd of several nations. There you see those who drink the pleasant stream of the famous Xanthus: there the mountaineers that till the Massilian † fields: those that sift the pure gold of Arabia Felix: those that inhabit the renown'd and delightful banks of Thermoodon. Yonder, those who so many ways sluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious sand. The Numidians, unsteady and careless of their promises. The Persians, excellent archers. The Medes and Parthians, who fight flying. The Arabs, who have no fix'd habitations. The Scythians, cruel and savage, though fair-complexion'd. The sooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thousand other nations whose countenances I know, though I have forgotten their names. On the other side, come those whose country is water'd with the crystal streams of

frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and sounding titles in Spain, whose owners were arrant beggars. The *trailing* of his fortune may allude to the word *Esparto*, a sort of rush they make ropes with. Or perhaps he was without a mistress, to which the sparagras may allude: for in Spain they have a proverb, *Solo comes el Esparago*: As solitary as sparagras, because every one of them springs up by itself.

† This is in imitation of Homer's catalogue of ships.

Betis, shaded with olive-trees. Those who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus. Those whose mansions are lav'd by the profitable stream of the divine Genile. Those who range the verdant Tartesian meadows. Those who indulge their luxurious temper in the delicious pastures of Xerez. The wealthy inhabitants of the Mancha, crown'd with golden ears of corn. The ancient offspring of the Goths, cas'd in iron. Those who wanton in the lazy current of Píserverga. Those who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, so celebrated for its hidden course, pursues its wand'ring race. Those who shiver with extremity of cold, on the woody Pyrenean hills, or on the hoary tops of the snowy Apennine. In a word, all that Europe includes within its spacious bounds, half a world in an army. 'Tis scarce to be imagin'd how many countries he ran over, how many nations he enumerated, distinguishing every one by what is peculiar to them, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that still in the puffy stile of his fabulous books. Sancho listen'd to all this romantic muster-roll as mute as a fish, with amazement; all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side and t'other side, to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master nam'd. But at length not being able to discover any; why, cry'd he, you had as good tell me it snows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man can I see, of all those you talk of now; who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits, like yesternight? How, reply'd Don Quixote! dost thou

not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound, and their drums beat? Not I, quoth Sancho, I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep. Sancho might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near 'em. Thy fear disturbs thy senses, said Don Quixote, and hinders thee from hearing and seeing right: but 'tis no matter; withdraw to some place of safety, since thou art so terrify'd; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favour with my assistance. With that he couch'd his lance, clapp'd spurs to Rozinante, and rush'd like a thunderbolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawl'd after him as loud as he could; Hold, Sir, cry'd Sancho; for heav'n's sake come back. What do you mean? as sure as I am a sinner those you're going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep. Come back, I say. Woe be to him that begot me! Are you mad, Sir? there are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus-gardens, no golden quarters, nor what d'ye call 'ems. Does the devil possess you? you're leaping over the hedge before you come at the stile. You're taking the wrong sow by the ear. Oh that I was ever born to see this day! But Don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, out-roar'd his expostulating squire. Courage, brave knights, cry'd he; march up, fall on, all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm; follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana; and so saying, he charg'd the

squadron of sheep with that gallantry and resolution, that he pierc'd, broke, and put it to flight in an instant, charging through and through, not without a great slaughter of his mortal enemies, whom he laid at his feet, biting the ground, and wallowing in their blood. The shepherds seeing their sheep go to rack, call'd out to him; till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloos'd their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. But the champion disdain- ing such a distant war, spite of their showers of stones, rush'd among their routed sheep, trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. Where, where art thou, cry'd he, proud Alifanfaron? Appear! see here a single knight who seeks thee every where, to try now, hand to hand, the boasted force of thy strenuous arm, and deprive thee of life, as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaci- ously wag'd with the valiant Pentapolin. Just as he had said this, while the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily light upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body. The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious balsam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapp'd it to his mouth: but before he had swallow'd a sufficient dose, fouse comes another of those bitter almonds that spoil'd his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand and teeth, that it broke the first, maim'd the second, and struck out three or four of the

last. These two blows were so violent, that the boisterous knight falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain; so that the shepherds fearing he was kill'd, got their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they cou'd out of harm's way, without looking any farther into the matter.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hill, where he was mortify'd upon the sight of this mad adventure. There he stamp'd and swore, and bann'd his master to the bottomless pit; he tore his beard for madness, and curs'd the moment he first knew him: but seeing him at last knock'd down, and settl'd, the shepherds being scamper'd, he thought he might venture to come down; and found him in a very ill plight, though not altogether senseless. Ah! master, quoth he, this comes of not taking my counsel. Did not I tell you 'twas a flock of sheep, and no army? Friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, know 'tis an easy matter for necromancers to change the shapes of things as they please: thus that malicious inchanter, who is my inveterate enemy, to deprive me of the glory which he saw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a full harvest of laurels, transform'd in a moment the routed squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake; do but take thy ass, and follow those suppos'd sheep at a distance, and I dare engage thou shalt soon see 'em resume their former shapes, and appear such as I describ'd 'em. But stay, do not go yet, for I want thy assistance: draw near, and see how

many cheek-teeth and others I want, for by the dreadful pain in my jaws and gums, I fear there is a total dilapidation in my mouth. With that the knight open'd his mouth as wide as he could, while the squire gap'd to tell his grinders, with his snout almost in his chaps; but just in that fatal moment the balsam that lay wambling and fretting in Don Quixote's stomach, came up with an unlucky hickup, and with the same violence that the powder flies out of a gun, all that he had in his stomach discharg'd itself upon the beard, face, eyes, and mouth of the officious squire. Santa Maria, cry'd poor Sancho, what will become of me! my master is a dead man! he's vomiting his very heart's blood! But he had hardly said this, when the colour, smell, and taste soon undeceiv'd him; and finding it to be his master's loathsome drench, it caus'd such a sudden rumbling in his maw, that before he could turn his head he unladed the whole cargo of his stomach full in his master's face, and put him in as delicate a pickle as he was himself. Sancho having thus paid him in his own coin, half blinded as he was, ran to his afs, to take out something to clean himself and his master: but when he came to look for his wallet, and found it missing, not remembering till then that he had unhappily left it in the inn, he was ready to run quite out of his wits: he storm'd and stamp'd, and curs'd him worse than before, and resolv'd with himself to let his master go to the devil, and e'en trudge home by himself, tho' he was sure to lose his wages, and his hopes of being governor of the promis'd island.

Thereupon Don Quixote got up with much ado, and clapping his left-hand before his mouth, that the rest of his loose teeth might not drop out, he laid his right-hand on Rozinante's bridle; (for such was the good-nature of the creature, that he had not budg'd a foot from his master) then it crept along to squire Sancho, that stood lolling on his ass's pannel, with his face in the hollow of both his hands, in a doleful moody melancholy fit. Friend Sancho, said he, seeing him thus abandon'd to sorrow, learn of me, that one man is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does. All these storms and hurricanes are but arguments of the approaching calm: better success will soon follow our past calamities: good and bad fortune have their vicissitudes; and 'tis a maxim, that nothing violent can last long: and therefore we may well promise ourselves a speedy change in our fortune, since our afflictions have extended their reign beyond the usual stint: besides, thou ought'st not to afflict thyself so much for misfortunes, of which thou hast no share, but what friendship and humanity bid thee take. How, quoth Sancho! have I no other share in them! was not he that was tofs'd in the blanket this morning the son of my father? and did not the wallet, and all that was in't, which I have lost, belong to the son of my mother? How, ask'd Don Quixote, hast thou lost thy wallet? I don't know, said Sancho, whether 'tis lost or no, but I'm sure I can't tell what's become of it. Nay then, reply'd Don Quixote, I find we must fast to-day. Ay marry must we, quoth Sancho, unless you

take care to gather in these fields some of those roots and herbs which I've heard you say you know, and which use to help such unlucky knights-errant as yourself at a dead lift. For all that, cry'd Don Quixote, I would rather have at this time a good luncheon of bread, or a cake and two pilchards heads, than all the roots and simples in Dioscorides's herbal, and doctor Laguna's supplement and commentary: I pray thee therefore get upon thy ass, good Sancho, and follow me once more; for God's providence, that relieves every creature, will not fail us, especially since we are about a work so much to his service; thou see'st he even provides for the little flying insects in the air, the wormlings in the earth, and the spawnlings in the water; and, in his infinite mercy, he makes his sun shine on the righteous, and on the unjust, and rains upon the good and the bad. Many words won't fill a bushel, quoth Sancho, interrupting him; you would make a better preacher than a knight-errant, or I'm plaguily out. Knights-errant, reply'd Don Quixote, ought to know all things: there have been such in former ages, that have deliver'd as ingenious and learned a sermon or oration at the head of an army, as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from which we may infer, that the lance never dull'd the pen, nor the pen the lance. Well then, quoth Sancho, for once let it be as you'd have it. let's e'en leave this unlucky place, and seek out a lodging; where, I pray God, there may be neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors, for before I'll

be hamper'd as I've been, may I be curs'd with bell, book and candle, if I don't give the trade to the devil. Leave all things to Providence, reply'd Don Quixote, and for once lead which way thou pleassest, for I leave it wholly to thy discretion to provide us a lodging. But first, I pray thee, feel a little how many teeth I want in my upper jaw on the right side, for there I feel most pain. With that Sancho feeling with his finger in the knight's mouth; Pray, Sir, quoth he, how many grinders did your worship use to have on that side? Four, answer'd Don Quixote, besides the eye-tooth, all of 'em whole and sound. Think well on what you say, cry'd Sancho. I say four, reply'd Don Quixote, if there were not five; for I never in all my life have had a tooth drawn or dropp'd out, or rotted by the worm, or loosen'd by rheum. Bless me, quoth Sancho! why, you have in this nether jaw on this side but two grinders and a stump; and in that part of your upper jaw, never a stump, and never a grinder; alas! all's levell'd there as smooth as the palm of one's hand. Oh unfortunate Don Quixote! cry'd the knight, I had rather have lost an arm, so it were not my sword-arm; for a mouth without check-teeth is like a mill without a mill-stone, Sancho; and every tooth in a man's head is more valuable than a diamond. But we that profess this strict order of knight-errantry, are all subject to these calamities; and therefore since the loss is irretrievable, mount, my trusty Sancho, and go thy own pace; I'll follow thee. Sancho obey'd, and led the way, still keeping the road they were in; which being very much

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beaten, promis'd to bring him soonest to a lodging. Thus pacing along very softly, for Don Quixote's gums and ribs would not suffer him to go faster; Sancho, to divert his uneasy thoughts, resolv'd to talk to him all the while of one thing or other, as the next chapter will inform you.

C H A P. V.

*Of the wise discourse between Sancho and his master ;
as also the adventure of the dead corps, and other
famous occurrences.*

NOW, Sir, quoth Sancho, I can't help thinking, but that all the mishaps that have befall'n us of late, are a just judgment for the grievous sin you've committed against the order of knighthood, in not keeping the oath you swore, not to eat bread at board, nor to have a merry bout with the queen, and the Lord knows what more, 'till you had won what d'ye call him, the Moor's * helmet, I think you nam'd him. Truly, answer'd Don Quixote, thou'rt much in the right, Sancho; and to deal ingenuously with thee, I wholly forgot that: and now thou may'st certainly assure thyself, thou wert toft in a blanket for not remembering to put me in mind of it. However, I will take care to make due atonement; for knight-errantry has ways to conciliate all sorts of matters. Why, quoth Sancho, did I ever swear to mind you of your vow? 'Tis nothing to the purpose, reply'd Don Quixote, whether thou swor'st or no: let it suffice that I think thou

* Melandrino.

art not very clear from being necessary to the breach of my vow; and therefore to prevent the worst, there will be no harm in providing for a remedy. Hark you then, cry'd Sancho, be sure you don't forget your atonement, as you did your oath, lest those confounded hobgoblins come and mawl me, and mayhap you too, for being a stubborn sinner.

Insensibly night overtook 'em before they could discover any lodging; and, which was worse, they were almost hunger-starv'd, all their provisions being in the wallet which Sancho had unluckily left behind; and to compleat their distress, there happen'd to them an adventure, or something that really look'd like one.

While our benighted travellers went on dolefully in the dark, the knight very hungry, and the squire very sharp fet, what shou'd they see moving towards them but a great number of lights, that appear'd like so many wandering stars. At this strange apparition, down sunk Sancho's heart at once, and even Don Quixote himself was not without some symptoms of surprize. Presently the one pull'd to him his ass's halter, the other his horse's bridle, and both made a stop. They soon perceiv'd that the lights made directly towards them, and the nearer they came, the bigger they appear'd. At the terrible wonder Sancho shook and shiver'd every joint like one in a palsy, and Don Quixote's hair stood up an end: however, heroically shaking off the amazement which that sight stamp'd upon his soul, Sancho, said he, this must doubtless be a great and most perilous adventure, where I shall have occasion to exert the whole

stock of my courage and strength. Woe's me, quoth Sancho, shou'd this happen to be another adventure of ghosts, as I fear it is, where shall I find ribs to endure it? Come all the fiends in hell, cry'd Don Quixote, I will not suffer 'em to touch a hair of thy head. If they insulted thee lately, know there was then between thee and me a wall, over which I could not climb; but now we are in the open field, where I shall have liberty to make use of my sword. Ay, quoth Sancho, you may talk; but shou'd they bewitch you as they did before, what the devil would it avail us to be in the open field? Come, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, be of good cheer; the event will soon convince thee of the greatness of my valour. Pray heaven it may, quoth Sancho; I'll do my best. With that they rode a little out of the way, and gazing earnestly at the lights, they soon discover'd a great number of persons all in white. At the dreadful sight, all poor Sancho's shuffling courage basely deserted him; his teeth began to chatter as if he had been in an ague-fit, and as the objects drew nearer his chattering increas'd. And now they could plainly distinguish about twenty men on horse-back, all in white, with torches in their hands, follow'd by a herse cover'd over with black, and six men in deep mourning, whose mules were also in black down to their very heels. Those in white mov'd slowly murmuring from their lips something in a low and lamentable tone. This dismal spectacle, at such a time of night, in the midst of such a vast solitude, was enough to have shipwreck'd the courage of a stouter squire than Sancho, and even of

his master, had he been any other than Don Quixote; but as his imagination straight suggested to him, that this was one of those adventures of which he had so often read in his books of chivalry, the horse appear'd to him to be a litter, where lay the body of some knight either slain or dangerously wounded, the revenge of whose misfortunes was reserv'd for his prevailing arm: and so without any more ado, couching his lance, and seating himself firm in his saddle, he posted himself in the middle of the road, where the company were to pass. As soon as they came near, Stand, cry'd he to 'em in a haughty tone, whoever you be, and tell me who you are, whence you come, whither you go, and what you carry in that litter? for there's all the reason in the world to believe, that you have either done, or receiv'd a great deal of harm; and 'tis requisite I should be inform'd of the matter, in order either to punish you for the ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the wrong you have suffer'd. Sir, answer'd one of the men in white, we are in haste; the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to answer so many questions; and with that spurring his mule, he mov'd forwards. But Don Quixote, highly dissatisfy'd with the reply, laid hold on the mule's bridle and stopp'd him: Stay, cry'd he, proud discourteous knight, mend your behaviour, and give me instantly an account of what I ask'd of ye, or here I defy you all to mortal combat. Now the mule, that was shy and skittish, being thus rudely seiz'd by the bridle, was presently scar'd, and rising up on her hinder legs, threw

her rider to the ground. Upon this one of the footmen that belong'd to the company gave Don Quixote ill language; which so incens'd him, that being resolv'd to be reveng'd upon 'em all, in a mighty rage he flew at the next he met, who happen'd to be one of the mourners. Him he threw to the ground very much hurt; and then turning to the rest with a wonderful agility, he fell upon 'em with such fury, that he presently put 'em all to flight. You wou'd have thought that Rozinante had wings at that time, so active and so fierce he then approv'd himself.

It was not indeed for men unarm'd, and naturally fearful, to maintain the field against such an enemy; no wonder then if the gentlemen in white were immediately dispers'd: some ran one way, some another, crossing the plain with their lighted torches: you wou'd now have taken 'em for a parcel of frolicksom masqueraders gamboling and scouring on a carnival night. As for the mourners, they, poor men, were so muffled up in their long cumbersome cloaks, that not being able to make their party good, nor defend themselves, they were presently routed, and ran away like the rest, the rather, for that they thought 'twas no mortal creature, but the devil himself, that was come to fetch away the dead body which they were accompanying to the grave*. All the while Sancho was lost in admiration and astonishment, charm'd with the sight of his master's

* The author seems here to have intended a ridicule on those funeral solemnities.

valour; and now concluded him to be the formidable champion he boasted himself.

After this the knight, by the light of a torch that lay burning upon the ground, perceiving the man who was thrown by his mule lying near it, he rode up to him, and setting his lance to his throat, Yield, cry'd he, and beg thy life, or thou dy'lt. Alas, Sir, cry'd t'other, what need you ask me to yield? I am not able to stir, for one of my legs is broken; and I beseech you, if you are a Christian, do not kill me. I am a master of arts, and in holy orders; 'twould be a heinous sacrilege to take away my life. What a devil brought you hither then, if you are a clergyman, cry'd Don Quixote? What else but my ill fortune, reply'd the suppliant? A worse hovers over thy head, cry'd Don Quixote, and threatens thee, if thou do'lt not answer this moment to every particular question I ask. I will, I will, Sir, reply'd the other; and first I must beg your pardon for saying I was a master of arts, for I have yet but taken my batchelor's degree. My name is Alonzo Lopez: I am of Alcovendas, and came now from the town of Baeça, with eleven other clergymen, the same that now ran away with the torches. We were going to Segovia to bury the corps of a gentleman of that town, who dy'd at Baeça, and lies now in yonder herse. And who kill'd him? ask'd Don Quixote. Heaven, with a pestilential fever, answer'd the other. If it be so, said Don Quixote, I am discharg'd of revenging his death. Since Heaven did it, there is no more to be said; had it been

its pleasure to have taken me off so, I too must have submitted. I would have you inform'd, reverend Sir, that I am a knight of La Mancha, my name Don Quixote; my employment is to visit all parts of the world in quest of adventures, to right and relieve injur'd innocence, and punish oppression. Truly, Sir, reply'd the clergyman, I do not understand how you can call that to right and relieve men, when you break their legs: you've made that crooked which was right and straight before; and heaven knows whether it can ever be set right as long as I live. Instead of relieving the injur'd, I fear you have injur'd me past relief; and while you seek adventures, you have made me meet with a very great misadventure*. All things, reply'd Don Quixote, are not bless'd alike with a prosperous event, good Mr. Batchelor: you shou'd have taken care not to have thus gone a processioning in these desolate plains, at this suspicious time of night, with your white surplices, burning torches and sable weeds like ghosts and goblins, that went about to scare people out of their wits: for I could not omit doing the duty of my profession, nor would I have forborn attacking you, though you had really been all Lucifer's infernal crew; for

* The author's making the batchelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was properly design'd as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are so apt to run into an affectation that way, and to mistake it for wit; as also upon the dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes, in their greatest distresses, guilty of the like absurdity.

such I took you to be, and till this moment cou'd have no better opinion of you. Well, Sir, said the batchelor, since my bad fortune has so order'd it, I must desire you, as you are a knight-errant, who have made mine so ill an errand, to help me to get from under my mule, for it lies so heavy upon me, that I cannot get my foot out of the stirrup. Why did not you acquaint me sooner with your grievances? cry'd Don Quixote; I might have talk'd on till to-morrow morning and never have thought on't. With that he call'd Sancho, who made no great haste, for he was much better employ'd in rifling a load of choice provisions, which the holy men carry'd along with 'em on a sumpter-mule. He had spread his coat on the ground, and having laid on it as much food as it would hold, he wrapp'd it up like a bag, and laid the booty on his afs; and then away he ran to his master, and help'd him to set the batchelor upon his mule: after which he gave him his torch, and Don Quixote bade him follow his company, and excuse him for his mistake, though, all things consider'd, he could not avoid doing what he had done. And, Sir, quoth Sancho, if the gentlemen would know who 'twas that so well thresh'd their jackets, you may tell 'em 'twas the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise call'd the knight of the woeful figure.

When the batchelor was gone, Don Quixote ask'd Sancho why he call'd him the knight of the woeful figure? I'll tell you why, quoth Sancho; I have been staring upon you this pretty while by the light of that unlucky priest's torch, and may I ne'er stir if e'er I set

eyes on a more dismal figure in my born-days; and I can't tell what should be the cause on't, unless your being tir'd after this fray, or the want of your worship's teeth. That's not the reason, cry'd Don Quixote; no, Sancho, I rather conjecture, that the sage who is commission'd by fate to register my achievements, thought it convenient I should assume a new appellation, as all the knights of yore; for one was call'd the knight of the burning sword, another of the unicorn, a third of the phoenix, a fourth the knight of the damsels, another of the griffin, and another the knight of death; by which by-names and distinctions they were known all over the globe. Therefore, doubtless, that learned sage, my historian, has inspired thee with the thought of giving me that additional appellation of the knight of the woeful figure: and accordingly I assume the name, and intend henceforwards to be distinguish'd by that denomination. And that it may seem the more proper, I will with the first opportunity have a most woeful face painted on my shield. O my word, quoth Sancho, you may e'en save the money, and instead of having a woeful face painted, you need no more but only shew your own. I'm but in jest, as a body may say, but what with the want of your teeth, and what with hunger, you look so queerly and so woefully, that no painter can draw you a figure so fit for your purpose as your worship's. This merry conceit of Sancho extorted a smile from his master's austere countenance: however, he persisted in his resolution about the name and the picture; and after a pause, a sudden thought disturbing his conscience,

Sancho, cry'd he, I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in holy orders, *Juxta illud; si quis suadente diabolo, &c.* * But yet, now I think better on't, I never touch'd him with my hands, but only with my lance; besides, I did not in the least suspect I had to do with priests, whom I honour and revere as every good Catholic and faithful Christian ought to do, but rather took 'em to be evil spirits. Well, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy-Dias, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king's ambassador in the pope's presence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar from behaving himself that day like a valorous knight, and a man of honour.

This said, Don Quixote was for visiting the herse, to see whether what was in it were only dead bones: but Sancho would not let him; Sir, quoth he, you are come off now with a whole skin, and much better than you have done hitherto. Who knows but these same fellows that are now scamper'd off, may chance to be-think themselves what a shame 'tis for 'em to have suffer'd themselves to be thus routed by a single man, and so come back, and fall upon us all at once; then we shall have work enough upon our hands. The ass is in good case; there's a hill not far off, and our bellies cry cupboard. Come, let's e'en get out of harm's way, 'and 'not let the plough stand to catch a mouse,' as the

* Canon. 72. Distinct. 134.

saying is; 'to the grave with the dead, and the living
'to the bread.' With that he put on a dog-trot with
his afs, and his master, bethinking himself that he was
in the right, put on after him without replying.

After they had rid a little way, they came to a valley that lay sculking between two hills; there they alighted, and Sancho having open'd his coat and spread it on the grass, with the provision which he had bundl'd up in it, our two adventurers fell to; and their stomachs being sharpen'd with the sauce of hunger, they eat their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, all at the same time, feasting themselves with variety of cold meats, which you may be sure were the best that could be got, the priests, who had brought it for their own eating, being like the rest of their coat, none of the worst stewards for their bellies, and knowing how to make much of themselves.

But now they began to grow sensible of a very great misfortune, and such a misfortune as was bemoan'd by poor Sancho, as one of the saddest that ever could befall him; for they found they had not one drop of wine or water to wash down their meat and quench their thirst, which now scorch'd and choaked 'em worse than hunger had pinch'd 'em before. However, Sancho considering they were in a place where the grass was fresh and green, said to his master——what you shall find in the following chapter.

C H A P: VI.

Of a wonderful adventure atchiev'd by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; the like never compass'd with less danger by any of the most famous knights in the world.

THE grass is so fresh (quoth Sancho, half choak'd with thirst) that I dare lay my life we shall light of some spring or stream hereabouts; therefore, Sir, let's look, I beseech you, that we may quench this confounded drought that plagues our throats ten times worse than hunger did our guts. Thereupon Don Quixote leading Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had laid up the reversion of their meal, they went feeling about, only guided by their guesses; for 'twas so dark they scarce could see their hands. They had not gone above two hundred paces before they heard a noise of a great water-fall? which was to them the most welcome sound in the world: but then listning with great attention to know on which side the grateful murmur came, they on a sudden heard another kind of noise that strangely allay'd the pleasure of the first, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful, and pusillanimous. They heard a terrible din of obstreperous blows struck regularly, and a more dreadful rattling of chains and irons, which together with the roaring of the waters might have fill'd any other heart but Don Quixote's with terror and amazement. Add to this the horrors of a dark

night and solitude, in an unknown place, the loud rustling of the leaves of some lofty trees under which fortune brought 'em at the same unlucky moment, the whistling of the wind, which concurr'd with the other dismaying sounds; the fall of the waters, the thundering thumps and the clinking of chains aforesaid. The worst too was, that the blows were redoubled without ceasing, the wind blow'd on, and day-light was far distant. But then it was, Don Quixote, secur'd by his intrepidity (his inseparable companion) mounted his Rozinante, brac'd his shield, brandish'd his lance, and shew'd a soul unknowing fear, and superior to danger and fortune. Know, Sancho, cry'd he, I was born in this iron age, to restore the age of gold, or the golden age, as some chuse to call it. I am the man for whom fate has reserv'd the most dang'rous and formidable attempts, the most stupendious and glorious adventures, and the most valorous feats of arms. I am the man who must revive the order of the round-table, the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies, and efface the memory of your Platyrs, your Sablantes, your Olivantes, and your Tyrantes. Now must your knights of the sun, your Belianis's, and all the numerous throng of famous heroes, and knights-errant of former ages, see the glory of all their most dazzling actions eclips'd and darken'd by more illustrious exploits. Do but observe, O thou my faithful squire, what a multifarious assemblage of terrors surrounds us! A horrid darkness a doleful solitude, a confus'd rustling of leaves, a dismal rattling of chains, a howling of the winds, an asto-

nishing noise of cataracts, that seem to fall with a boisterous rapidity from the steep mountains of the moon, a terrible sound of redoubled blows, still wounding our ears like furious thunder-claps, and a dead and universal silence of those things that might buoy up the sinking courage of frail mortality. In this extremity of danger, Mars himself might tremble with the affright: yet I, in the midst of all these unutterable alarms, still remain undaunted and unshaken. These are but incentives to my valour, and but animate my heart the more; it grows too big and mighty for my breast, and leaps at the approach of this threatening adventure, as formidable as 'tis like to prove. Come, girt Rozinante straighter, and then Providence protect thee: thou may'st stay for me here; but if I do not return in three days, go back to our village; and from thence, for my sake, to Toboso, where thou shalt say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her faithful knight fell a sacrifice to love and honour, while he attempted things that might have made him worthy to be call'd her adorer.

When Sancho heard his master talk thus, he fell a weeping in the most pitiful manner in the world. Pray Sir, cry'd he, why will you thus run yourself into mischief? Why need you go about this rueful misventure? 'tis main dark, and there's ne'er a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off, and get out of harm's way, though we were not to drink a drop these three days. Who is there to take notice of our flinching? I've heard our parson, whom you very well know, say in his pulpit, that he who seeks danger, pe-

rishes therein : and therefore we should not tempt heaven by going about a thing that we cannot compass but by a miracle. Is't not enough, think you, that it has preserv'd you from being tofs'd in a blanket, as I was, and made you come off safe and sound from among so many goblins that went with the dead man ? if all this won't work upon that hard heart of yours, do but think of me, and rest yourself assur'd, that when once you've left your poor Sancho, he'll be ready to give up the ghost for very fear, to the next that will come for't : I left my house and home, my wife, children, and all to follow you, hoping to be the better for't, and not the worse ; but as covetousness breaks the sack, so has it broke me and my hopes ; for while I thought myself cocksure of that unlucky and accurs'd island, which you so often promis'd me, in lieu thereof you drop me here in a strange place. Dear master, don't be so hard-hearted ; and if you won't be perswaded not to meddle with this ungracious adventure, do but put it off till day-break, to which, according to the little skill I learn'd when a shepherd, it can't be above three hours ; for the muzzle of the lesser bear is just over our heads, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How, can'st thou see the muzzle of the bear, ask'd Don Quixote ? there's not a star to be seen in the sky. That's true, quoth Sancho ; but fear is sharp-sighted, and can see things under ground, and much more in the skies. Let day come, or not come, 'tis all one to me, cry'd the champion ; it shall never be recorded of Don Quixote, that either tears or intreaties could make him neglect the duty of

a knight. Then, Sancho, say no more; for heaven that has inspir'd me with a resolution of attempting this dreadful adventure will certainly take care of me and thee: come quickly, girt my steed, and stay here for me; for you will shortly hear of me again, either alive or dead.

Sancho finding his master obstinate, and neither to be mov'd with tears nor good advice, resolv'd to try a trick of policy to keep him there till day-light: and accordingly, while he pretended to fasten the girths, he slyly ty'd Rozinante's hinder-legs with his ass's halter, without being so much as suspected; so that when Don Quixote thought to have mov'd forwards, he found his horse would not go a step without leaping, though he spurr'd him on smartly. Sancho perceiving his plot took; look you, Sir, quoth he, heaven's o'my side, and won't let Rozinante budge a foot forwards; and now if you'll still be spurring him, I dare pawn my life, 'twill be but striving against the stream; or, as the saying is, but kicking against the pricks. Don Quixote fretted and chaf'd, and rav'd, and was in a desperate fury, to find his horse so stubborn; but at last, observing that the more he spurr'd and gall'd his sides, the more resty he prov'd, and he, though unwillingly, resolv'd to have patience till 'twas light. Well, said he, since Rozinante will not leave this place, I must tarry in't till the dawn, though its slowness will cost me some sighs. You shall not need to sigh or be melancholy, quoth Sancho, for I'll undertake to tell you stories, 'till it be day, unless your worship had rather get off your horse, and take a

nap upon the green grafs, as knights-errant are wont, that you may be the fresher, and the better able in the morning to go through that monstrous adventure that waits for you. What do'st thou mean by this alighting and sleeping, reply'd Don Quixote? think'st thou I'm one of those carpet-knights that abandon themselves to sleep and lazy ease, when danger is at hand? no, sleep thou, thou art born to sleep; or do what thou wilt. As for myself, I know what I have to do. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, don't put yourself into a passion, I meant no such thing, not I: saying this, he clapp'd one of his hands upon the pommel of Rozinante's saddle and t'other upon the crupper, and thus he stood embracing his master's left thigh, not daring to budge an inch, for fear of the blows that dinn'd continually in his ears. Don Quixote then thought fit to claim his promise, and desir'd him to tell some of his stories to help to pass away the time. Sir, quoth Sancho, I'm wofully frightened, and have no heart to tell stories; however, I'll do my best; and now I think on't, there's one come into my head, which if I can but hit on't right, and nothing happen'd to put me out, is the best story you ever heard in your life; therefore listen, for I'm going to begin. In the days of yore, when it was as it was, good betide us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And here, Sir, you are to take notice that they of old did not begin their tales in an ordinary way; for 'twas the saying of a wise man whom they call'd Cato, the Roman tonfor*,

* A mistake for Cato the Roman censor.

that said, Evil to him that evil seeks, which is as pat for your purpose as a ring for the finger, that you may neither meddle nor make, nor seek evil and mischief for the nonce, but rather get out of harm's way, for no body forces us to run into the mouth of all the devils in hell that wait for us yonder. Go on with the story, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, and leave the rest to my discretion. I say then, quoth Sancho, that in a country-town in Estremadura, there liv'd a certain shepherd, goat-herd I should have said; which goat-herd, as the story has it, was called Lope Ruys; and this Lope Ruys was in love with a shepherdess, whose name was Toralva, the which shepherdess, whose name was Toralva, was the daughter of a wealthy grazier, and this wealthy grazier——If thou goest on at this rate, cry'd Don Quixote, and mak'st so many needless repetitions, thou'lt not have told thy story these two days. Pr'ythee tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or let it alone. I'll tell it you, quoth Sancho, as all stories are told in our country, and I can't for the blood of me tell it any other way, nor is it fit I should alter the custom. Why then tell it how thou wilt, reply'd Don Quixote, since my ill fortune forces me to stay and hear thee. Well then, dear Sir, quoth Sancho, as I was saying, this same shepherd, goat-herd I should have said, was woundily in love with that same shepherdess Toralva, who was a well-truss'd, round, crummy, strapping wench, coy and froppish, and somewhat like a man, for she had a kind of beard on her upper lip; methinks I see her now standing before me.

Then I suppose thou knew'st her, said Don Quixote. Not I, answer'd Sancho, I ne'er set eyes on her in my life; but he that told me the story said this was so true, that I might vouch it for a real truth, and even swear I had seen it all myself. Well,—but, as you know, days go and come, and time and straw makes medlars ripe; so it happen'd, that after several days coming and going, the devil, who seldom lies dead in a ditch, but will have a finger in every pye, so brought it about, that the shepherd fell out with his sweet-heart, inso-much that the love he bore her turn'd into dudgeon and ill-will; and the cause was, by report of some mischievous tale-carriers that bore no good-will to either party, for that the shepherd thought her no better than she should be, a little loose i'the hilts, and free of her hips*. Thereupon being grievous in the dumps about it, and now bitterly hating her, he e'en resolv'd to leave that county to get out of her sight: for now, as every dog has his day, the wench perceiving he came no longer a suitoring to her, but rather toss'd his nose at her, and shunn'd her, she began to love him and doat upon him like any thing. That's the nature of women, cry'd Don Quixote, not to love when we love them, and to love when we love them not. But go on ——— The shepherd then gave her the slip, continu'd

* In the original it runs, 'She gave him a certain quantity of little jealousies, above measure, and within the prohibited degrees:' Alluding to certain measures not to be exceeded (in Spain) on pain of forfeiture and corporal punishment, as swords above such a standard, &c.

Sancho, and driving his goats before him, went trudging through Estremadura, in his way to Portugal. But Toralva, having a long nose, soon smelt his design, and then what does she do, think ye, but comes after him, bare-foot and bare-legg'd, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet at her back; wherein they say she carry'd a piece of looking-glass, half a comb, a broken pot with paint, and I don't know what other trinkums trankums to prink herself up. But let her carry what she wou'd, 'tis no bread and butter of mine; the short and the long is, that they say the shepherd with his goats got at last to the river Guadiana, which happen'd to be overflow'd at that time, and what's worse than ill luck, there was neither boat nor bark to ferry him over; which vex'd him the more because he perceiv'd Toralva at his heels, and he fear'd to be teaz'd and plagu'd with her weeping and wailing. At last he spy'd a fisher-man, in a little boat, but so little it was, that it would carry but one man and one goat at a time. Well, for all that, he call'd to the fisher-man, and agreed with him to carry him and his three hundred goats, over the water. The bargain being struck, the fisher-man came with his boat, and carry'd over one goat; then he row'd back and fetch'd another goat, and after that another goat. Pray Sir, quoth Sancho, be sure you keep a good account how many goats the fisher-man ferries over; for if you happen but to miss one, my tale's at an end, and the devil a word I have more to say. Well then, whereabouts was I?—Ho! I ha't—Now the landing-place on the

other side was very muddy and slippery, which made the fisher-man be a long while in going and coming; yet for all that, he took heart o' grace, and made shift to carry over one goat, then another, and then another. Come, said Don Quixote, we'll suppose he has landed them all on the other side of the river; for as thou goest on one by one we shall not have done these twelve months. Pray, let me go on in my own way, quoth Sancho. How many goats are got over already? Nay, how the devil can I tell, reply'd Don Quixote! There it is! quoth Sancho; did not I bid you keep count? On my word the tale is at an end, and now you may go whistle for the rest. Ridiculous, cry'd Don Quixote: pr'ythee is there no going on with the story unless I know exactly how many goats are wasted over? No marry is there not, quoth Sancho, for as soon as you answer'd, that you could not tell, the rest of the story quite and clean slipp'd out of my head; and in troth 'tis a thousand pities, for 'twas a special one. So then, cry'd Don Quixote, the story's ended. Ah marry is it, quoth Sancho, 'tis no more to be fetch'd to life than my dead mother. Upon my honour, cry'd Don Quixote, a most extraordinary story, and told and concluded in as extraordinary a manner! 'tis a nonsuch I assure ye; though truly I expected no less from a man of such uncommon parts. Alas! poor Sancho, I am afraid this dreadful noise has turn'd thy brain. That may well be, quoth Sancho; but as for my story I'm sure there's nothing more to be said, for where you lose the account of the goats, there it ends. Let it be so,

reply'd Don Quixote; but now let's try whether Rozinante be in humour to march: with that he gave Rozinante two spurs, and the high mettled jade answer'd with one bound, and then stood stock still, not having the command of his hind legs.

Much about this time, whether it were the coolness of the night, or that Sancho had eaten some loosening food at supper, or, which seems more probable, that nature, by a regular impulse, gave him notice of her desire to perform a certain function that follows the third concoction; it seems, honest Sancho found himself urg'd to do that which nobody could do for him: but such were his fears that he durst not for his life stir the breadth of a straw from his master; yet to think of bearing the intolerable load that press'd him so, was to him as great an impossibility. In this perplexing exigency, (with leave be it spoken) he could find no other expedient but to take his right hand from the crupper of the saddle, and softly untying his breeches, let 'em drop down to his heels; having done this, he as silently took up his shirt, and expos'd his posteriors, which were none of the least, to the open air: but the main point was how to ease himself of this terrible burthen without making a noise; to which purpose he clutch'd his teeth close, screw'd up his face, shrunk up his shoulders, and held in his breath as much as possible: yet see what misfortunes attend the best projected undertakings! when he had almost compass'd his design, he could not hinder an obstreperous sound, very different from those that caus'd his fear, from un-

luckily bursting out. Hark! cry'd Don Quixote, who heard it, what noise is that, Sancho? Some new adventures I'll warrant you, quoth Sancho, for ill luck, you know, seldom comes alone. Having pass'd off the thing thus, he e'en ventur'd the other strain, and did it so cleverly, that without the least rumour or noise, his business was done effectually, to the unspeakable ease of his body and mind.

But Don Quixote having the sense of smelling as perfect as that of hearing, and Sancho standing so very near, or rather tack'd to him, certain fumes, that ascended perpendicularly, began to regale his nostrils with a smell not so grateful as amber. No sooner the unwelcome steams disturb'd him, but having recourse to the common remedy, he stopp'd his nose, and then, with a snuffling voice, Sancho, said he, thou art certainly in great bodily fear. So I am, quoth Sancho; but what makes your worship perceive it now more than you did before? Because, reply'd Don Quixote, thou smellest now more unfavourily than thou didst before. Hoh! that may be, quoth Sancho: but whose fault's that? you may e'en thank yourself for't. Why do you lead me a wild-goose chase, and bring me at such unseasonable hours to such dangerous places? you know I an't us'd to't. Pry'thee, said Don Quixote, still holding his nose, get thee three or four steps from me; and for the future take more care, and know your distance; for I find, my familiarity with thee has bred contempt. I warrant, quoth Sancho, you think I have been doing something I should not have done. Come,

say no more, cry'd Don Quixote, the more thou stir,
the worfe 'twill be.

This discourse, such as it was, serv'd them to pass away the night; and now Sancho, seeing the morning arise, thought it time to unty Rozinante's feet, and do up his breeches; and he did both with so much caution that his master suspected nothing. As for Rozinante, he no sooner felt himself at liberty, but he seem'd to express his joy by pawing the ground; for, with his leave be it spoken, he was a stranger to curvetting and prancing. Don Quixote also took it as a good omen, that his steed was now ready to move, and believ'd it was a signal given him by kind fortune, to animate him to give birth to the approaching adventure.

Now had Aurora display'd her rosy mantle over the blushing skies, and dark night withdrawn her sable veil; all objects stood confest to human eyes, and Don Quixote could now perceive he was under some tall chefnut-trees, whose thick spreading boughs diffus'd an awful gloom around the place, but he could not yet discover whence proceeded the dismal sound of those incessant strokes. Therefore, being resolv'd to find it out, once more he took his leave of Sancho, with the same injunctions as before; adding withal, that he should not trouble himself about the recompence of his services, for he had taken care of that in his will, which he had providently made before he left home; but if he came off victorious from this adventure, he might most certainly expect to be gratify'd with the promis'd island. San-

cho could not forbear blubbering again to hear these tender expressions of his master, and resolv'd not to leave him till he had finish'd this enterprize. And from that deep concern, and this nobler resolution to attend him, the author of this history infers, that the squire was something of a gentleman by descent, or at least the offspring of the old Christians *. Nor did his good nature fail to move his master more than he was willing to shew, at a time when it behov'd him to shake off all softer thoughts; for now he rode towards the place whence the noise of the blows and the water seem'd to come, while Sancho trudg'd after him, leading by the halter the inseparable companion of his good and bad fortune.

After they had gone a pretty way under a pleasant covert of chesnut-trees, they came into a meadow adjoining to certain rocks, from whose top there was a great fall of waters. At the foot of those rocks they discover'd certain old ill-contriv'd buildings, that rather look'd like ruins than inhabited houses; and they perceiv'd that the terrifying noise of the blows, which yet continued, issu'd out of that place. When they came nearer, even patient Rozinante himself started at the dreadful sound; but being hearten'd and pacify'd by his master, he was at last prevail'd with to draw nearer and nearer with wary steps; the knight recommending himself all the way most devoutly to his Dul-

* In contradistinction to the Jewish or Moorish families, of which there were many in Spain.

cinea, and now and then also to heaven, in short ejaculations. As for Sancho, he stuck close to his master, peeping all the way through Rozinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what he dreaded to find out. When a little farther, at the doubling of the point of a rock, they plainly discover'd (kind reader, do not take it amiss) six huge fulling-mill hammers, which interchangeably thumping several pieces of cloth, made the terrible noise that caus'd all Don Quixote's anxieties and Sancho's tribulation that night.

Don Quixote was struck dumb at this unexpected sight, and was ready to drop from his horse with shame and confusion. Sancho star'd upon him, and saw him hang down his head, with a desponding dejected countenance, like a man quite dispirited with this cursed disappointment. At the same time he look'd upon Sancho, and seeing by his eyes, and his cheeks swell'd with laughter, that he was ready to burst, he could not forbear laughing himself in spite of all his vexation; so that Sancho seeing his master begin, immediately gave a loose to his mirth, and broke out into such a fit of laughing, that he was forc'd to hold his sides with both his knuckles, for fear of bursting his aking paunch. Four times he ceas'd, and four times renew'd his obstreperous laughing; which sauciness Don Quixote began to resent with great indignation; and the more when Sancho, in a jeering tone, presum'd to ridicule him with his own words, repeating part of the vain speech he made when first they heard the noise; 'Know, Sancho, I was born in this iron age to restore the age of

‘gold. I am the man for whom heaven has reserv’d
‘the most dangerous and glorious adventures,’ &c.
Thus he went on, till his master, dreadfully inrag’d at
his insolence, hit him two such blows on the shoulders
with his lance, that had they fallen upon his head, they
had sav’d Don Quixote the trouble of paying him his
wages, whatever he must have done to his heirs.
Thereupon Sancho, finding his jest turn to earnest,
begg’d pardon with all submission: Mercy, good your
worship, cry’d he, spare my bones I beseech you! I
meant no harm, I did but joke a little. And because
you joke, I do not, cry’d Don Quixote. Come hither,
good Mr. Jester, you who pretend to rally, tell me,
had this been a dangerous adventure, as well as it proves
only a false alarm, have I not shewn resolution enough
to undertake and finish it? am I, who am a knight,
bound to know the meaning of every mechanic noise,
and distinguish between sound and sound? besides, it
might happen, as really it is, that I had never seen a
fulling-mill before, tho’ thou, like a base scoundrel as
thou art, wert born and brought up among such mean
implements of drudgery. But let the six fulling-ham-
mers be transform’d into so many giants, and then set
them at me one by one, or all together; and if I do
not lay them all at my feet with their heels upwards,
then I’ll give thee leave to exercise thy ill-bred raillery
as much as thou pleasest.

Good your worship, quoth Sancho, talk no more
on’t, I beseech you; I confess I carry’d the jest too far.
But now all’s hush’d and well; pray tell me in sober

sadness, as you hope to speed in all adventures, and come off safe and sound as from this, don't you think but that the fright we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a good subject for people to make sport with? I grant it, answer'd Don Quixote, but I would not have it told; for all people are not so discreet as to place things, or look upon 'em in the position in which they should be considered. I'll say that for you, quoth Sancho, you have shewn you understand how to place things in their right position, when aiming at my head, you hit my shoulders; had not I duck'd a little o'one side, I had been in a fine condition! but let that pass, 'twill wash out in the bucking. I've heard my grannam say, that man loves thee well who makes thee to weep. Good masters may be hasty sometimes with a servant, but presently after a hard word or two they commonly give him a pair of cast breeches: what they give after a bawling, heaven knows; all I can tell is, that knights-errant, after bawling, give you some cast island, or some old-fashion'd kingdom upon the main land.

Fortune, said Don Quixote, will perhaps order ev'ry thing thou hast said to come to pass; therefore, Sancho, I pr'ythee think no more of my severity; thou know'st a man cannot always command the first impulse of his passions. On the other side, let me advise thee not to be so saucy for the future, and not to assume that strange familiarity with me which is so unbecoming in a servant. I protest, in such a vast number of books of knight-errantry as I have read, I never found that any squire was ever allow'd so great a freedom of speech with

his master as thou takest with me; and truly I look upon it to be a great fault in us both; in thee for disrespecting me, and in me for not making myself be more respected. Gandalin, Amadis de Gaul's squire, tho' he was earl of the firm island, yet never spoke to his master, but with cape in hand, his head bow'd, and his body half bent, after the Turkish manner. But what shall we say of Gasabal, Don Galaor's squire, who was such a strict observer of silence, that, to the honour of his marvellous taciturnity, he gave the author occasion to mention his name but once in that voluminous authentic history? from all this, Sancho, I would have thee make this observation, that there ought to be a distance kept between the master and the man, the knight and the squire. Therefore, once more I tell thee, let's live together for the future more according to the due decorum of our respective degrees, without giving one another any further vexation on this account; for after all, 'twill always be the worse for you on whatsoever occasion we happen to disagree. As for the rewards I promis'd you, they will come in due time; and should you be disappointed that way, you have your salary to trust to, as I have told you.

You say very well, quoth Sancho; but now, Sir, suppose no rewards should come, and I should be forc'd to stick to my wages, I'd fain know how much a squire-errant us'd to earn in the days of yore? did they go by the month, or by the day, like our labourers? I don't think, reply'd Don Quixote, they ever went by the hire, but rather that they trusted to their master's generosity.

And if I have assign'd thee wages in my will, which I left seal'd up at home, 'twas only to prevent the worst, because I do not know yet what success I may have in chivalry in these deprav'd times; and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for such a trifling matter; for there is no state of life so subject to dangers as that of a knight-errant. Like enough, quoth Sancho, when meerly the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill is able to trouble and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight as your worship! but you may be sure I'll not hereafter so much as offer to open my lips to jibe or joke at your doings, but always stand in awe of you, and honour you as my lord and master. By doing so, reply'd Don Quixote, thy days shall be long on the face of the earth; for next to our parents we ought to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers.

C H A P. VII.

Of the high adventure and conquest of Mambrino's helmet, with other events relating to our invincible knight.

AT the same time it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have taken shelter in the fulling-mills; but Don Quixote had conceiv'd such an antipathy against 'em for the shame they had put upon him, that he would by no means be prevail'd with to go in; and turning to the right hand, he struck into a high-way, where they had not gone far before he discover'd

a horse-man, who wore upon his head something that glitter'd like gold. The knight had no sooner spy'd him, but turning to his squire, Sancho, cry'd he, I believe there's no proverb but what is true; they are all so many sentences and maxims drawn from experience, the universal mother of sciences: for instance, that saying, That where one door shuts, another opens: thus fortune, that last night deceiv'd us with the false prospect of an adventure, this morning offers us a real one to make us amends; and such an adventure, Sancho, that if I do not gloriously succeed in it, I shall have now no pretence to an excuse, no darkness, no unknown sounds to impute my disappointment to: in short, in all probability yonder comes the man who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet *, and thou know'st the vow I have made. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, mind what you say, and take heed what you do; for I would willingly keep my carcase and the case of my understanding from being pounded, mash'd, and crush'd with fulling hammers. Hell take the blockhead, cry'd Don Quixote, is there no difference between a helmet and a fulling-mill? I don't know, said Sancho, but I'm sure, were I suffer'd to speak my mind now as I was wont, mayhaps I would give you such main reasons, that yourself should see you're wide of the matter. How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever, cry'd Don Quixote? do'st thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards

* Mambrino. a Saracen of great valour, who had a golden helmet, which Rinaldo took from him. See Orlando Furioso, Canto I.

us upon a dapple grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head: I see what I see, reply'd Sancho, and the devil of any thing I can spy but a fellow on such another grey afs as mine is, with something that glisters o'top of his head. I tell thee, that's Mambrino's helmet, reply'd Don Quixote: do thou stand at a distance, and leave me to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without trifling away so much as a moment in needless talk, I'll finish this adventure, and possess myself of the desired helmet. I shall stand at a distance, you may be sure, quoth-Sancho; but I wish this mayn't prove another blue bout, and a worse jobb than the fulling-mills, I have warn'd you already, fellow, said Don Quixote, not so much as to name the fulling-mills; dare but once more to do it, nay, but to think on't, and I vow to—I say no more, but I'll full and pound your dogship into jelly. These threats were more than sufficient to padlock Sancho's lips, for he had no mind to have his master's vow fulfilled at the expence of his bones.

Now the truth of the story was this; there were in that part of the country two villages, one of which was so little, that it had not so much as a shop in't, nor any barber; so that the barber of the greater village serv'd also the smaller. And thus a person happening to have occasion to be let blood, and another to be shav'd, the barber was going thither with his brass bason, which he had clapp'd upon his head to keep his hat, that chanc'd to be a new one, from being spoil'd by the rain; and as the bason was new scour'd, it made

a glittering show a great way off. As Sancho had well observ'd, he rode upon a grey ass, which Don Quixote as easily took for a dapple-grey steed, as he took the barber for a knight, and his brass bason for a golden helmet; his distracted brain easily applying every object to his romantic ideas. Therefore when he saw the poor imaginary knight draw near, he fix'd his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without staying to hold a parley with his thoughtless adversary, flew at him as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, resolv'd to pierce him through and through; crying out in the midst of his career, Caitiff, wretch, defend thyself, or immediately surrender that which is so justly my due. The barber, who as he peaceably went along saw that terrible apparition come thund'ring upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance, but to throw himself off from his ass to the ground; and then as hastily getting up, he took to his heels, and ran o'er the fields swifter than the wind, leaving his ass and his bason behind him. Don Quixote finding himself thus master of the field, and of the bason; the miscreant, cry'd he, who has left this helmet, has shewn himself as prudent as the beaver, who finding himself hotly pursu'd by the hunters, to save his life, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which his natural instinct tells him he was follow'd. Then he order'd Sancho to take up the helmet. On my word, quoth Sancho, having taken it up, 'tis a special bason, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter. With that he gave it to his master, who presently clapp'd it

on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or vizor; and at last seeing it had none, doubtless, said he, the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first made, had a head of a prodigious size; but the worst is, that there's at least one half of it wanting. Sancho could not forbear smiling to hear his master call the barber's bason a helmet, and had not his fear dash'd his mirth, he had certainly laugh'd out-right. What does the fool grin at now? cry'd Don Quixote. I laugh, said he, to think what a hugeous jolt-head he must needs have had who was the owner of this same helmet, that looks for all the world like a barber's bason. I fancy, said Don Quixote, this enchanted helmet has fallen by some strange accident into the hands of some person, who, not knowing the value of it, for the lucre of a little money, finding it to be of pure gold, melted one half, and of the other made this head-piece, which, as thou say'st, has some resemblance of a barber's bason: but to me, who know the worth of it, the metamorphosis signifies little; for as soon as ever I come to some town where there's an armourer, I will have it alter'd so much for the better, that then even the helmet which the god of smiths made for the god of war shall not deserve to be compar'd with it. In the mean time I'll wear it as it is; 'tis better than nothing, and will serve at least to save part of my head from the violent encounter of a stone. Ay, that it will, quoth Sancho, so 'tis not hurl'd out of a sling, as were those at the battle between the two armies, when they hit you that confounded dowse o'the chops, that saluted your

worship's cheek-teeth, and broke the pot about your ears in which you kept that blessed drench that made me bring up my guts. True, cry'd Don Quixote, there I lost my precious balsam indeed; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knowest I have the receipt in my memory. So have I too, quoth Sancho, and shall have while I have breath to draw; but if ever I make any of that stuff, or taste it again, may I give up the ghost with it: besides, I don't intend ever to do any thing that may give occasion for the use of it: for, my fix'd resolution is, with all my five senses, to preserve myself from hurting and from being hurt, by any body. As to being toss'd in a blanket again, I've nothing to say to that, for there's no remedy for accidents but patience it seems: so if it ever be my lot to be serv'd so again, I'll e'en shrink up my shoulders, hold my breath, and shut my eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the blanket and fortune e'en toss on to the end o'the chapter.

Truly, said Don Quixote, I'm afraid thou'rt no good Christian, Sancho, thou never forget'st injuries. Let me tell thee, 'tis the part of noble and generous spirits to pass by trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy ribs is broken? or what part of thy skull is bruise'd? that thou can'st never think on that jest without malice: for after all, 'twas nothing but a jest, a harmless piece of pastime; had I look'd upon it otherwise, I had return'd to that place before this time, and had made more noble mischief in revenge of the abuse, than ever the incens'd Grecians did at Troy, for the detention of their Helen, that fam'd beauty of the anci-

ent world, who however had she liv'd in our age, or had my Dulcinea adorn'd her's, would have found her charms out-rivall'd by my mistress's perfections: and saying this, he heav'd up a deep sigh. Well then, quoth Sancho, I'll not rip up old sores; let it go for a jest, since there's no revenging it in earnest. But what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed that's so like a grey ass? you see that same poor devil-errant has left it to shift for itself, poor thing, and by his haste to rub off, I don't think he means to come back for it, and, by my beard, the grey beast is a special one. 'Tis not my custom, reply'd Don Quixote, to plunder those whom I overcome; nor is it usual among us knights, for the victor to take the horse of his vanquish'd enemy and let him go afoot, unless his own steed be kill'd or disabled in the combat: therefore, Sancho, leave the horse, or the ass, whatever thou pleasest to call it, the owner will be sure to come for't as soon as he sees us gone. I've a huge mind to take him along with us, quoth Sancho, or at least to exchange him for my own, which is not so good. What, are the laws of knight-errantry so strict, that a man must not exchange one ass for another? at least I hope they'll give me leave to swop one harness for another. Truly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, I am not so very certain as to this last particular, and therefore, till I am better inform'd, I give thee leave to exchange the furniture, if thou hast absolutely occasion for't. I've so much occasion for't, quoth Sancho, that tho' 'twere for my own very self I cou'd not need it more. So without any more ado, being autho-

iz'd by his master's leave, he made *mutatio caparum*, (a change of caparisons) and made his own beast three parts in four better * for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted upon what they left at supper, and quench'd their thirst at the stream that turn'd the fulling-mills, towards which they took care not to cast an eye, for they abominated the very thoughts of 'em. Thus their spleen being eas'd, their cholerick and melancholic humours assuag'd, up they got again, and never minding their way, were all guided by Rozinante's discretion, the depository of his master's will, and also of the afs's, that kindly and sociably always follow'd his steps where-ever he went. Their guide soon brought them again into the high road, where they kept on a slow pace, not caring which way they went.

As they jogg'd on thus, quoth Sancho to his master, Pray Sir, will you give me leave to talk to you a little? for since you have laid that bitter command upon me, to hold my tongue, I've had four or five quaint conceits that have rotted in my gizzard, and now I've another at my tongue's end that I would not for any thing should miscarry. Say it, cry'd Don Quixote, but be short, for no discourse can please when too long.

Well then, quoth Sancho, I've been thinking to myself of late how little is to be got by hunting up and down those barren woods and strange places, where, tho' you compass the hardest and most dangerous jobs

* Literally leaving him better by a Tierce and Quint: alluding to the game of Picquet, in which a Tierce or a Quint may be gain'd by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.

of knight-errantry, yet no living soul sees or hears on't, and so 'tis every bit as good as lost; and therefore methinks 'twere better (with submission to your worship's better judgment be it spoken) that we e'en went to serve some emperor, or other great prince that's at war; for there you might shew how stout, and how wond'rous strong and wise you be; which, being perceiv'd by the lord we shall serve, he must needs reward each of us according to his deserts; and there you'll not want a learned scholar to set down all your high deeds, that they may never be forgotten: as for mine I say nothing, since they are not to be nam'd the same day with your worship's; and yet I dare avouch, that if any notice be taken in knight-errantry of the feats of squires, mine will be sure to come in for a share. Truly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, there is some reason in what thou say'st; but first of all 'tis requisite that a knight-errant should spend some time in various parts of the world, as a probationer in quest of adventures, that by atchieving some extraordinary exploits, his renown may diffuse itself thro' neighbouring climes and distant nations: so when he goes to the court of some great monarch, his fame flying before him as his harbinger, secures him such a reception, that the knight has scarce reach'd the gates of the metropolis of the kingdom, when he finds himself attended and surrounded by admiring crouds, pointing and crying out, There, there rides the knight of the sun, or of the serpent, or whatever other title the knight takes upon him: that's he, they'll cry, who vanquish'd in single combat the

huge giant Brocabruno, fir-nam'd Of the invincible strength: this is he that freed the great Mamaluco of Persia from the enchantment that had kept him confin'd for almost nine hundred years together. Thus, as they relate his atchievements with loud acclamations, the spreading rumour at last reaches the king's palace, and the monarch of that country being desirous to be inform'd with his own eyes, will not fail to look out of his window. As soon as he sees the knight, knowing him by his arms, or the device on his shield, he'll be oblig'd to say to his attendants, My lords and gentlemen, haste all of you, as many as are knights, go and receive the flower of chivalry that's coming to our court. At the king's command, away they all run to introduce him; the king himself meets him half way on the stairs, where he embraces his valorous guest, and kisses his cheek: then taking him by the hand, he leads him directly to the queen's apartment; where the knight finds her attended by the princess her daughter, who must be one of the most beautiful and most accomplish'd damsels in the whole compass of the universe. At the same time fate will so dispose of every thing, that the princess shall gaze on the knight, and the knight on the princess, and each shall admire one another as persons rather angelical than human; and then by an unaccountable charm they shall both find themselves caught and entangl'd in the inextricable net of love, and wond'rously perplex'd for want of an opportunity to discover their amorous anguish to one another. After this, doubtless, the knight is conducted

by the king to one of the richest apartments in the palace; where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet vestment lin'd with ermins; and if he look'd so graceful cas'd in steel, how lovely will he appear in all the heightening ornaments of courtiers! Night being come, he shall sup with the king, the queen, and the princess; and shall all the while be feasting his eyes with the sight of the charmer, yet so as no-body shall perceive it; and she will repay him his glances with as much discretion; for, as I have said, she is a most accomplish'd person. After supper a surprizing scene is unexpectedly to appear: enter first an ill-favour'd little dwarf, and after him a fair damsel between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure so contriv'd by an ancient necromancer, and so difficult to be perform'd, that he who shall undertake and end it with success, shall be esteem'd the best knight in the world. Presently 'tis the king's pleasure that all his courtiers should attempt it; which they do, but all of them unsuccessfully; for the honour is reserv'd for the valorous stranger, who effects that with ease which the rest essay'd in vain; and then the princess shall be overjoy'd, and esteem herself the most happy creature in the world, for having bestow'd her affections on so deserving an object. Now by the happy appointment of fate, this king, or this emperor, is at war with one of his neighbours as powerful as himself; and the knight being inform'd of this, after he has been some few days at court, offers the king his service; which is accepted with joy, and the knight courteously

kisses the king's hand in acknowledgment of so great a favour. That night the lover takes his leave of the princess at the iron grate before her chamber-window looking into the garden, where he and she have already had several interviews, by means of the princess's confidant, a damsel who carries on the intrigue between them. The knight sighs, the princess swoons, the damsel runs for cold water to bring her to life again, very uneasy also because the morning-light approaches, and she would not have them discover'd, lest it should reflect on her lady's honour. At last the princess revives, and gives the knight her lovely hand to kiss thro' the iron grate; which he does a thousand and a thousand times, bathing it all the while with his tears. Then they agree how to transmit their thoughts with secrecy to each other, with a mutual intercourse of letters, during this fatal absence. The princess prays him to return with all the speed of a lover; the knight promises it with repeated vows, and a thousand kind protestations. At last, the fatal moment being come that must tear him from all he loves, and from his very self, he seals once more his love on her soft snowy hand, almost breathing out his soul, which mounts to his lips, and even would leave its body to dwell there; and then he is hurry'd away by the fearful confidant. After this cruel separation he retires to his chamber, throws himself on his bed; but grief will not suffer sleep to close his eyes. Then rising with the sun, he goes to take his leave of the king and the queen: he desires to pay his compliment of leave to the princess, but he is

told she is indispos'd; and as he has reason to believe that his departing is the cause of her disorder, he is so griev'd at the news, that he is ready to betray the secret of his heart; which the princess's confident observing, she goes and acquaints her with it, and finds the lovely mourner bath'd in tears, who tells her, that the greatest affliction of her soul is her not knowing whether her charming knight be of royal blood: but the damsel pacifies her, assuring her that so much gallantry, and such noble qualifications, were unquestionably deriv'd from an illustrious and royal original. This comforts the afflicted fair, who does all she can to compose her looks, lest the king or the queen should suspect the cause of their alteration; and so some days after she appears in public as before. And now the knight having been absent for some time, meets, fights, and overcomes the king's enemies, takes I don't know how many cities, wins I don't know how many battles, returns to court, and appears before his mistress laden with honour. He visits her privately as before, and they agree that he shall demand her of the king her father in marriage, as the reward of all his services; but the king will not grant his suit, as being unacquainted with his birth: however, whether it be that the princess suffers herself to be privately carry'd away, or that some other means are us'd, the knight marries her, and in a little time the king is very well pleas'd with the match; for now the knight appears to be the son of a mighty king of I can't tell you what country, for I think 'tis not in the map. Some time after the father dies,

the princess is heiress, and thus in a trice our knight comes to be king. Having thus compleated his happiness, his next thoughts are to gratify his squire, and of all those who have been instrumental in his advancement to the throne: thus he marries his squire to one of the princess's damsels, and most probably to her favourite, who had been privy to the amours, and who is daughter to one of the most considerable dukes in the kingdom.

That's what I've been looking for all this while, quoth Sancho; give me but that, and let the world rub, there I'll stick; for every title o' this will come to pass, and be your worship's case as sure as a gun, if you'll take upon you that same nick-name of The knight of the woeful figure. Most certainly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for by the same steps, and in that very manner, knights-errant have always proceeded to ascend to the throne: therefore our chief business is to find out some great potentate, either among the Christians or the Pagans, that is at war with his neighbours, and has a fair daughter. But we shall have time enough to enquire after that; for, as I have told thee, we must first purchase fame in other places, before we presume to go to court. Another thing makes me more uneasy: suppose we have found out a king and a princess, and I have fill'd the world with the fame of my unparallel'd achievements, yet cannot I tell how to find out that I am of royal blood, tho' it were but second cousin to an emperor: for, 'tis not to be expected that the king will ever consent that I shall wed his daughter 'till I have

made this out by authentic proofs, tho' my service deserve it never so much; and thus for want of a punctilio, I am in danger of losing what my valour so justly merits. 'Tis true, indeed, I am a gentleman, and of a noted antient family, and possess'd of an estate of a hundred and twenty crowns a year; nay, perhaps the learned historiographer who is to write the history of my life, will so improve and beautify my genealogy, that he will find me to be the fifth, or sixth at least, in descent from a king: for, Sancho, there are two sorts of originals in the world; some who sprung from mighty kings and princes, by little and little have been so lessen'd and obscur'd, that the estates and titles of the following generations have dwindled to nothing, and ended in a point like a pyramid; others, who from mean and low beginnings still rise and rise, till at last they are rais'd to the very top of human greatness: so vast the difference is, that those who were something are now nothing, and those that were nothing are now something. And therefore who knows but that I may be one of those whose original is so illustrious; which being handsomely made out, after due examination, ought undoubtedly to satisfy the king, my father-in-law. But even supposing he were still refractory, the princess is to be so desperately in love with me, that she will marry me without his consent, tho' I were a son of the meanest water-carrier; and if her tender honour scruples to bless me against her father's will, then it may not be amiss to put a pleasant constraint upon her, by conveying her by force out of the reach of her father, to whose

persecutions either time or death will be sure to put a period.

Ay, quoth Sancho, your rake-helly fellows have a saying that's pat to your purpose, 'Ne'er cringe nor creep, for what you by force may reap;' though I think 'twere better said, 'A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man*'. No more to be said, if the king your father-in-law won't let you have his daughter by fair means, ne'er stand shall I, shall I, but fairly and squarely run away with her. All the mischief that I fear is only, that while you're making your peace with him, and waiting after a dead man's shoes, as the saying is, the poor dog of a squire is like to go long bare-foot, and may go hang himself for any good you'll be able to do him, unless the damsel, Go-between, who's to be his wife, run away too with the princess, and he solace himself with her till a better time comes; for I don't see but that the knight may clap up the match between us without any more ado. That's most certain, answer'd Don Quixote. Why then, quoth Sancho, let's e'en take our chance, and let the world rub. May fortune crown our wishes, cry'd Don Quixote, and let him be a wretch who thinks himself one. Amen, say I, quoth Sancho; for I'm one of your old Christians, and that's enough to qualify me to be an earl. And more than enough, said Don Quixote; for tho' thou wert not so well descended, being a king, I could bestow nobility on thee, without putting thee

* Better to rob than to ask charity.

to the trouble of buying it, or doing me the least service; and making thee an earl, men must call thee my lord, though it grieves 'em never so much. And do you think, quoth Sancho, I would not become my equality main well? Thou should'st say quality, said Don Quixote, and not equality. Ev'n as you will, return'd Sancho: but, as I was saying, I should become an earldom rarely; for I was once beadle to a brotherhood, and the beadle's gown did so become me, that every body said I had the presence of a warden. Then how do you think I shall look with a duke's robes on my back, all bedawb'd with gold and pearl like any foreign count? I believe we shall have folks come a hundred leagues to see me. Thou wilt look well enough, said Don Quixote; but then thou must shave that rough bushy beard of thine at least ev'ry other day, or people will read thy beginning in thy face as soon as they see thee. Why then, quoth Sancho, 'tis but keeping a barber in my house; and if needs be, he shall trot after me wherever I go, like a grandee's master of the horse. How cam'st thou to know, said Don Quixote, that grandees have their masters of the horse to ride after 'em? I'll tell you, quoth Sancho: some years ago I happen'd to be about a month among your court-folks, and there I saw a little dandiprat riding about, who, they said, was a hugeous great lord: there was a man a horse-back that follow'd him close wherever he went, turning and stopping as he did, you'd have thought he had been ty'd to his horse's tail. With that I ask'd why that hind-man did not ride by the other, but still came after

him thus? and they told me he was master of his horses, and that the grandees have always such kind of men at their tail; and I mark'd this so well, that I han't forgot it since. Thou art in the right, said Don Quixote; and thou may'st as reasonably have thy barber attend thee in this manner. Customs did not come up all at once, but rather started up and were improv'd by degrees; so thou may'st be the first earl that rode in state with his barber behind him; and this may be said to justify thy conduct, that 'tis an office of more trust to shave a man's beard than to saddle a horse. Well, quoth Sancho, leave the business of the cut-beard to me, and do but take care you be a king and I an earl. Never doubt it, reply'd Don Quixote; and with that looking about, he discover'd—what the next chapter will tell you.

C H A P. VIII.

How Don Quixote set free many miserable creatures, who were carrying, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

CID Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, soft and humorous history, that after this discourse between the renown'd Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Pança, which we have laid down at the end of the seventh chapter, the knight lifting up his eyes, saw about twelve men a-foot, trudging in the road, all in a row, one behind another, like beads upon a string,

being link'd together by the neck to a huge iron chain, and manac'd besides. They were guarded by two horsemen, arm'd with carbines, and two men a-foot, with swords and javelins. As soon as Sancho spy'd 'em, Look ye, Sir, cry'd he, here's a gang of wretches hurry'd away by main force to serve the king in the galleys. How, reply'd Don Quixote! is it possible the king will force any body? I don't say so, answer'd Sancho; I mean these are rogues whom the law has sentenc'd for their misdeeds, to row in the king's galleys. However, reply'd Don Quixote, they are forc'd, because they do not go of their own free will. Sure enough, quoth Sancho. If it be so, said Don Quixote, they come within the verge of my office, which is to hinder violence and oppression, and succour all people in misery. Ay, Sir, quoth Sancho, but neither the king nor law offer any violence to such wicked wretches, they have but their deserts. By this the chain of slaves came up, when Don Quixote, in very civil terms, desir'd the guards to inform him why these poor people were led along in that manner? Sir, answer'd one of the horsemen, they are criminals condemn'd to serve the king in his galleys: that's all I've to say to you, and you need enquire no further. Nevertheless, Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, I have a great desire to know in few words the cause of their misfortune, and I will esteem it an extraordinary favour, if you will let me have that satisfaction. We've here the copies and certificates of their several sentences, said the other horseman, but we can't stand to pull 'em out and read them now; you may draw near and

examine the men yourself: I suppose they themselves will tell you why they are condemn'd; for they are such honest people, they are not ashamed to boast of their rogueries. With this permission, which Don Quixote would have taken of himself had they deny'd it him, he rode up to the chain, and ask'd the first, for what crimes he was in these miserable circumstances? The galley-slave answer'd him, that 'twas for being in love. What, only for being in love, cry'd Don Quixote! were all those that are in love to be thus us'd, I myself might have been long since in the gallies. Ay, but reply'd the slave, my love was not of that sort which you conjecture: I was so desperately in love with a basket of linen, and embrac'd it so close, that had not the judge taken it from me by force, I would not have parted with it willingly. In short, I was taken in the fact, and so there was no need to put me to the rack, 'twas prov'd so plain upon me. So I was committed, try'd, condemn'd, had the gentle lash; and besides that, was sent, for three years, to be an element-dasher, and there's an end of the business. An element-dasher, cry'd Don Quixote, what do you mean by that? A galley-slave, answer'd the criminal, who was a young fellow about four and twenty years old, and said he was born at Piedra Hita.

Then Don Quixote examined the second, but he was so sad and desponding, that he would make no answer; however, the first rogue inform'd the knight of his affairs: Sir, said he, this Canary-bird keeps us company for having sung too much. Is't possible, cry'd

Don Quixote! are men sent to the gallies for singing? Ay, marry, are they, quoth the arch rogue; for there's nothing worse than to sing in anguish. How, cry'd Don Quixote! that contradicts the saying, 'Sing a-way sorrow, cast away care.' Ay, but with us the case is different, reply'd the slave, he that sings in disaster, weeps all his life after. This is a riddle which I cannot unfold, cry'd Don Quixote. Sir, said one of the guards, 'Singing in anguish,' among these jail birds, means to confess upon the rack: this fellow was put to the torture, and confess'd his crime, which was stealing of cattle; and because he squeak'd, or sung, as they call it, he was condemn'd to the gallies for six years, besides an hundred jirks with a cat of nine tails, that have whisk'd and powder'd his shoulders already. Now the reason why he goes thus mopish and out o'-sorts, is only because his comroques jeer and laugh at him continually for not having had the courage to deny: as if it had not been as easy for him to have said no as yes; or as if a fellow, taken up on suspicion, were not a lucky rogue, when there is no positive evidence can come in against him but his own tongue; and in my opinion they're somewhat in the right. I think so too, said Don Quixote.

Thence addressing himself to the third, And you, said he, what have you done? Sir, answer'd the fellow, readily and pleasantly enough, I must mow the great meadow for five years together, for want of twice five ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, said Don Quixote, to deliver thee from that misery. Thank

you for nothing, quoth the slave; 'tis just like the proverb, 'After meat comes mustard;' or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it: had I had the twenty ducats you offer me before I was try'd, to have greas'd the clerk's [or recorder's] fist, and have whetted my lawyer's wit, I might have been now at Toledo in the marketplace of Zocodover, and not have been thus led along like a dog in a string. But heaven is powerful, Basta; I say no more.

Then passing to the fourth, who was a venerable old Don, with a grey beard that reach'd to his bosom, he put the same question to him; whereupon the poor creature fell a weeping, and was not able to give him an answer; so the next behind him lent him a tongue. Sir, said he, this honest person goes to the gallies for four years, having taken his progress through the town in state, and rested at the usual stations. That is, quoth Sancho, as I take it, after he had been exposed to public shame *. Right, reply'd the slave; and all this he's condemn'd to for being a broker of human flesh: for, to tell you the truth, the gentleman is a pimp, and, besides that, he has a smack of conjuring. If it were not for that addition of conjuring, cry'd Don Quixote, he ought not to have been sent to the gallies, purely for being a pimp, unless it were to be general of the gallies: for, the profession of a bawd, pimp, or messen-

* Instead of the pillory, in Spain, they carry that sort of malefactors on an ass, and in a particular habit, along the streets, the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.

ger of love, is not like other common employments, but an office that requires a great deal of prudence and sagacity; an office of trust and weight, and most highly necessary in a well regulated common-wealth; nor should it be executed but by civil well-descended persons of good natural parts, and of a liberal education. Nay, 'twere requisite there should be a comptroller and surveyor of the profession, as there are of others; and a certain and settled number of 'em, as there are of exchange-brokers. This wou'd be a means to prevent an infinite number of mischiefs that happen every day, because the trade or profession is follow'd by poor ignorant pretenders, silly waiting women, young giddy-brain'd pages, shallow footmen, and such raw unexperienc'd sort of people, who in unexpected turns and emergencies stand with their fingers in their mouths, know not their right hand from their left, but suffer themselves to be surpriz'd, and spoil all for want of quickness of invention either to conceal, carry on, or bring off a thing artificially. Had I but time I would point out what sort of persons are best qualified to be chosen professors of this most necessary employment in the commonwealth; however, at some sifter season I will inform those of it who may remedy this disorder. All I have to say now, is, that the grief I had to see these venerable grey hairs in such distress, for having follow'd that no less useful than ingenious vocation of pimping, is now lost in my abhorrence of his additional character of a conjurer; though I very well know that no forcery in the world can effect or force the will, as

some ignorant credulous persons fondly imagine: for our will is a free faculty, and no herb nor charms can constrain it. As for philtres and such-like compositions which some silly women and designing pretenders make, they are nothing but certain mixtures and poisonous preparations, that make those who take them run mad; tho' the deceivers labour to persuade us they can make one person love another; which, as I've said, is an impossible thing, our will being a free, uncontrollable power. You say very well, Sir, cry'd the old coupler; and, upon my honour, I protest I am wholly innocent, as to the imputation of witchcraft. As for the business of pimping, I cannot deny it, but I never took it to be a criminal function; for my intention was, that all the world should taste the sweets of love, and enjoy each other's society, living together in friendship and in peace, free from those griefs and jars that unpeople the earth. But my harmless design has not been so happy as to prevent my being sent now to a place whence I never expect to return, stooping as I do under the heavy burden of old age, and being grievously afflicted with the strangury, which scarce affords me a moment's respite from pain. This said, the reverend procurer burst out afresh into tears and lamentations, which melted Sancho's heart so much, that he pull'd a piece of money out of his bosom and gave it to him as an alms.

Then Don Quixote turn'd to the fifth, who seem'd to be nothing at all concern'd. I go to serve his majesty, said he, for having been somewhat too familiar

with two of my cousin-germans, and two other kind-hearted virgins that were sisters; by which means I have multiply'd my kind, and begot so odd and intricate a medley of kindred, that 'twould puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degrees of consanguinity. All this was prov'd upon me. I had no friends, and what was worse, no money, and so was like to have swung for't: however, I was only condemn'd to the gallies for six years, and patiently submitted to't. I feel myself yet young, to my comfort; so if my life does but hold out, all will be well in time. If you will be pleas'd to bestow something upon poor sinners, heaven will reward you; and when we pray, we will be sure to remember you, that your life may be as long and prosperous, as your presence is goodly and noble. This brisk spark appear'd to be a student by his habit, and some of the guards said he was a fine speaker, and a good latinist.

After him came a man about thirty years old, a clever, well-set, handsome fellow, only he squinted horribly with one eye: he was strangely loaded with irons; a heavy chain clogg'd his leg, and was so long, that he twisted it about his waist like a girdle: he had a couple of collars about his neck, the one to link him to the rest of the slaves, and the other, one of those iron-ruffs which they call a keep-friend, or a friend's foot; from whence two irons went down to his middle, and to their two bars were rivetted a pair of manacles that gripp'd him by the fists, and were secur'd with a large padlock; so that he could neither lift his hands

to his mouth, nor bend down his head towards his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why he was worse hamper'd with irons than the rest? Because he alone has done more rogueries than all the rest, answer'd one of the guards. This is such a reprobate, such a devil of a fellow, that no goal nor fetters will hold him; we are not sure he's fast enough, for all he's chain'd so. What sort of crimes then has he been guilty of, ask'd Don Quixote, that he is only sent to the gallies? Why, answer'd the keeper, he is condemn'd to ten years slavery, which is no better than a civil death: but I need not stand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious rogue Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla. Hark you, Sir, cry'd the slave, fair and softly; what a pox makes you give a gentleman more names than he has? Gines is my Christian name, and Passamonte my fir-name, and not Ginesillo, nor Parapilla, as you say. Blood! let every man mind what he says, or it may prove the worse for him. Don't you be so faucy, Mr. Crack-rope, cry'd the officer to him, or I may chance to make you keep a better tongue in your head. 'Tis a sign, cry'd the slave, that a man's fast and under the lash; but one day or other some body shall know whether I'm call'd Parapilla or no. Why, Mr. Slip-siring, reply'd the officer, do not people call you by that name? They do, answer'd Gines, but I'll make 'em call me otherwise, or I'll fleece and bite them worse than I care to tell you now. But you, Sir, who are so inquisitive, added he, turning to Don Quixote, if you've a mind to give us any thing, pray do it quickly, and go your

ways; for I don't like to stand here answering questions; broil me! I am Gines de Passamonte, I am not ashamed of my name. As for my life and conversation, there's an account of 'em in black and white, written with this numerical hand of mine. There he tells you true, said the officer, for he has written his own history himself, without omitting a tittle of his roguish pranks; and he has left the manuscript in pawn in the prison for two hundred reals: Ay, said Gines, and will redeem it, burn me! tho' it lay there for as many ducats. Then it must be an extraordinary piece, cry'd Don Quixote. So extraordinary, reply'd Gines, that it far out-does not only Lazarillo de Tormes, but whatever has been, and shall be written in that kind: for mine's true every word, and no invented stories can compare with it for variety of tricks and accidents. What's the title of the book, ask'd Don Quixote? The life of Gines de Passamonte, answer'd t'other. Is it quite finish'd, ask'd the knight? How the devil can it be finish'd and I yet living? reply'd the slave. There's in it every material point from my cradle, to this my last going to the gallies. Then it seems you have been there before, said Don Quixote. To serve God and the king I was some four years there once before, reply'd Gines: I already know how the biscuit and the bull's pizzie agree with my carcase: it does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I shall have leisure to give a finishing stroke to my book. I have the devil knows what to add; and in our Spanish gallies there is always leisure and idle time enough o'consci-

ence : neither shall I want so much for what I've to insert, for I know it all by heart.

Thou seem'st to be a witty fellow, said Don Quixote. You should have said unfortunate too, reply'd the slave ; for the bitch Fortune is still unkind to men of wit. You mean to such wicked wretches as yourself, cry'd the officer. Look you, Mr. Commissary, said Gines, I have already desir'd you to use good language ; the law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuse us, but only to conduct us where the king has occasion for us. Let every man mind his own business, and give good words, or hold his tongue ; for by the blood—I'll say no more, murder will out ; there will be a time when some people's rogueries may come to light, as well as those of other folks. With that the officer, provok'd by the slave's threats, held up his staff to strike him ; but Don Quixote stepp'd between 'em, and desir'd him not to do it, and to consider, that the slave was the more to be excus'd for being too free of his tongue, since he had ne'er another member at liberty. Then addressing himself to all the slaves, My dearest brethren, cry'd he, I find, by what I gather from your own words, that tho' you deserve punishment for the several crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer execution of the sentence by constraint, and merely because you cannot help it. Besides, 'tis not unlikely but that this man's want of resolution upon the rack, the other's want of money, the third's want of friends and favour, and, in short, the judges perverting and wresting the law to your great prejudice, may have

been the cause of your misery. Now, as heaven has sent me into the world to relieve the distressed, and free suffering weakness from the tyranny of oppression, according to the duty of my profession of knight-errantry, these considerations induce me to take you under my protection—but because 'tis the part of a prudent man not to use violence where fair means may be effectual, I desire you, gentlemen of the guard, to release these poor men, there being people enough to serve his majesty in their places; for 'tis a hard case to make slaves of men whom God and nature made free; and you have the less reason to use these wretches with severity, seeing they never did you any wrong. Let 'em answer for their sins in the other world; heaven is just, you know, and will be sure to punish the wicked, as 'twill certainly reward the good. Consider besides, gentlemen, that 'tis neither a Christian-like, nor an honourable action, for men to be the butchers and tormentors of one another; principally, when no advantage can arise from it. I chuse to desire this of you, with so much mildness, and in so peaceable a manner, gentlemen, that I may have occasion to pay you a thankful acknowledgment, if you will be pleased to grant so reasonable a request: but if you provoke me by refusal, I must be oblig'd to tell ye, that this lance, and this sword, guided by this invincible arm, shall force you to yield that to my valour which you deny to my civil intreaties.

A very good jest indeed, cry'd the officer, what a devil makes you dote at such a rate? Would you have

us set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to do it, or you to command it? Go, go about your business, good Sir errant, and set your bason right upon your empty pate; and pray don't meddle any further in what does not concern you, for those who'll play with cats must expect to be scratch'd.

Thou art a cat, and rat, and a coward to boot, cry'd Don Quixote; and with that he attack'd the officer with such a sudden and surprizing fury, that before he had any time to put himself into a posture of defence, he struck him down dangerously wounded with his lance, and as fortune had order'd it, this happen'd to be the horse-man who was arm'd with a carabine. His companions stood astonish'd at such a bold action, but at last fell upon the champion with their swords and darts, which might have prov'd fatal to him, had not the slaves laid hold of this opportunity to break the chain, in order to regain their liberty: for, the guards perceiving their endeavours to get loose, thought it more material to prevent 'em, than to be fighting a mad-man: but, as he press'd them vigorously on one side, and the slaves were opposing them and freeing themselves on the other, the hurly-burly was so great, and the guards so perplex'd, that they did nothing to the purpose. In the mean time Sancho was helping Gines de Passamonte to get off his givies, which he did sooner than can be imagin'd; and then that active desperado having seiz'd the wounded officer's sword and carabine, he join'd with Don Quixote, and sometimes aiming at one, and sometimes at the other, as if he had been

ready to shoot 'em, yet still without letting off the piece, the other slaves at the same time pouring volleys of stone-shot at the guards, they betook themselves to their heels, leaving Don Quixote and the criminals masters of the field. Sancho, who was always for taking care of the main chance, was not at all pleas'd with this victory; for he guess'd that the guards who were fled, would raise a hue and cry, and soon be at their heels with the whole posse of the holy brotherhood, and lay 'em up for a rescue and rebellion. This made him advise his master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the neighbouring mountains. I hear you, answer'd Don Quixote to this motion of his squire, and I know what I have to do. Then calling to him all the slaves, who by this time had uncas'd the keeper to his skin, they gather'd about him to know his pleasure, and he spoke to them in this manner: 'Tis the part of generous spirits to have a grateful sense of the benefits they receive, no crime being more odious than ingratitude. You see, gentlemen, what I have done for your sakes, and you cannot but be sensible how highly you're oblig'd to me. Now all the recompence I require is only, that every one of you, loaden with that chain from which I have freed your necks, do instantly repair to the city of Toboso; and there presenting yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, tell her, that her faithful votary, the knight of the woeful countenance, commanded you to wait on her, and assure her of his profound veneration. Then you shall give her an exact account of every particular re-

lating to this famous atchievement, by which you once more taste the sweets of liberty; which done, I give you leave to seek your fortunes where you please.

To this the ring-leader and master thief, Gines de Passamonte, made answer for all the rest, What you would have us to do, said he, our noble deliverer, is absolutely impracticable and impossible; for we dare not be seen altogether for the world. We must rather part and sculk some one way, some another, and lie snug in creeks and corners under ground, for fear of those damn'd man-hounds that will be after us with a hue and cry; therefore all we can, and ought to do in this case, is to change this compliment and homage which you'd have us pay to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave Marias and Creeds, which we will say for your worship's benefit; and this may be done by night or by day, walking or standing, and in war as well as in peace: but to imagine we will return to our flesh-pots of Egypt, that is to say, take up our chains again, and lug 'em the devil knows where, is as unreasonable as to think 'tis night now at ten a-clock in the morning. 'Sdeath, to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. Now, by my sword, reply'd Don Quixote, Sir son of a whore, Sir Ginesello de Parapilla, or whatever be your name, you yourself, alone, shall go to Toboso, like a dog that has scalded his tail, with the whole chain about your shoulders. Gines, who was naturally very cholerick, judging by Don Quixote's extravagance in freeing them, that he was not very wise, wink'd on his companions, who,

like men that understood signs, presently fell back to right and left, and pelted Don Quixote with such a shower of stones, that all his dexterity to cover himself with his shield was now ineffectual, and poor Rozinante no more obey'd the spur, than if he had been only the statue of a horse. As for Sancho, he got behind his ass, and there shelter'd himself from the vollies of flints that threaten'd his bones, while his master was so batter'd, that in a little time he was thrown out of his saddle to the ground. He was no sooner down, but the student leap'd on him, took off his bason from his head, gave him three or four thumps o' the shoulders with it, and then gave it so many knocks against the stones, that he almost broke it to pieces. After this, they stripp'd him of his upper coat, and had robb'd him of his hose too, but that his greaves hinder'd them. They also eas'd Sancho of his upper coat, and left him in his doublet *; then having divided the spoils, they shifted every one for himself, thinking more how to avoid being taken up, and link'd again in the chain, than of trudging with it to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Thus the ass, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote, remain'd indeed masters of the field, but in an ill condition: the ass hanging his head, and pensive, shaking his ears now and then, as if the vollies of stones had still

* *En pelota*, which really signifies *stark-naked*, as Sobrino explains it in French, *tout nud*. But it can hardly mean so here, as the reader will soon see, especially if, according to Stevens's dictionary, *pelota* was a sort of garment us'd in former times in Spain, not known at present.

whizz'd about 'em; Rozinante lying in a desponding manner, for he had been knock'd down as well as his unhappy rider: Sancho uncas'd to his doublet, and trembling for fear of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote fill'd with sullen regret, to find himself so barbarously us'd by those whom he had so highly oblig'd.

C H A P. IX.

What befel the renown'd Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena (black mountain) being one of the rarest adventures in this authentic history.

DON Quixote finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire; Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do a kindness to clowns, is like throwing water into the sea*. Had I given ear to thy advice, I had prevented this misfortune; but since the thing is done, it is needless to repine; this shall be a warning to me for the future. That is, quoth Sancho, when the devil's blind: but since you say, you had 'scap'd this mischief had you believ'd me, good Sir, believe me now, and you'll 'scape a greater; for I must tell you, that those of the holy brother-hood don't stand in awe of your chivalry, nor do they care a straw for all the knights-errant in the world. Methinks I already hear their arrows whizzing about my ears†. Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; nevertheless,

* It is labour lost, because they are ungrateful.

† The troopers of the holy brotherhood ride with bows, and shoot arrows.

that thou may'st not say I am obstinate, and never follow thy advice, I will take thy counsel, and for once convey myself out of the reach of this dreadful brotherhood, that so strangely alarms thee, but upon this condition, that thou never tell any mortal creature, neither while I live, nor after my death, that I withdrew myself from this danger through fear, but merely to comply with thy intreaties: for if thou ever presume to say otherwise, thou wilt belye me; and from this time to that time, and from that time to the world's end, I give thee the lye, and thou lyeest, and shalt lye in thy throat, as often as thou say'st, or but think'st to the contrary. Therefore do not offer to reply; for should'st thou but surmise, that I would avoid any danger, and especially this which seems to give some occasion or colour for fear, I would certainly stay here, though unattended and alone, and expect and face not only the holy brotherhood, which thou dread'st so much, but also the fraternity or twelve heads of the tribes of Israel, the seven Maccabees, Castor and Pollux, and all the brothers and brotherhoods in the universe. An't please your worship, quoth Sancho, to withdraw is not to run away, and to stay is no wise action, when there's more reason to fear than to hope; 'tis the part of a wise man to keep himself to-day for to-morrow, and not venture all his eggs in one basket. And for all I'm but a clown, or a bumkin, as you may say, yet I'd have you to know I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance; therefore don't be asham'd of being rul'd by me, but e'en get o'horse-

back an you're able: come, I'll help you, and then follow me; for my mind plaguily misgives me, that now one pair of heels will stand us in more stead than two pair of hands.

Don Quixote, without any reply, made shift to mount Rozinante, and Sancho on his afs led the way to the neighbouring mountainous defart call'd Sierra Morena†, which the crafty squire had a design to cross over, and get out at the farthest end, either at Viso, or Almadover del campo, and in the mean time to lurk in the craggy and almost inaccessible retreats of that vast mountain, for fear of falling into the hands of the holy brotherhood. He was the more eager to steer this course, finding that the provision which he had laid on his afs had escap'd plundering, which was a kind of miracle, considering how narrowly the galley-slaves had search'd ev'ry where for booty. 'Twas night before our two travellers got to the middle and most defart part of the mountain; where Sancho advis'd his master to stay some days, at least as long as their provisions lasted; and accordingly that night they took up their lodging between two rocks, among a great number of cork-trees: but fortune, which, according to the opinion of those that have not the light of true faith, guides, appoints, and contrives all things as it pleases, directed Gines de

† *Sierra*, tho' Spanish for a *mountain*, properly means (not a *chain*, but) a *saw* from Latin *Serra*, because of its ridges rising and falling like the teeth of a saw. This mountain (call'd Morena from its Moorish or swarthy colour) parts the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andalusia.

Passamonte (that master-rogue, who, thanks be to Don Quixote's force and folly, had been put in a condition to do him a mischief) to this very part of the mountain, in order to hide himself till the heat of the pursuit, which he had just cause to fear, were over. He discover'd our adventurers much about the time that they fell asleep; and as wicked men are always ungrateful, and urgent necessity prompts many to do things, at the very thoughts of which they perhaps would start at other times. Gines, who was a stranger both to gratitude and humanity, resolv'd to ride away with Sancho's ass; for as for Rozinante, he look'd upon him as a thing that would neither sell nor pawn: so while poor Sancho lay snoring, he spirited away his darling beast, and made such haste, that before day he thought himself and his prize secure from the unhappy owner's pursuit.

Now Aurora with her smiling face return'd to enliven and cheer the earth, but alas! to grieve and affright Sancho with a dismal discovery: for he had no sooner open'd his eyes, but he miss'd his ass; and finding himself depriv'd of that dear partner of his fortunes, and best comfort in his peregrinations, he broke out into the most pitiful and sad lamentations in the world; insomuch that he wak'd Don Quixote with his moans. O dear child of my bowels, cry'd he, born and bred under my roof, my childrens play-fellow, the comfort of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the ease of my burthens, the staff of my life, and in a word, half my maintenance; for with six and twenty maravedis,

which were daily earn'd by thee, I made shift to keep half my family. Don Quixote, who easily guess'd the cause of these complaints, strove to comfort him with kind condoling words, and learn'd discourses upon the uncertainty of human happiness: but nothing prov'd so effectual to assuage his sorrow, as the promise which his master made him of drawing a bill of exchange on his niece for three asses out of five which he had at home, payable to Sancho Pança, or his order; which prevailing argument soon dry'd up his tears, hush'd his sighs and moans, and turn'd his complaints into thanks to his generous master for so unexpected a favour.

And now, as they wander'd further in these mountains, Don Quixote was transported with joy to find himself where he might flatter his ambition with the hopes of fresh adventures to signalize his valour; for these vast desarts made him call to mind the wonderful exploits of other knights-errant, perform'd in such solitudes. Fill'd with those airy notions, he thought on nothing else: but Sancho was for more substantial food; and now thinking himself quite out of the reach of the holy brotherhood, his only care was to fill his belly with the relics of the clerical booty; and thus sitting sideling, as women do, upon his beast *, he slyly took

* It is scarce twenty lines since Sancho lost his ass, as Mr. Jervas observes, and here he is upon his back again. The best excuse for this evident blunder, adds that gentleman, is Horace's *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. Upon which occasion the same gentleman, in his preface, asks, But what if Cervantes made this seeming slip on purpose for a bait to tempt the

out now one piece of meat, then another, and kept his grinders going faster than his feet. Thus plodding on, he would not have given a rush to have met with any other adventure.

While he was thus employ'd, he observ'd, that his master endeavour'd to take up something that lay on the ground with the end of his lance: this made him run to help him to lift up the bundle, which prov'd to be a portmanteau, and the seat of a saddle, that were half, or rather quite rotted with lying expos'd to the weather. The portmanteau was somewhat heavy; and Don Quixote having order'd Sancho to see what it contain'd, though it was shut with a chain and a padlock, he easily saw what was in it through the crack, and pull'd out four fine holland shirts, and other clean and fashionable linen, besides a considerable quantity of gold ty'd up in a handkerchief. Bless my eye-sight, quoth Sancho; and now heaven I thank thee for sending us such a lucky adventure once in our lives: with that,

minor critics: in the same manner as, in another place, he makes the princess of Micomicon land at Offuna, which is no sea-port? As by that he introduc'd a fine satire on an eminent Spanish historian of his time, who had describ'd it as such in his history; so by this he might have only taken occasion to reflect on a parallel incident in Ariosto, where Brunelo at the siege of Albraca, steals a horse from between the legs of Sacripante king of Circassia. It is, adds this judicious critic, the very defence the author makes for it himself, in the fourth chapter of the second part, where, by the way, both the Italian and old English translators have preserv'd the excuse, though by their altering the text they had taken away the occasion of it.

groping further in the portmanteau, he found a table-book richly bound. Give me that, said Don Quixote, and do thou keep the gold. Heaven reward your worship, quoth Sancho, kissing his master's hand, and at the same time clapping up the linen and the other things into the bag where he kept the victuals. I fancy, said Don Quixote, that some person, having lost his way in these mountains, has been met by robbers, who have murder'd him, and bury'd his body somewhere hereabouts. Sure your worship's mistaken, answer'd Sancho; for had they been highwaymen, they would never have left such a booty behind them. Thou art in the right, reply'd Don Quixote; and therefore I cannot imagine what it must be. But stay, I will examine the table-book, perhaps we shall find something written in that, which will help us to discover what I would know. With that he open'd it, and the first thing he found was the following rough draught of a sonnet, fairly enough written to be read with ease; so he read it aloud, that Sancho might know what was in it as well as himself:

THE RESOLVE.

A SONNET.

LOVE is a god ne'er knows our pain,
 Or cruelty's his darling attribute;
 Else he'd ne'er force me to complain,
 And to his spite my raging pain impute.

But sure if Love's a god, he must
 Have knowledge equal to his pow'r;
 And 'tis a crime to think a god unjust:
 Whence then the pains that now my heart devour?

From Phyllis? No: why do I pause?
 Such cruel ills ne'er boast so sweet a cause;
 Nor from the gods such torments we do bear,
 Let death then quickly be my cure:
 When thus we ills unknown endure,
 'Tis shortest to despair.

The de'il of any thing can be pick'd out o' this, quoth Sancho, unless you can tell who that same Phyll is. I did not read Phyll, but Phyllis, said Don Quixote. O then, mayhap, the man has lost his silly-foal. Phyllis, said Don Quixote, is the name of a lady that's belov'd by the author of this sonnet, who truly seems to be a tolerable poet*, or I've but little judgment. Why then, quoth Sancho, belike your worship understands how to make verses too? That I do, answer'd Don Quixote, and better than thou imagin'st, as thou shalt see, when I shall give thee a letter written all in verse to carry to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso: for, I must tell thee, friend Sancho, all the knights-errant, or at least the greatest part of 'em, in former times were great poets, and as great musicians; those qualifications, or to speak better, those two gifts, or accomplishments, being almost inseparable from amorous adventures:

* Cervantes himself.

though I must confess the verses of the knights in former ages are not altogether so polite, nor so adorn'd with words, as with thoughts and inventions.

Good Sir, quoth Sancho, look again into the pocket-book, mayhap you will find somewhat that will inform you of what you'd know. With that Don Quixote turning over the leaf, Here's some prose, cry'd he, and I think 'tis the sketch of a love-letter. O! good your worship, quoth Sancho, read it out by all means; for I mightily delight in hearing of love-stories.

Don Quixote read it aloud, and found what follows:

' The falsehood of your promises, and my despair,
' hurry me from you for ever; and you shall sooner
' hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaints. You have forsaken me, ungrateful fair, for
' one more wealthy indeed, but not more deserving
' than your abandon'd slave. Were virtue esteem'd a
' treasure equal to its worth by your unthinking sex, I
' must presume to say, I should have no reason to envy
' the wealth of others, and no misfortune to bewail.
' What your beauty has rais'd, your actions have destroyed; the first made me mistake you for an angel,
' but the last convince me you're a very woman. However, O! too lovely disturber of my peace, may
' interrupted rest and downy ease engross your happy
' hours; and may forgiving heaven still keep your husband's perfidiousness conceal'd, lest it should cost your
' repenting heart a sigh for the injustice you have done
' to so faithful a lover, and so I should be prompted

‘ to a revenge which I do not desire to take. Fare-
‘ wel.’

This letter, quoth Don Quixote, does not give us any further insight into the things we would know ; all I can infer from it is, that the person who wrote it was a betray’d lover : and so turning over the remaining leaves, he found several other letters and verses, some of which were legible, and some so scribbl’d, that he could make nothing of them. As for those he read, he could meet with nothing in ’em but accusations, complaints and expostulations, distrusts and jealousies, pleasures and discontents, favours and disdain, the one highly valu’d, the other as mournfully resent’d. And while the knight was poring on the table-book, Sancho was rummaging the portmanteau, and the seat of the saddle, with that exactness, that he did not leave a corner unsearch’d, nor a seam unripp’d, nor a single lock of wool unpick’d ; for the gold he had found, which was above an hundred ducats, had but whetted his greedy appetite, and made him wild for more. Yet though this was all he could find, he thought himself well paid for the more than Herculean labours he had undergone ; nor could he now repine at his being tofs’d in a blanket, the straining and griping operation of the balsam, the benedictions of the packstaves and leavers, the fist-cuffs of the lewd carrier, the loss of his cloak, his dear wallet, and of his dearer ass, and all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue which he had suffer’d in his kind master’s service. On the other side, the knight of the woe-ful figure strangely desir’d to know who was the owner

of the portmanteau, guessing by the verses, the letter, the linen, and the gold, that he was a person of worth, whom the disdain and unkindness of his mistress had driven to despair. At length, however, he gave over the thoughts of it, discovering no body through that vast desert; and so he rode on, wholly guided by Rozinante's discretion, which always made the grave sagacious creature chuse the plainest and smoothest way; the master still firmly believing, that in those woody uncultivated forests he should infallibly start some wonderful adventure.

And indeed, while these hopes possess'd him, he spy'd upon the top of a stony crag just before him a man that skipp'd from rock to rock, over briars and bushes, with wonderful agility. He seem'd to him naked from the waist upwards, with a thick black beard, his hair long, and strangely tangled, his head, legs, and feet bare; on his hips a pair of breeches, that appear'd to be of sad-colour'd velvet, but so tatter'd and torn, that they discover'd his skin in many places. These particulars were observ'd by Don Quixote while he pass'd by; and he follow'd him, endeavouring to overtake him, for he presently guess'd this was the owner of the portmanteau. But Rozinante, who was naturally slow and phlegmatic, was in too weak a case besides to run races with so swift an apparition: yet the knight of the woeful figure resolv'd to find out that unhappy creature, though he were to bestow a whole year in the search; and to that intent he order'd Sancho to beat one side of the mountain, while he hunted the other.

In good sooth, quoth Sancho, your worship must excuse me as to that; for if I but offer to stir an inch from you I'm almost frightened out of my seven senses: and let this serve you hereafter for a warning, that you may not send me a nail's breadth from your presence. Well, said the knight, I will take thy case into consideration; and it does not displease me, Sancho, to see thee thus rely upon my valour, which I dare assure thee, shall never fail thee, though thy very soul should be scar'd out of thy body. Follow me therefore step by step, with as much haste as is consistent with good speed; and let thy eyes pry every where while we search every part of this rock, where 'tis probable we may meet with that wretched mortal, who doubtless is the owner of the portmanteau.

Odsnigs, Sir, quoth Sancho, I had rather get out of his way; for should we chance to meet him, and he lay claim to the portmanteau, 'tis a plain case I shall be forc'd to part with the money: and therefore I think it much better, without making so much ado, to let me keep it *bona fide*, till we can light on the right owner some more easy way, and without dancing after him; which mayn't happen 'till we have spent all the money; and in that case I'm free from the law, and he may go whistle for't. Thou art mistaken, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, for seeing we have some reason to think, that we know who is the owner, we are bound in conscience to endeavour to find him out, and restore it to him; the rather, because should we not now strive to meet him, yet the strong presumption we have that the goods be-

long to him, would make us possessors of 'em *mala fide*, and render us as guilty as if the party whom we suspect

we lost the things were really the right owner : therefore, friend Sancho, do not think much of searching for him, since if we find him out, 'twill extremely ease my mind. With that he spurr'd Rozinante ; and Sancho, not very well pleas'd, follow'd him, comforting himself however with the hopes of the three asses which his master had promis'd him. So when they had rode over the greatest part of the mountain, they came to a brook, where they found a mule lying dead, with her saddle and bridle about her, and herself half devour'd by beasts and birds of prey ; which discovery further confirm'd them in their suspicion, that the man who fled so nimbly from them, was the owner of the mule and portmanteau. Now, as they paus'd and ponder'd upon this, they heard a whistling like that of some shepherd keeping his flocks ; and presently after, upon their left hand, they spy'd a great number of goats with an old herdsman after them, on the top of the mountain. Don Quixote call'd out to him, and desir'd him to come down ; but the goat-herd, instead of answering him, ask'd 'em in as loud a tone how they came thither in those desarts, where scarce any living creatures resorted except goats, wolves, and other wild beasts ? Sancho told him, they would satisfy him as to that point if he would come where they were. With that the goat-herd came down to 'em ; and seeing them look upon the dead mule, that dead mule, said the old fellow, has lain in that very place this six months ; but

pray tell me, good people, have you not met the master of it by the way? We have met no body, answer'd Don Quixote; but we found a portmanteau and a saddle-cushion not far from this place. I have seen it too, quoth the goat-herd, but I never durst meddle with it, nor so much as come near it, for fear of some misdemeanour, lest I should be charg'd with having stol'n somewhat out of it: for who knows what might happen? the devil is subtle, and sometimes lays baits in our way to tempt us, or blocks to make us stumble. 'Tis just so with me, gaffer, quoth Sancho, for I saw the portmanteau too, d'ye see, but the devil a bit would I come within a stone's throw of it; no, there I found it, and there I left it, i'faith, it shall e'en lie there still for me. He that steals a bell-weather shall be discover'd by the bell. Tell me, honest friend, ask'd Don Quixote, do'st thou know who is the owner of those things? All I know of the matter, answer'd the goat-herd, is, that 'tis now six months, little more or less, since to a certain sheep-fold, some three leagues off, there came a young well-featur'd proper gentleman in good cloaths, and under him this same mule that now lies dead here, with the cushion and cloak-bag, which you say you met, but touch'd not. He ask'd us which was the most desert and least frequented part of these mountains? and we told him this where we are now; and in that we spoke the plain truth, for should you venture to go but half a league further, you would hardly be able to get back again in haste; and I marvel how you could get even thus far; for there's neither high-way nor

foot-path that may direct a man this way. Now as soon as the young gentleman had heard our answer, he turn'd about his mule, and made to the place we shew'd him, leaving us all with a hugeous liking to his comliness, and strangely marvelling at his demand, and the haste he made towards the middle of the mountain. After that we heard no more of him in a great while, till one day by chance one of the shepherds coming by, he fell upon him without saying why or wherefore, and beat him without mercy : after that he went to the ass that carry'd our victuals, and taking away all the bread and cheefe that was there, he tripp'd back again to the mountain with wond'rous speed. Hearing this, a good number of us together resolv'd to find him out ; and when we had spent the best part of two days in the thickest of the forest, we found him at last lurking in the hollow of a huge cork-tree, from whence he came forth to meet us as mild as could be. But then he was so alter'd, his face was so disfigur'd, wan, and sun-burnt, that had it not been for his attire, which we made shift to know again, tho' 'twas all in rags and tatters, we could not have thought it had been the same man. He saluted us courteously, and told us in few words, mighty handsomly put together, that we were not to marvel to see him in that manner, for that it behov'd him so to be, that he might fulfill a certain penance enjoin'd him for the great sins he had committed. We pray'd him to tell us who he was, but he would by no means do it : we likewise desir'd him to let us know where we might find him, that whensoever he wanted victuals we might

bring him some, which we told him we would be sure to do, for otherwise he would be starv'd in that barren place; requesting him, that if he did not like that motion neither, he would at leastwise come and ask us for what he wanted, and not take it by force as he had done. He thank'd us heartily for our offer, and begg'd pardon for that injury, and promis'd to ask it henceforwards as an alms, without setting upon any one. As for his place of abode, he told us he had none certain, but wherever night caught him, there he lay: and he ended his discourse with such bitter moans, that we must have had hearts of flint, had we not had a feeling of 'em, and kept him company therein; chiefly considering we beheld him so strangely alter'd from what we had seen him before; for, as I said, he was a very fine comely young man, and by his speech and behaviour we could guess him to be well born, and a court-like sort of a body: for though we were but clowns, yet such was his genteel behaviour, that we could not help being taken with it. Now as he was talking to us, he stopped of a sudden, as if he had been struck dumb, fixing his eyes stedfastly on the ground; whereat we all stood in a maze. After he had thus star'd a good while, he shut his eyes, then open'd 'em again, bit his lips, knit his brows, clutch'd his fists; and then rising from the ground, whereon he had thrown himself a little before, he flew at the man that stood next to him with such a fury, that if we had not pull'd him off by main force, he would have bit and thump'd him to death; and all the while he cry'd out, ' Ah! traitor

'Ferdinand, here, here thou shalt pay for the wrong
'thou hast done me; I must rip up that false heart of
'thine;' and a deal more he added, all in dispraise of
that same Ferdinand. After that he flung from us with-
out saying a word, leaping over the bushes and bram-
bles at such a strange rate, that 'twas impossible for us
to come at him; from which we gather'd, that his
madness comes on him by fits, and that same one call'd
Ferdinand had done him an ill turn, that hath brought
the poor young man to this pass. And this hath been
confirm'd since that many and many times; for when
he's in his right senses he'll come and beg for victuals,
and thank us for it with tears: but when he is in his
mad fit, he will beat us though we proffer him meat
civilly: and to tell you the truth, Sirs, added the goat-
herd, I and four others, of whom two are my men,
and the other two my friends, yesterday agreed to look
for him till we should find him out, either by fair
means or by force to carry him to Almodover town,
that's but eight leagues off: and there we'll have him
cur'd if possible, or at least we shall learn what he is
when he comes to his wits, and whether he has any
friends to whom he may be sent back. This is all I
know of the matter; and I dare assure you, that the
owner of those things which you saw in the way is the
self-same body that went so nimbly by you, for Don
Quixote had by this time acquainted the goat-herd of
his having seen that man skipping among the rocks.

The knight was wonderfully concern'd when he had
heard the goat-herd's story, and renew'd his resolution

of finding out that distracted wretch, whatever time and pains it might cost him. But fortune was more propitious to his desires than he could reasonably have expected: for just as they were speaking they spy'd him right against the place where they stood, coming towards 'em out of the cleft of a rock, muttering somewhat to himself, which they could not well have understood had they stood close by him, much less could they guess his meaning at that distance. His apparel was such as has already been said, only Don Quixote observ'd when he drew nearer, that he had on a shamoy waistcoat torn in many places, which yet the knight found to be perfum'd with amber; and by this, as also by the rest of his cloaths, and other conjectures, he judg'd him to be a man of some quality. As soon as the unhappy creature came near 'em, he saluted 'em very civilly, but with a hoarse voice. Don Quixote return'd his civilities, and alighting from Rozinante, accosted him in a very graceful manner, and hugg'd him close in his arms, as if he had been one of his intimate acquaintance. The other, whom we may venture to call the knight of the ragg'd figure, as well as Don Quixote the knight of the woeful figure, having got loose from that embrace, could not forbear stepping back a little, and laying his hands on the companion's shoulders, he stood staring in his face, as if he had been striving to call to mind whether he had known him before, probably wondring as much to behold Don Quixote's countenance, armour, and strange figure, as Don Quixote did to see his tatter'd condition: but the first

that open'd his mouth after this pause was the ragged knight, as you shall find by the sequel of the story.

C H A P. X.

The adventure in the Sierra-Morena continued.

THE history relates, that Don Quixote listen'd with great attention to the disastrous knight of the mountain, who made him the following compliment. Truly, Sir, whoever you be (for I have not the honour to know you) I'm much oblig'd to you for your expressions of civility and friendship; and I cou'd wish I were in a condition to convince you otherwise than by words of the deep sense I have of 'em: but my bad fortune leaves me nothing to return for so many favours, but unprofitable wishes. Sir, answer'd Don Quixote, I've so hearty a desire to serve you, that I was fully resolv'd not to depart these mountains till I had found you out, that I might know from yourself, whether the discontents that have urg'd you to make choice of this unusual course of life, might not admit of a remedy; for if they do, assure yourself I will leave no means untry'd, till I have purchas'd you that ease which I heartily wish you: or if your disasters are of that fatal kind, that exclude you for ever from the hopes of comfort or relief, then will I mingle sorrows with you, and by sharing your load of grief, help you to bear the oppressing weight of affliction: for 'tis the only comfort of the miserable to have partners in their woes. If then good intentions may plead merit, or a grateful re-

quital, let me intreat you, Sir, by that generous nature that shoots through the gloom with which adversity has clouded your graceful outside; nay, let me conjure you by the darling object of your wishes, to let me know who you are, and what strange misfortunes have urg'd you to withdraw from the converse of your fellow-creatures, to bury yourself alive in this horrid solitude, where you linger out a wretched being, a stranger to ease, to all mankind, and even to your very self. And I solemnly swear, added Don Quixote, by the order of knighthood, of which I am an unworthy professor, that if you so far gratify my desires, I will assist you to the utmost of my capacity, either by remedying your disaster, if 'tis not past redress: or at least, I will become your partner in sorrow, and strive to ease it by a society in sadness.

The knight of the wood hearing the knight of the woeful figure talk at that rate, look'd upon him steadfastly for a long time, and view'd and reviewed him from head to foot; and when he had gaz'd a great while upon him, Sir, cry'd he, if you have any thing to eat, for heaven's sake give it me, and when my hunger is abated, I shall be better able to comply with your desires, which your great civilities and undeserved offers oblige me to satisfy. Sancho and the goat-herd hearing this, presently took out some victuals, the one out of his bag, and the other out of his scrip, and gave it to the ragged knight to allay his hunger, who immediately fell on with that greedy haste, that he seem'd rather to devour than feed; for he us'd no

intermission between bit and bit, so greedily he chopped them up : and all the time he was eating, neither he, nor the by-standers, spoke the least word. When he had asswag'd his voracious appetite, he beckon'd to Don Quixote and the rest to follow him : and, after he had brought 'em to a neighbouring meadow, he laid himself at his ease on the grass, where the rest of the company sitting down by him, neither he nor they having yet spoke a word since he fell to eating, he began in this manner :

Gentlemen, said he, if you intend to be informed of my misfortunes, you must promise me beforehand not to cut off the thread of my doleful narration with any questions, or any other interruption ; for in the very instant that any of you does it, I shall leave off abruptly ; and will not afterwards go on with the story. This preamble put Don Quixote in mind of Sancho's ridiculous tale, which by his neglect in not telling the goats, was brought to an untimely conclusion. I only use this precaution, added the ragged knight, because I would be quick in my relation ; for the very remembrance of my former misfortune proves a new one to me, and yet I promise you I'll endeavour to omit nothing that's material, that you may have as full an account of my disasters as I am sensible you desire. Thereupon Don Quixote, for himself and the rest, having promis'd him uninterrupted attention, he proceeded in this manner : My name is Cardenio, the place of my birth one of the best cities in Andalusia ; my descent noble *, my pa-

* In Spain all the gentry are call'd noble.

rents wealthy : but my misfortunes are so great, that they have doubtless fill'd my relations with the deepest of sorrows ; nor are they to be remedy'd with wealth, for goods of fortune avail but little against the anger of heaven. In the same town dwelt the charming Lucinda, the most beautiful creature that ever nature fram'd, equal in descent and fortune to myself, but more happy and less constant. I lov'd, nay ador'd her almost from her infancy ; and from her tender years she blest'd me with as kind a return as is suitable with the innocent freedom of that age. Our parents were conscious of that early friendship ; nor did they oppose the growth of this inoffensive passion, which they perceiv'd could have no other consequences than a happy union of our families by marriage ; a thing which the equality of our births and fortunes did indeed of itself almost invite us to. Afterwards our loves so grew up with our years, that Lucinda's father, either judging our usual familiarity prejudicial to his daughter's honour, or for some other reasons, sent to desire me to discontinue my frequent visits to his house : but this restraint prov'd but like that which was us'd by the parents of that loving Thibbe, so celebrated by the poets, and but added flames to flames, and impatience to desires. As our tongues were now debarr'd their former privilege, we had recourse to our pens, which assum'd the greater freedom to disclose the most hidden secrets of our hearts ; for the presence of the beloved object often heightens a certain awe and bashfulness, that disorders, confounds and strikes dumb even the most passionate

lover. How many letters have I writ to that lovely charmer ! how many soft moving verses have I address'd to her ! what kind, yet honourable returns have I receiv'd from her ! the mutual pledges of our secret love, and the innocent consolations of a violent passion. At length, languishing and wasting with desire, depriv'd of that reviving comfort of my soul, I resolv'd to remove those bars with which her father's care and decent caution obstructed my only happiness, by demanding her of him in marriage : he very civilly told me, that he thank'd me for the honour I did him, but that I had a father alive, whose consent was to be obtain'd as well as his, and who was the most proper person to make such a proposal. I thank'd him for his civil answer, and thought it carry'd some shew of reason, not doubting but my father would readily consent to the proposal. I therefore immediately went to wait on him, with a design to beg his approbation and assistance. I found him in his chamber with a letter open'd before him, which, as soon as he saw me, he put into my hand, before I could have time to acquaint him with my business. Cardenio, said he, you'll see by this letter the extraordinary kindness that duke Ricardo has for you. I suppose I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this duke Ricardo is a grandee of Spain, most of whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I read the letter, and found it contain'd so kind and advantageous an offer, that my father could not but accept of it with thankfulness : for the duke intreated him to send me to him with all speed, that I might be the companion of his

eldest son, promising withal to advance me to a post answerable to the good opinion he had of me. This unexpected news struck me dumb; but my surprize and disappointment were much greater, when I heard my father say to me, Cardenio, you must get ready to be gone in two days: in the mean time give heaven thanks for opening you a way to that preferment which I am so sensible you deserve. After this he gave me several wise admonitions both as a father and a man of business, and then he left me. The day fix'd for my journey quickly came; however, the night that preceded it, I spoke to Lucinda at her window, and told her what had happen'd. I also gave her father a visit, and inform'd him of it too, beseeching him to preserve his good opinion of me, and defer the bestowing of his daughter till I had been with duke Ricardo, which he kindly promis'd me: and then Lucinda and I, after an exchange of vows and protestations of eternal fidelity, took our leaves of each other with all the grief which two tender and passionate lovers can feel at a separation.

I left the town, and went to wait upon the duke, who receiv'd and entertain'd me with that extraordinary kindness and civility that soon rais'd the envy of his greatest favourites. But he that most endearingly caress'd me, was Don Ferdinand, the duke's second son, a young, airy, handsome, generous gentleman, and of a very amorous disposition; he seem'd to be overjoy'd at my coming, and in a most obliging manner told me, he would have me one of his most intimate friends. In

short, he so really convinc'd me of his affection, that though his elder brother gave me many testimonies of love and esteem, yet could I easily distinguish between their favours. Now, as 'tis common for bosom friends to keep nothing secret from each other, Don Ferdinand relying as much on my fidelity, as I had reason to depend on his, reveal'd to me his most private thoughts; and among the rest, his being in love with the daughter of a very rich farmer, who was his father's vassal. The beauty of that lovely country maid, her virtue, her discretion, and the other graces of her mind, gain'd her the admiration of all those who approach'd her: and those uncommon endowments had so charm'd the soul of Don Ferdinand, that finding it absolutely impossible to corrupt her chastity, since she would not yield to his embraces as a mistress, he resolv'd to marry her. I thought myself oblig'd by all the ties of gratitude and friendship, to dissuade him from so unsuitable a match; and therefore I made use of such arguments as might have diverted any one but so confirm'd a lover from such an unequal choice. At last, finding 'em all ineffectual, I resolv'd to inform the duke his father with his intentions: but Don Ferdinand was too clear-sighted not to read my design in my great dislike of his resolutions, and dreading such a discovery, which he knew my duty to his father might well warrant, in spite of our intimacy, since I look'd upon such a marriage as highly prejudicial to them both, he made it his business to hinder me from betraying his passion to his father, assuring me, there would be no need to

reveal it to him. To blind me the more effectually, he told me he was willing to try the power of absence, that common cure of love, thereby to wear out and lose his unhappy passion; and that in order to this, he would take a journey with me to my father's house, pretending to buy horses in our town, where the best in the world are bred. No sooner had I heard this plausible proposal but I approv'd it, sway'd by the interest of my own love, that made me fond of an opportunity to see my absent Lucinda. I have heard since, that Don Ferdinand had already been blest'd by his mistress, with all the liberty of boundless love, upon a promise of marriage, and that he only waited an opportunity to discover it with safety, being afraid of incurring his father's indignation. But as what we call love in young men, is too often only an irregular passion, and boiling desire, that has no other object than sensual pleasure, and vanishes, with enjoyment, while real love, fixing itself on the perfections of the mind, is still improving and permanent: as soon as Don Ferdinand had accomplish'd his lawless desires, his strong affection slacken'd, and his hot love grew cold: so that if at first his proposing to try the power of absence was only a pretence, that he might get rid of his passion, there was nothing now which he more heartily coveted, that he might thereby avoid fulfilling his promise. And therefore having obtain'd the duke's leave, away we posted to my father's house, where Don Ferdinand was entertain'd according to his quality; and I went to visit my Lucinda, who, by a thousand innocent endearments,

made me sensible, that her love, like mine, was rather heighten'd than weaken'd by absence, if any thing could heighten a love so great and so perfect. I then thought myself oblig'd by the laws of friendship, not to conceal the secrets of my heart from so kind and intimate a friend, who had so generously entrusted me with his; and therefore, to my eternal ruin, I unhappily discover'd to him my passion. I prais'd Lucinda's beauty, her wit, her virtue, and prais'd 'em so like a lover, so often, and so highly, that I rais'd in him a great desire to see so accomplish'd a lady; and, to gratify his curiosity, I shew'd her to him by the help of a light. one evening, at a low window, where we us'd to have our amorous interviews. She prov'd but too charming, and too strong a temptation to Don Ferdinand; and her prevailing image made so deep an impression on his soul, that 'twas sufficient to blot out of his mind all those beauties that had till then employ'd his wanton thoughts: he was struck dumb with wonder and delight, at the sight of the ravishing apparition; and, in short, to see her, and to love her, prov'd with him the same thing: and when I say to love her, I need not add to desperation, for there's no loving her but to an extreme. If her face made him so soon take fire, her wit quickly set him all in a flame. He often importun'd me to communicate to him some of her letters, which I indeed would ne'er expose to any eyes but my own; but unhappily one day he found one, wherein she desired me to demand her of her father, and to hasten the marriage. It was penn'd with that tenderness and discretion, that

when he had read it, he presently cry'd out, that the amorous charms which were scatter'd and divided among other beauties, were all divinely center'd in Lucinda, and in Lucinda alone. Shall I confess a shameful truth? Lucinda's praises, tho' never so deserv'd, did not sound pleasantly to my ears out of Don Ferdinand's mouth. I began to entertain I know not what distrusts and jealous fears, the rather, because he would be still improving the least opportunity of talking of her, and insensibly turning the discourse he held of other matters, to make her the subject, tho' never so far fetch'd, of our constant talk. Not that I was apprehensive of the least infidelity from Lucinda: far from it; she gave me daily fresh assurances of her inviolable affection: but I fear'd every thing from my malignant stars, and lovers are commonly industrious to make themselves uneasy.

It happen'd one day, that Lucinda, who took great delight in reading books of knight-errantry, desir'd me to lend her the romance of Amadis de Gaul——

Scarce had Cardenio mention'd knight-errantry, when Don Quixote interrupted him: Sir, said he, had you but told me, when you first mention'd the lady Lucinda, that she was an admirer of books of knight-errantry, there had been no need of using any amplification to convince me of her being a person of uncommon sense: yet, Sir, had she not us'd those mighty helps, those infallible guides to sense, though indulgent nature had strove to bless her with the richest gifts she can bestow, I might justly enough have doubted whe-

ther her perfections could have gain'd her the love of a person of your merit : but now you need not employ your eloquence to set forth the greatness of her beauty, the excellence of her worth, or the depth of her sense : for, from this account which I have of her taking great delight in reading books of chivalry, I dare pronounce her to be the most beautiful, nay, the most accomplish'd lady in the universe : and I heartily could have wish'd that with Amadis de Gaul you had sent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece ; for I am certain the lady Lucinda would have been extremely delighted with Daryda and Garaya, as also with the discreet shepherd Darinel, and those admirable verses of his bucolics, which he sung and repeated with so good a grace : but a time may yet be found to give her the satisfaction of reading those master-pieces, if you will do me the honour to come to my house ; for there I may supply you with above three hundred volumes, which are my soul's greatest delight, and the darling comfort of my life ; though now I remember myself, I have just reason to fear there's not one of 'em left in my study, thanks to the malicious envy of wicked inchanters. I beg your pardon for giving you this interruption, contrary to my promise ; but when I hear the least mention made of knight-errantry, it is no more in my power to forbear speaking, than 'tis in the sun-beams not to warm, or in those of the moon not to impart her natural humidity ; and therefore, Sir, I beseech you to go on.

While Don Quixote was running on with this impertinent digression, Cardenio hung down his head on

his breast with all the signs of a man lost in sorrow: nor could Don Quixote with repeated intreaties persuade him to look up, or answer a word. At last, after he had stood thus a considerable while, he rais'd his head, and suddenly breaking silence, 'I am positively convinc'd, cry'd he, nor shall any man in the world ever persuade me to the contrary; and he's a block-head who says, that great villain Mr. Elifabat *, never lay with queen Madafima.'

'Tis false, cry'd Don Quixote, in a mighty heat; by all the powers above, 'tis all scandal and base detraction to say this of queen Madafima. She was a most noble and virtuous lady; nor is it to be presum'd that so great a princess would ever debase herself so far as to fall in love with a quack. Whoever dares to say she did, lyes like an arrant villain; and I'll make him acknowledge it either a-foot or a-horseback, arm'd or unarm'd, by night or by day, or how he pleases. Cardenio very earnestly fix'd his eyes on Don Quixote, while he was thus defying him, and taking queen Madafima's part, as if she had been his true and lawful princess; and being provok'd by these abuses into one of his mad fits, he took up a great stone that lay by him, and hit Don Quixote such a blow on his breast with it, that it beat him down backwards. Sancho see-

* Elifabat is a skilful surgeon in Amadis de Gaul, who performs wonderful cures; and queen Madafima is wife to Gantafis, and makes a great figure in the aforesaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and desarts, without any imputation on her honour.

ing his lord and master so roughly handled, fell upon the mad knight with his clench'd fists; but he beat him off at the first onset, and laid him at his feet with a single blow, and then fell a trampling on his guts, like a baker in a dough-trough. Nay, the goat-herd, who was offering to take Sancho's part, had like to have been serv'd in the same manner. So the ragged knight having tumbled 'em one over another, and beaten 'em handsomely, left 'em, and ran into the wood without the least opposition.

Sancho got up when he saw him gone; and being very much out of humour to find himself so roughly handled without any manner of reason, began to pick a quarrel with the goat-herd, railing at him for not forewarning them of the ragged knight's mad fits, that they might have stood upon their guard. The goat-herd answer'd; he had given 'em warning at first, and if he could not hear, 'twas no fault of his. To this Sancho reply'd, and the goat-herd made a rejoinder, till from *pro's* and *cons* they fell to a warmer way of disputing, and went to fistycuffs together, catching one another by the beards, and tugging, haling, and belabouring one another so unmercifully, that had not Don Quixote parted 'em, they would have pull'd one another's chins off. Sancho, in great wrath, still keeping his hold; cry'd to his master, Let me alone, Sir knight of the woeful figure: this is no dubb'd knight, but an ordinary fellow like myself; I may be reveng'd on him for the wrong he has done me; let me box it out, and fight him fairly hand to fist like a man. Thou may'st fight

him as he's thy equal, answer'd Don Quixote, but thou oughtest not to do it, since he has done us no wrong. After this he pacify'd 'em, and then addressing himself to the goat-herd, he ask'd him whether it were possible to find out Cardenio again, that he might hear the end of his story? The goat-herd answer'd, that, as he already told him, he knew of no settled place he us'd, but that if they made any stay thereabouts, he might be sure to meet with him, mad or sober, some time or other.

C H A P. XI.

Of the strange things that happen'd to the valiant knight of La Mancha in the black mountain; and of the penance he did there, in imitation of Belte-nebros, or the lovely obscure.

DON Quixote took leave of the goat-herd, and having mounted Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did, but with no very good will, his master leading him into the roughest and most craggy part of the mountain. Thus they travell'd for a while without speaking a word to each other. Sancho, almost dead, and ready to burst for want of a little chat, waited with great impatience till his master should begin, not daring to speak first, since his strict injunction of silence. But at last, not being able to keep his word any longer, Good your worship, quoth he, give me your blessing and leave to be gone, I beseech you, that I may go home to my wife and children, where I

may talk till I am weary, and no body can hinder me; for I must needs tell you, that for you to think to lead me a jaunt through hedge and ditch, over hills and dales, by night and by day, without daring to open my lips, is to bury me alive. Could beasts speak, as they did in Esop's time, 'twould not have been half so bad with me; for then might I have communed with my ass as I pleas'd, and have forgot my ill fortune *: but to trot on in this fashion, all the days of my life, after adventures, and to light of nothing but thumps, kicks, cuffs, and be toss'd in a blanket, and after all, forsooth, to have a man's mouth sew'd up, without daring to speak one's mind, I say't again, no living soul can endure it. I understand thee, Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote, thou lingere'st with impatience to exercise thy talking faculty. Well, I am willing to free thy tongue from this restraint that so cruelly pains thee, upon condition, that the time of this licence shall not extend beyond that of our continuance in these mountains. A match, quoth Sancho, let's make hay while the sun shines, I'll talk whilst I may; what I may do hereafter heaven knows best! And so beginning to take the benefit of his privilege, Pray Sir, quoth he, what occasion had you to take so hotly the part of queen Magimasa, or what d'ye call her? What a devil was it to you,

* See note on the preceeding chapter but one. The Spaniards vulgarly call Esop Giosopete, as Cervantes does here. The French too, according to Oudin, commonly call Esop Ilopet.

whether that same master Abbot * were her friend in a corner, or no? Had you taken no notice of what was said, as you might well have done, seeing 'twas no business of yours, the madman wou'd have gone on with his story, you had miss'd a good thump on the breast, and I had 'scap'd some five or six good dowses on the chaps, besides the trampling of my puddings. Upon my honour, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, didst thou but know, as well as I do, what a virtuous and eminent lady queen Madafima was, thou wou'd'st say I had a great deal of patience, seeing I did not strike that profane wretch on the mouth, out of which such blasphemies proceeded: for, in short, 'twas the highest piece of detraction to say, that a queen was scandalously familiar with a barber-surgeon: for the truth of the story is, that this master Elisabat, of whom the madman spoke, was a person of extraordinary prudence and sagacity, and physician to that queen, who also made use of his advice in matters of importance; but to say she gave him up her honour, and prostituted herself to the embraces of a man of such an inferior degree, was an impudent, groundless, and slanderous accusation, worthy of the severest punishment: neither can I believe that Cardenio knew what he said, when he charged the queen with that debasing guilt: for, 'tis plain, that his raving fit had disorder'd the seat of his under-

* Sancho, remembring only the latter part of master Elisabat's name, pleasantly calls him Abad, which is Spanish for an abbot. Abad, as Oudin observes, sounds like the end of Elisabat.

standing. Why, there it is, quoth Sancho; who but a madman wou'd have minded what a madman said? What if the flint that hit you on the breast had dash'd out your brains? we had been in a dainty pickle for taking the part of that same lady, with a pease-cod in her. Nay, and Cardenio would have come off too had he knock'd you on the head; for the law has nothing to do with madmen. Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, we knights-errant are oblig'd to vindicate the honour of women of what quality soever, as well against madmen as against men in their senses; much more queens of that magnitude and extraordinary worth, as queen Madafima, for whose rare endowments I have a peculiar veneration; for she was a most beautiful lady, discreet and prudent to admiration, and behaved herself with an exemplary patience in all her misfortunes. 'Twas then that the company and wholesome counsels of master Elisabat prov'd very useful to alleviate the burthen of her afflictions: from which the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occasion to suspect and rumour, that she was guilty of an unlawful commerce with him. But I say once more, they lye, and lye a thousand times, whoever they be, that shall presumptuously report, or hint, or so much as think or surmise so base a calumny.

Why, quoth Sancho, I neither say, nor think, one way nor the t'other, not I: let them that say it, eat the lye, and swallow it with their bread. If they lay together, they have answer'd for it before now. I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no

bread and butter of mine : every man for himself, and God for us all, say I ; for he that buys and lyes, finds it in his purse. Let him that owns the cow, take her by the tail. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out. Many think to find flitches of bacon, and find not so much as the racks to lay 'em on : but who can hedge in a cuckow ? Little said is soon mended. It's a sin to belye the devil : but misunderstanding brings lyes to town, and there's no padlocking of people's mouths ; for a close mouth catches no flies.

Bless me ! cry'd Don Quixote, what a catalogue of musty proverbs hast thou run through ! what a heap of frippery ware hast thou threaded together, and how wide from the purpose ! pr'ythee have done, and for the future let thy whole study be to spur thy ass ; nor do thou concern thyself with things that are out of thy sphere ; and with all thy five senses remember this, that whatsoever I do, have done, and shall do, is no more than what is the result of mature consideration, and strictly conformable to the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than all the knights that ever profess'd knight-errantry. Ay, ay, Sir, quoth Sancho, but pray, isn't a good law of chivalry that says we shall wander up and down over bushes and briars, in this rocky wilderness, where there's neither foot-path nor horse-way ; running after a madman, who, if we may light on him again, may chance to make an end of what he has begun, not of his tale of a roasted horse, I mean, but of belabouring you and me throughly, and squeezing out my guts at both ends ? Once more I pr'ythee have done,

saïd Don Quixote: I have business of greater moment than the finding this frantic man; it is not so much that business that detains me in this barren and desolate wild, as a desire I have to perform a certain heroic deed that shall immortalize my fame, and make it fly to the remotest regions of the habitable globe; nay, it shall seal and confirm the most compleat and absolute knight-errant in the world. But is not this same adventure very dangerous, ask'd Sancho? Not at all, reply'd Don Quixote, tho' as fortune may order it, our expectations may be baffled by disappointing accidents: but the main thing consists in thy diligence. My diligence, quoth Sancho? I mean, saïd Don Quixote, that if thou return'st with all the speed imaginable from the place whither I design to send thee, my pain will soon be at an end, and my glory begin. And because I do not doubt thy zeal for advancing thy master's intrest, I will no longer conceal my design from thee: know then, my most faithful squire, that Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplish'd knights-errant; nay, I should not have saïd, he was one of them, but the most perfect, the chief, and prince of them all. And let not the Belianises, nor any others, pretend to stand in competition with him for the honour of priority; for, to my knowledge, should they attempt it, they would be egregiously in the wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a painter studies to excel and grow famous in his art, he takes care to imitate the best originals; which rule ought likewise to be observ'd in all other arts and sciences that serve for the ornament of well-regulated

commonwealths. Thus he that is ambitious of gaining the reputation of a prudent and patient man, ought to propose to himself to imitate Ulysses, in whose person and troubles Homer has admirably delineated a perfect pattern and prototype of wisdom and heroic patience. So Virgil, in his Aeneas, has given the world a rare example of filial piety, and of the sagacity of a valiant and experienc'd general; both the Greek and Roman poets representing their heroes not such as they really were, but such as they should be, to remain examples of virtue to ensuing ages. In the same manner, Amadis having been the polar star and sun of valorous and amorous knights, 'tis him we ought to set before our eyes as our great exemplar, all of us that fight under the banner of love and chivalry; for 'tis certain that the adventurer who shall emulate him best, shall consequently arrive nearest to the perfection of knight-errantry. Now, Sancho, I find that among the things which most display'd that champion's prudence and fortitude, his constancy and love, and his other heroic virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdainful Oriana, to do penance on the Poor Rock, changing his name into that of Beltenebros, or The lovely obscure, a title certainly most significant, and adapted to the life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolv'd to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easy task than it would be to copy after his other achievements, such as cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing dreadful monsters, routing whole armies, dispersing navies, breaking the force of

magic spells. And since these mountainous wilds offer me so fair an opportunity, I see no reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I'll lay hold on it now. Very well, quoth Sancho; but pray, Sir, what is it that you mean to do in this fag-end of the world? Have I not already told thee, answer'd Don Quixote, that I intend to copy Amadis in his madness, despair and fury? nay, at the same time I will imitate the valiant Orlando Furioso's extravagance, when he ran mad, after he had found the unhappy tokens of the fair Angelica's dishonourable commerce with Medoro at the fountain; at which time, in his frantic despair, he tore up trees by the roots, troubled the waters of the clear fountains, slew the shepherds, destroy'd their flocks, fir'd their huts, demolish'd houses, drove their horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other extravagances worthy to be recorded in the eternal register of fame. Not that I intend however in all things to imitate Roland, or Orlando, or Rotoland, (for he had all those names) but only to make choice of such frantic effects of his amorous despair, as I shall think most essential and worthy imitation. Nay, perhaps I shall wholly follow Amadis, who, without launching out into such destructive and fatal ravings, and only expressing his anguish in complaints and lamentations, gain'd nevertheless a renown equal, if not superior to that of the greatest heroes. Sir, quoth Sancho, I dare say the knights who did these penances had some reason to be mad; but what need have you to be mad too? what lady has sent you a packing, or so much as slighted you? when did

you ever find that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso did otherwise than she should do, with either Moor * or Christian? Why, there's the point, cry'd Don Quixote; in this consists the singular perfection of my undertaking: for, mark ye, Sancho, for a knight-errant to run mad upon any just occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious; no, the rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity: there's a refin'd and exquisite passion for you, Sancho! for thus my mistress must needs have a vast idea of my love, since she may guess what I should perform in the wet, if I do so much in the dry †. But besides, I have but too just a motive to give a loose to my raving grief, considering the long date of my absence from my ever supreme lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for as the shepherd in Matthias Ambrosio has it,

‘ Poor lovers, absent from the darling fair,

‘ All ills not only dread, but bear.’

Then do not lavish any more time in striving to divert me from so rare, so happy, and so singular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, 'till thy return with an answer to the letter which thou must carry from me to the lady Dulcinea; and if it be as favourable as my unshaken constancy deserves, then my madness and my

* Sancho says Moor for Medoro, in his blundering way.

† A profane allusion to a text in scripture Luke xxiii. 31.

‘ For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?’ So here, Don Quixote's meaning is—my mistress may guess what I wou'd do where occasion shou'd be given me, since I can do so much without any.

penance shall end; but if I find she repays my vows and services with ungrateful disdain, then will I be emphatically mad, and screw up my thoughts to such an excess of distraction, that I shall be insensible of the rigour of my relentless fair. Thus what return soever she makes to my passion, I shall be eas'd one way or other of the anxious thoughts that now divide my soul; either entertaining the welcome news of her reviving pity with demonstrations of sense, or else shewing my insensibility of her cruelty by the height of my distraction. But in the mean time, Sancho, tell me, hast thou carefully preserved Mambrino's helmet? I saw thee take it up t'other day, after that monster of ingratitude had spent his rage in vain endeavours to break it; which by the way argues the most excellent temper of the metal. Body of me, quoth Sancho, Sir knight of the woeful figure, I can no longer bear to hear you run on at this rate: why, this were enough to make any man believe that all your bragging and bouncing of your knight-errantry, your winning of kingdoms, and bestowing of islands, and heaven knows what, upon your squire, are mere flim-flam stories, and nothing but shams and lies: for who the devil can hear a man call a barber's basin a helmet, nay, and stand to't, and vouch it four days together, and not think him that says it, to be stark mad, or without brains? I have the basin safe enough here in my pouch, and I'll get it mended for my own use, if ever I have the luck to get home to my wife and children. Now as I love bright arms, cry'd Don Quixote, I swear thou art the

shallowest, silliest, and most stupid fellow of a squire that ever I heard or read of in my life. How is it possible for thee to be so dull of apprehension, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou hast been in my service, that all the actions and adventures of us knights-errant seem to be mere chimera's, follies and impertinences? Not that they are so indeed, but either thro' the officious care, or else thro' the malice and envy of those enchanterers that always haunt and persecute us unseen, and by their fascinations change the appearance of our actions into what they please, according to their love or hate. This is the very reason why that which I plainly perceive to be Mambrino's helmet, seems to thee to be only a barber's basin, and perhaps another man may take it to be something else. And in this I can never too much admire the prudence of the sage who espouses my interests, in making that inestimable helmet seem a basin; for did it appear in its proper shape, its tempting value would raise me as many enemies as there are men in the universe, all eager to snatch from me so desirable a prize: but so long as it shall seem to be nothing else but a barber's basin, men will not value it; as is manifest from the fellow's leaving it behind him on the ground; for had he known what it really was, he would sooner have parted with his life. Keep it safe then, Sancho, for I have no need of it at present; far from it, I think to put off my armour, and strip myself as naked as I came out of my mother's womb, in case I determine to imitate Orlando's fury, rather than the penance of Amadis.

This discourse brought 'em to the foot of a high rock that stood by itself, as if it had been hewn out, and divided from the rest; by the skirt of it glided a purling stream, that softly took its winding course thro' an adjacent meadow. The verdant freshness of the grass, the number of wild trees, plants, and flowers, that feasted the eyes in that pleasant solitude, invited the knight of the woeful figure to make choice of it to perform his amorous penance; and therefore as soon as he had let ravish'd sight rove a while o'er the scatter'd beauties of the place, he took possession of it with the following speech, as if he utterly lost the small share of reason he had left. Behold, O heavens! cry'd he, the place which an unhappy lover has chosen to bemoan the deplorable state to which you have reduc'd him: here shall my flowing tears swell the liquid veins of this crystal rill, and my deep sighs perpetually move the leaves of these shady trees, in testimony of the anguish and pain that harrows up my soul. Ye rural deities, whoever you be, that make these unfrequented desarts your abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover, whom a tedious absence, and some slight impressions of a jealous mistrust, have driven to these regions of despair, to bewail his rigorous destiny, and deplore the distracting cruelty of that ungrateful fair, who is the perfection of all human beauty. Ye pitying Napaean nymphs and Dryades, silent inhabitants of the woods and groves, assist me to lament my fate, or at least attend the mournful story of my woes; so may no designing beastly satyrs, those just objects of your

hate, ever have power to interrupt your rest—Oh Dulcinea del Toboso! thou sun that turn'st my gloomy night to day! glory of my pain! north-star of my travels, and reigning planet that controul'st my heart! pity, I conjure thee, the unparallel'd distress to which thy absence has reduc'd the faithfullest of lovers, and grant to my fidelity that kind return which it so justly claims! so may indulgent fate shower on thee all the blessings thou ever canst desire, or heavens grant!—Ye lonesome trees, under whose spreading branches I come to linger out the gloomy shadow of a tedious being; let the soft language of your rustling leaves, and the kind nodding of your springing boughs, satisfy me that I am welcome to your shady harbours. O thou my trusty squire, the inseparable companion of my adventures, diligently observe what thou shalt see me do in this lonely retreat, that thou may'st inform the dear cause of my ruin, with every particular. As he said this, he alighted, and presently taking off his horse's bridle and saddle, Go, Rozinante, saith he, giving the horse a clap on the posteriors, he that has lost his freedom gives thee thine, thou steed as renown'd for thy extraordinary actions, as for thy misfortunes; go rear thy awful front where-e'er thou pleasest, secure that neither the Hippogryphon of Astolpho, nor the renown'd Frontino, which Bradamante purchas'd at so high a price, could ever be thought thy equals.

Well fare him, cry'd Sancho, that sav'd me the trouble of sending my ass to grass too: poor thing, had I him here, he should not want two or three claps on

the buttocks, nor a fine speech in his praise neither, while I took off his pannel. But stay, were he here, what need wou'd there be to strip him of his harness? Alas, he never had any thing to do with these mad pranks of love, no more than myself, who was his master when fortune pleas'd. But d'ye hear me, now I think on't, Sir knight of the woeful figure, if your worship is resolv'd to be mad, and send me away in good earnest, we must e'en clap the saddle again on Rozinante's back; for to tell you the truth, I'm but a sorry foot-man, and if I don't ride home, I don't know when I shall be able to come back again. Do as thou think'st fit for that, Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote, for I design thou shalt set forward about three days hence. In the mean while thou shalt be a witness of what I will do for my lady's sake, that thou may'st give her an account of it. Bless my eye-sight, quoth Sancho, what can I see more than I've seen already? Thou hast seen nothing yet, answer'd Don Quixote; thou must see me throw away my armour, tear my cloaths, knock my head against the rocks, and do a thousand other things of that kind, that will fill thee with astonishment. For goodness-sake, Sir, quoth Sancho, take heed how you quarrel with those ungracious rocks; you may chance to get such a crack o' the crown at the very first rap, as may spoil your penance at one dash. No, I don't like that way by no means; if you must needs be knocking your noddle, to go through-stitch with this ugly jobb, seeing 'tis all but a mockery, or as it were between jest and earnest, why can't you as well play your tricks on

something that's softer than these unconscionable stones: you may run your head against water, or rather against cotton, or the stuffing of Rozinante's saddle; and then let me alone with the rest: I'll be sure to tell my lady Dulcinea, that you bebump'd your pole against the point of a rock that's harder than a diamond.

I thank thee for thy good-will, dear Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: but I assure thee, that all these seeming extravagancies that I must run through, are no jests: far from it, they must all be perform'd seriously and solemnly; for otherwise we should transgress the laws of chivalry, that forbid us to tell lyes upon pain of degradation; now to pretend to do one thing, and effect another, is an evasion, which I esteem to be as bad as lying. Therefore the blows which I must give myself on the head, ought to be real, substantial, sound ones, without any trick, or mental reservation; for which reason I would have thee leave me some lint and salve, since fortune has depriv'd us of the sovereign balsam which we lost. 'Twas a worse loss to lose the ass, quoth Sancho, for with him we've lost bag and baggage, lint and all: but no more of your damn'd drench, if you love me; the very thoughts on't are enough not only to turn my stomach, but my soul, such a rumbling I feel in my wem at the name on't. Then as for the three days you'd have me loiter here to mind your mad tricks, you had as good make account they're already over; for I hold them for done, unsight unscen, and will tell wonders to my lady: wherefore write you your letter, and send me going with all haste; for let

me be hang'd if I don't long already to be back, to take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you.

Dost thou only call it purgatory, Sancho? cry'd Don Quixote; call it hell rather, or something worse, if there be in nature a term expressive of a more wretched state. Nay, not so neither, quoth Sancho, I would not call it hell; because, as I heard our parson say, 'There's no retention * out of hell.' Retention, cry'd Don Quixote! what dost thou mean by that word? Why, quoth Sancho, retention is retention; it is, that whosoever is in hell never comes, nor can come out of it: which shan't be your case this bout, if I can stir my heels, and have but spurs to tickle Rozinante's flanks, till I come to my lady Dulcinea; for I will tell her such strange things of your magotty tricks, your folly and your madness, for indeed they are no better, that I'll lay my head to a hazle-nut, I'll make her as supple as a glove, tho' I found her at first as tough-hearted as a cork; and when I have wheedled an answer out of her, all full of sweet honey words, away will I whisk it back to you, cutting the air as swift as a witch upon a broomstick, and free you out of your purgatory; for a purgatory I will have it to be in spight of hell, nor shall you gainsay me in that fancy; for, as I've told you before, there's some hopes of your retention out of this place.

Well, be it so, said the knight of the woeful figure: but how shall I do to write this letter? and the order for the three asses, added Sancho? I'll not forget it,

* No redemption he means.

answer'd Don Quixote; but since we have here no paper, I must be oblig'd to write on the leaves or bark of trees, or on wax, as they did in ancient times; yet now I consider on't, we are here as ill provided with wax as with paper: but stay, now I remember, I have Cardenio's pocket-book, which will supply that want in this exigence, and then thou shalt get the letter fairly transcrib'd at the first village where thou canst meet with a school-master; or for want of a school-master, thou may'st get the clerk of the parish to do it; but by no means give it to any notary or scrivener to be written out; for they commonly write such confounded hands, that the devil himself would scarce be able to read it. Well, quoth Sancho, but what shall I do for want of your name to it? Why, answer'd Don Quixote, Amadis never us'd to subscribe his letters. Ay, reply'd Sancho, but the bill of exchange for the three asses must be signed; for should I get it copy'd out afterwards, they'd say 'tis not your hand, and so I shall go without the asses. I'll write and sign the order for 'em in the table-book, answer'd Don Quixote; and as soon as my niece sees the hand, she'll never scruple the delivery of the asses: and as for the love letter, when thou get'st it transcrib'd, thou must get it thus under-written, 'Yours till death, the knight of the woeful figure.' 'Tis no matter whether the letter and subscription be written by the same hand or no; for, as I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor did she ever see any of my letters, nay, not so much as any of my writing in her life: for my love and her's

have always been purely Platonic, never extending beyond the lawful bounds of a modest look; and that too so very seldom, that I dare safely swear, that tho' for these twelve years she has been dearer to my soul than light to my eyes, yet I never saw her four times in my life; and perhaps of those few times that I have seen her, she has scarce perceiv'd once that I beheld her: so strictly and so discreetly Lorenzo Corchuelo her father, and Aldonza Nogales her mother, have kept and educated her. Heigh-day, quoth Sancho! did you ever hear the like! and is my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, at last the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, she that's otherwise call'd Aldonza Lorenzo? The same, answer'd Don Quixote; and 'tis she that merits to be the sovereign mistress of the universe. Udsdgers, quoth Sancho, I know her full well; 'tis a strapping wench, i'faith, and pitches the bar with e'er a lusty young fellow in our parish. By the mass, 'tis a notable, strong-built, sizeable, sturdy, manly lass, and one that will keep her chin out of the mire, I warrant her; nay, and hold the best knight-errant to't that wears a head, if ever he venture upon her. Body o' me, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has when she sets up her throat! I saw her one day pearch'd up o' top of our steeple to call to some plough-men that were at work in a fallow-field: and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the church-yard under her. The best of her is, that she's neither coy nor frumpish, she's a tractable lass, and fit for a courtier, for she'll play with you like a kitten, and

jibes and jokes at every body. And now in good truth, Sir knight of the woeful figure, you may e'en play at your gambols as you please; you may run mad, you may hang yourself for her sake; there's no body but will say you e'en took the wisest course, though the devil himself should carry you away apick-apack. Now am I e'en wild to be gone, tho' 'twere for nothing else but to see her, for I have not seen her this many a day: I fancy I shall hardly know her again, for a woman's face strangely alters by her being always in the sun, and drudging and moiling in the open fields. Well, I must needs own I've been mightily mistaken all along: for I durst have sworn this lady Dulcinea had been some great princess with whom you were in love, and such a one as deserved those rare gifts you bestowed on her, as the Biscayan, the galley-slaves, and many others that for ought I know you may have sent her before I was your squire. I can't chuse but laugh to think how my lady Aldonza Lorenzo (my lady Dulcinea del Toboso I should have said) would behave herself should any of those men which you have sent, or may send to her, chance to go and fall down on their marrow-bones before her: for 'tis ten to one they may happen to find her a carding of flax, or threshing in the barn, and then how finely balk'd they'll be! as sure as I'm alive they must needs think the devil ow'd 'em a shame; and she herself will but flout 'em, and mayhap be somewhat nettled at it.

I have often told thee, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and I tell thee again, that thou ought'st to bridle or

immure thy sawcy prating tongue; for tho' thou art but a dull headed dunce, yet now and then thy ill-manner'd jests bite too sharp. But that I may at once make thee sensible of thy folly and my discretion, I will tell thee a short story. A handsome, brisk, young, rich widow, and withal no prude, happen'd to fall in love with a well-set, lusty * lay-brother. His superior hearing of it, took occasion to go to her, and said to her, by way of charitable admonition, I mightily wonder, madam, how a lady of your merit, so admir'd for beauty and for sense, and withal so rich, could make so ill a choice, and doat on a mean, silly, despicable fellow, as I hear you do, while we have in our house so many masters of art, batchelors, and doctors of divinity, among whom your ladyship may pick and chuse, as you would among pears, and say, this I like, that I don't like. But she soon answer'd the officious grave gentleman: Sir, said she, with a smile, you are much mistaken, and think altogether after the old out-of-fashion way, if you imagine I have made so ill a choice; for tho' you fancy the man's a fool, yet as to what I take him for, he knows as much, or rather more philosophy than Aristotle himself. So, Sancho, as to the use which I make of the lady Dulcinea, she is equal to the greatest princess in the world. Pr'ythee tell me, dost thou think the poets, who every one of 'em celebrate the praises of some lady or other, had all real mistresses?

* *Motillen*, a lay-brother, or servant in the convent or college, so call'd from *motila*, a cropp'd head; his hair being cropp'd short, he has no crown like those in orders.

or that the Amaryllis's, the Phyllis's, the Sylvia's, the Diana's, the Galatea's, the Alida's, and the like, which you shall find in so many poems, romances, songs and ballads, upon every stage, and even in every barber's shop, were creatures of flesh and blood, and mistresses to those that did and do celebrate 'em? No, no, never think it; for I dare assure thee, the greatest part of 'em were nothing but the mere imaginations of the poets, for a ground-work to exercise their wits upon, and give to the world occasion to look on the authors as men of an amorous and gallant disposition: and so 'tis sufficient for me to imagine, that Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste; as for her birth and parentage, they concern me but little; for there's no need to make an enquiry about a woman's pedigree, as there is of us men. when some badge of honour is bestowed on us; and so she is to me the greatest princess in the world: for thou ought'st to know, Sancho, if thou know'st it not already, that there are but two things that chiefly excite us to love a woman, an attractive beauty, and unspotted fame. Now these two endowments are happily reconcil'd in Dulcinea; for as for the one, she has not her equal, and few can vie with her in the other: but to cut off all objections at once, I imagine, that all I say of her is really so, without the least addition or diminution: I fancy her to be just such as I would have her for beauty and quality. Helen cannot stand in competition with her; Lucretia cannot rival her; and all the heroines which antiquity has to boast, whether Greeks, Romans or Barbarians, are at once out-done

by her incomparable perfections. Therefore let the world say what it will; should the ignorant vulgar foolishly censure me, I please myself with the assurances I have of the approbation of men of the strictest morals, and the nicest judgment. Sir, quoth Sancho, I knock under: you've reason o' your side in all you say, and I own myself an ass. Nay, I'm an ass to talk of an ass; for 'tis ill talking of halts i'th'house of a man that was hang'd. But where's the letter all this while, that I may be jogging? With that Don Quixote pull'd out the table-book, and retiring a little aside, he very seriously began to write the letter; which he had no sooner finish'd, but he call'd Sancho, and order'd him to listen while he read it over to him, that he might carry it as well in his memory as in his pocket-book, in case he should have the ill luck to lose it by the way; for so cross was fortune to him, that he fear'd every accident. But, Sir, said Sancho, write it over twice or thrice there in the book, and give it me, and then I'll be sure to deliver the message safe enough I warrant ye: for 'tis a folly to think I can get it by heart; alas, my memory is so bad, that many times I forget my own name! But yet for all that read it out to me, I beseech you, for I've a hugeous mind to hear it. I dare say, 'tis as fine as tho' 'twere in print. Well then, listen, said Don Quixote.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA
TO
DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

High and Sovereign Lady!

HE that is stabb'd to the quick with the poniard of absence, and wounded to the heart with love's most piercing darts, sends you that health which he wants himself, * sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso. If your beauty reject me, if your virtue refuse to raise my fainting hopes, if your disdain exclude me from relief, I must at last sink under the pressure of my woes, tho' much inur'd to sufferings: for my pains are not only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty squire Sancho will give you an exact account of the condition to which love and you have reduc'd me, too beautiful ingrate! If you relent at last, and pity my distress, then I may say I live, and you preserve what's yours. But if you abandon me to despair, I must patiently submit, and by ceasing to breathe, satisfy your cruelty and my passion.

Yours till death,

The Knight of the Woeful Figure.

By the life of my father, quoth Sancho, if I ever saw a finer thing in my born days! How neatly and roundly you tell your mind, and how cleverly you bring in at last, 'The Knight of the Woeful Figure!' Well, I say't again in good earnest you're a devil at every thing; and there's no kind of thing in the versal

* *Dulcissima Dulcinea.*

world but what you can turn your hand to. A man ought to have some knowledge of every thing, answer'd Don Quixote, if he would be duly qualify'd for the employment I profess. Well then, quoth Sancho, do so much as write the warrant for the three asses on the other side of that leaf; and pray write it mighty plain, that they may know 'tis your hand at first sight. I will, said Don Quixote, and with that he wrote it accordingly, and then read it in this form:

My dear Niece,

UPON sight of this my first bill of asses, be pleas'd to deliver three of the five which I left at home in your custody to Sancho Pança, my squire, for the like number receiv'd of him here in tale; and this, together with his receipt, shall be your discharge. † Given in the very bowels of Sierra Morena, the 22d of August, in the present year.

'Tis as it should be, quoth Sancho; there only wants your name at the bottom. There's no need to set my name, answer'd Don Quixote; I'll only set the two first letters of it, and 'twill be as valid as if 'twere written at length, tho' 'twere not only for three asses, but for three hundred. I dare take your worship's word, quoth Sancho; and now I'm going to saddle Rozinante, and then you shall give me your blessing; for

* In the original it is *Fecha*, i. e. *Done*; for the king of Spain writes, *Done at our court*, &c. as the king of England does, *Given*, &c.

I intend to set out presently, without seeing any of your mad tricks; and I will relate, that I saw you perform so many, that she can desire no more. Nay, said Don Quixote, I will have thee stay a while, Sancho, and see me stark naked; 'tis also absolutely necessary thou shouldst see me practise some twenty or thirty mad gambols; I shall have dispatch'd 'em in less than half an hour: and when thou hast been an eye-witness of that essay, thou may'st with a safe conscience swear thou hast seen me play a thousand more; for I dare assure thee, for thy encouragement, thou never canst exceed the number of those I shall perform. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, as you love me don't let me stay to see you naked; 'twill grieve me so to the heart, that I shall cry my eyes out; and I have blubber'd and howl'd but too much since yesternight for the loss of my ass; my head's so fore with it, I a'n't able to cry any longer: but if you'll needs have me see some of your antics, pray do 'em in your cloaths out of hand, and let them be such as are most to the purpose; for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall come back; and the way to be gone, is not to stay here. I long to bring you an answer to your heart's content: and I'll be sure to do't, or let the lady Dulcinea look to't; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly I'll force an answer out of her guts by dint of good kicks and fistcuffs: for 'tis not to be endur'd, that such a notable knight-errant as your worship is, should thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore, for such a —odsobobs, I know what I know; she had not best

provoke me to speak it out; for, by the Lord, I shall let fly, and out with it by wholesale, tho' it spoil the market *.

I protest, Sancho, said Don Quixote, I think thou art as mad as myself. Nay, not so mad neither, reply'd Sancho, but somewhat more cholerick. But talk no more of that: let's see, how will you do for victuals when I'm gone? Do you mean to do like t'other mad-man yonder, rob upon the highway, and snatch the goat-herds victuals from 'em by main force? Never let that trouble thy head, reply'd Don Quixote; for though I had all the dainties that can feast a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderness will afford me; for the singularity of my present task consists in fasting, and half starving myself, and in the performance of other austerities. But there's another thing come into my head, quoth Sancho; how shall I do to find the way hither again, 'tis such a by-place? Take good notice of it before-hand, said Don Quixote, and I'll endeavour to keep hereabouts till thy return: besides, about the time when I may reasonably expect thee back, I'll be sure to watch on the top of yonder high rock for thy coming. But now I bethink myself of a better expedient; thou shalt cut down a good number of boughs,

* Sancho here, by threatning to blurt out something, gives a kind of sly prophecy of the Dulcinea he intended to palm upon his master's folly, and prepares the reader for that gross imposition, of enchanting the three princesses and their palfries, into three country wenches upon asses.

and strew 'em in the way as thou ridest along, till thou get'st to the plains, and this will serve thee to find me again at thy return, like Perseus's clue to the labyrinth in Crete.

I'll go about it out of hand, quoth Sancho. With that he went and cut down a bundle of boughs, then came and ask'd his master's blessing, and, after a shower of tears shed on both sides, mounted Rozinante, which Don Quixote very seriously recommended to his care, charging him to be as tender of that excellent steed as of his own person. After that he set forward toward the plains, strewing several boughs as he rid, according to order. His master importun'd him to stay and see him do two or three of his antic postures before he went, but he could not prevail with him: however, before he was got out of sight he consider'd of it, and rode back. Sir, quoth he, I've thought better of it, and believe I had best take your advice, that I may swear with a safe conscience I have seen you play your mad tricks; therefore I would see you do one of 'em at least, tho' I think I've seen you do a very great one already, I mean your staying by yourself in this desert.

I had advis'd thee right, said Don Quixote; and therefore stay but while a man may repeat the Creed*, and I will shew thee what thou would'st see. With that, slipping off his breeches, and stripping himself

* A proverb to express brevity in Romish countries, where they huddle the *Credo* over so fast, that they have done before one would think they were got half through.

naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he fetch'd his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft, discover'd such rarities, that Sancho e'en made haste to turn his horse's head, that he might no longer see 'em, and rode away full satisfy'd, that he might swear his master was mad; and so we will leave him to make the best of his way till his return, which will be more speedy than might be imagin'd.

C H A P. XII.

A continuation of the refin'd extravagancies by which the gallant knight of La Mancha chose to express his love in the Sierra Morena.

THE history relates, that as soon as the knight of the woeful figure saw himself alone, after he had taken his frisks and leaps naked as he was, the prelude to his amorous penance, he ascended the top of a high rock, and there began seriously to consider with himself what resolution to take in that nice dilemma, which had already so perplex'd his mind; that is, whether he should imitate Orlando in his wild ungovernable fury, or Amadis in his melancholy mood. To which purpose, reasoning with himself, I do not much wonder, said he, at Orlando's being so very valiant, considering he was enchanted in such a manner, that he could not be slain but by the thrust of a long pin through the bottom of his foot, which he sufficiently secur'd, always wearing seven iron soles to his shoes; and yet this

avail'd him nothing against Bernardo del Carpio, who understanding what he depended upon, squeez'd him to death between his arms at Roncevalles. But setting aside his valour, let us examine his madness; for that he was mad, is an unquestionable truth; nor is it less certain, that his frenzy was occasion'd by the assurances he had that the fair Angelica had resign'd herself up to the unlawful embraces of Medor, that young Moor with curl'd locks, who was page to Agramont. Now, after all, seeing he was too well convinc'd of his lady's infidelity, 'tis not to be admir'd he should run mad: but how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? for I dare swear my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a downright Moor in his own garb since she first beheld light, and that she is at this present speaking as right as the mother that bore her: so that I should do her a great injury, should I entertain any dishonourable thoughts of her behaviour, and fall into such a kind of madness as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side I find, that Amadis de Gaul, without punishing himself with such distraction, or expressing his resentments in so boisterous and raving a manner, got as great a reputation for being a lover as any one whatsoever; for what I find in history as to his abandoning himself to sorrow, is only this: he found himself disdain'd, his lady Oriana having charg'd him to get out of her sight, and not to presume to appear in her presence till she gave him leave; and this was the true reason why he retir'd to the poor rock with the hermit, where he gave up himself wholly to grief,

and wept a deluge of tears, till pitying heaven at last commiserating his affliction, sent him relief in the height of his anguish. Now then, since this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my cloaths, to rend and root up these harmless trees, or trouble the clear water of these brooks, that must give me drink when I am thirsty? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which Don Quixote de la Mancha chuses to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel. So may it be said of the living copy, as was said of the dead original, that if he did not perform great things, yet no man was more ambitious of undertaking 'em than he; and tho' I am not disdain'd nor discarded by Dulcinea, yet 'tis sufficient that I am absent from her. Then 'tis resolv'd! and now ye famous actions of the great Amadis occur to my remembrance, and be my trusty guides to follow his example. This said, he call'd to mind, that the chief exercise of that heroe in his retreat was prayer: to which purpose, our modern Amadis presently went and made himself a rosary of galls or acorns instead of beads; but he was extremely troubled for want of an hermit to hear his confession, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertain'd himself with his amorous contemplations, walking up and down the meadow, and writing some poetical conceptions in the smooth sand, and upon the barks of trees, all of 'em expressive of his sorrows, and the praises of Dulcinea; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but these stanzas that follow.

YE lofty trees with spreading arms,
 The pride and shelter of the plain;
 Ye humbler shrubs, and flow'ry charms,
 Which here in springing glory reign!
 If my complaints may pity move,
 Hear the sad story of my love!

While with me here you pass your hours,
 Should you grow faded with my cares,
 I'll bribe you with refreshing show'rs,
 You shall be water'd with my tears.
 Distant, tho' present in idea,
 I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

Love's truest slave despairing chose
 This lonely wild, this desert plain,
 The silent witness of the woes
 Which he, tho' guiltless, must sustain.
 Unknowing why those pains he bears,
 He groans, he raves, and he despairs:
 With ling'ring fires love racks my soul,
 In vain I grieve, in vain lament;
 Like tortur'd fiends I weep, I howl,
 And burn, yet never can repent.
 Distant, tho' present in idea,
 I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

While I thro' honour's thorny ways,
 In search of distant glory rove,
 Malignant fate my toil repays
 With endless woes, and hopeless love

Thus I on barren rocks despair,
And curse my stars, yet bless my fair.

Love arm'd with snakes has left his dart,
And now does like a fury rave,
And scourge and sting in every part,
And into madness lash his slave.

Distant, tho' present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

This addition of Del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea, made those who found these verses laugh heartily; and they imagin'd, that when Don Quixote made them, he was afraid those who should happen to read 'em would not understand on whom they were made, should he omit to mention the place of his mistress's birth and residence: and this was indeed the true reason, as he himself afterwards confess'd. With this employment did our disconsolate knight beguile the tedious hours; sometimes also he express'd his sorrows in prose, sigh'd to the winds, and call'd upon the Sylvan gods, the Fauns, the Naides, the nymphs of the adjoining groves, and the mournful echo, imploring their attention and condolment with repeated supplications: at other times he employ'd himself in gathering herbs for the support of languishing nature, which decay'd so fast, what with his slender diet, and what with his studied anxiety and intenseness of thinking, that had Sancho staid but three weeks from him, whereas by good fortune he staid but three days, the knight of the woeful figure would have been so dis-

figur'd, that his mother would never have known the child of her own womb.

But now 'tis necessary we should leave him a while to his sighs, his sobs, and his amorous expostulations, and see how Sancho Pança behav'd himself in his embassy. He made all the haste he could to get out of the mountain; and then taking the direct road to Toboso, the next day he arriv'd near the inn where he had been toss'd in a blanket. Scarce had he descry'd the fatal walls, but a sudden shivering seiz'd his bones, and he fancy'd himself to be again dancing in the air; so that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he baited, tho' it was dinner-time, and his mouth water'd strangely at the thoughts of a hot bit of meat, the rather, because he had liv'd altogether upon cold victuals for a long while. This greedy longing drew him near the inn, in spite of his aversion to the place; but yet when he came to the gate he had not the courage to go in, but stopp'd there, not knowing whether he had best enter or no. While he sat musing, two men happen'd to come out, and believing they knew him, look, master doctor, cry'd one to the other, is not that Sancho Pança, whom the house-keeper told us her master had inveigl'd to go along with him? The same, answer'd the other; and more than that, he rides on Don Quixote's horse. Now these two happen'd to be the curate and the barber, who had brought his books to a trial, and pass'd sentence on 'em; therefore they had no sooner said this, but they call'd to Sancho, and ask'd him where he had left his master?

The trusty squire presently knew 'em, and having no mind to discover the place and condition he left his master in, told 'em, he was taken up with certain business of great consequence at a certain place, which he durst not discover for his life. How ! Sancho, cry'd the barber, you must not think to put us off with a flim-flam story ; if you won't tell us where he is, we shall believe you have murther'd him, and robb'd him of his horse ; therefore either satisfy us where you've left him, or we'll have you laid by the heels. Look you, neighbour, quoth Sancho, I a'n't afraid of words, d'ye see : I am neither a thief nor a man-slayer ; I kill no body, so no body kill me ; I leave every man to fall by his own fortune, or by the hand of him that made him. As for my master, I left him frisking and doing penance in the midst of yon mountain, to his heart's content. After this, without any further intreaty, he gave 'em a full account of that business, and of all their adventures ; how he was then going from his master to carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom he was up to the ears in love. The curate and barber stood amaz'd, hearing all these particulars ; and though they already knew Don Quixote's madness but too well, they wonder'd more and more at the increase of it, and at so strange a cast and variety of extravagance. Then they desir'd Sancho to shew them the letter. He told 'em 'twas written in a pocket-book, and that his master had order'd him to get it fairly transcrib'd upon paper at the next village he should come at. Whereupon the

curate promising to write it out very fairly himself, Sancho put his hand into his bosom to give him the table-book; but though he fumbld a great while for it, he could find none of it; he search'd and search'd again, but it had been in vain tho' he had search'd till dooms-day, for he came away from Don Quixote without it. This put him into a cold sweat, and made him turn as pale as death: he fell a searching all his cloaths, turn'd his pockets inside outwards, fumbld in his bosom again: but being at last convinc'd he had it not about him, he fell a raving and stamping, and cursing himself like a mad-man; he rent his beard from his chin with both hands; besifted his own forgetful skull, and his blubber cheeks, and gave himself a bloody nose in a moment. The curate and the barber ask'd him what was the matter with him, and why he punish'd himself at that strange rate? I deserve it all, quoth Sancho, like a blockhead as I am, for losing at one cast no less than three asses, of which the least was worth a castle. How so, quoth the barber? Why, cry'd Sancho, I've lost that same table-book, wherein was written Dulcinea's letter, and a bill of exchange drawn by my master upon his niece for three of the five asses which he has at home; and with that he told 'em how he had lost his own ass. But the curate cheer'd him up, and promis'd him to get another bill of exchange from his master written upon paper, whereas that in the table-book not being in due form, would not have been accepted. With that Sancho took courage, and told 'em, if it were so, he car'd not a straw

for Dulcinea's letter; for he knew it almost all by rote. Then pry'thee let's hear it, said the barber, and we'll see and write it. In order to this Sancho paus'd, and began to study for the words; presently he fell a scratching his head, stood first upon one leg, and then upon another, gaped sometimes upon the skies, sometimes upon the ground; at length, after he had gnaw'd away the top of his thumb, and quite tir'd out the curate and barber's patience: before George, cry'd he, master doctor, I believe the devil's in't; for may I be choak'd if I can remember a word of this confounded letter, but only, that there was at the beginning, 'High and subterrane lady: Sovereign, or superhumane lady,' you would say, quoth the barber. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, you're in the right——But stay, now I think, I can remember some of that which follow'd: ho! I have it, I ha't now——'He that is wounded, and wants sleep, sends you the dagger——which he wants himself——that stabb'd him to the heart——and the hurt man does kiss your ladyship's hand'——and at last, after a hundred hums and haws, 'Sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso:' and thus he went on rambling a good while with I don't know what more of *fainting*, and *relief*, and *sinking*, till at last he ended with 'Yours till death, the Knight of the Woeful Figure.' The curate and the barber were mightily pleas'd with Sancho's excellent memory; insomuch, that they desir'd him to repeat the letter twice or thrice more, that they might also get it by heart, and write it down; which Sancho did very freely, but every time he made many odd alterations and

additions as pleasant as the first. Then he told 'em many other things of his master, but spoke not a word of his own being tofs'd in a blanket at that very inn. He also told 'em, that if he brought a kind answer from the lady Dulcinea, his master would forthwith set out to see and make himself an emperor, or at least a king; for so they two had agreed between themselves, he said; and that after all, 'twas a mighty easy matter for his master to become one, such was his prowess, and the strength of his arm: which being done, his master would marry him to one of the empress's damsels; and that fine lady was to be heiress to a large country on the main land, but not to any island, or islands, for he was out of conceit with them. Poor Sancho spoke all this so seriously, and so feelingly, ever and anon wiping his nose, and stroaking his beard, that now the curate and the barber were more surpriz'd than they were before, considering the prevalent influences of Don Quixote's folly upon that silly credulous fellow. However, they did not think it worth their while to undeceive him yet, seeing this was only a harmless delusion, that might divert them a while; and therefore they exhorted him to pray for his master's health, and long life, seeing it was no impossible thing, but that he might in time become an emperor as he said, or at least an archbishop, or somewhat else equivalent to it.

But pray, good master doctor, ask'd Sancho, should my master have no mind to be an emperor, and take a fancy to be an archbishop, I would fain know

what your archbishops-errant are wont to give their squires? Why, answer'd the curate, they us'd to give 'em some parsonage, or sine cure, or some such other benefice, or church-living, which, with the profits of the altar, and other fees, brings them in a handsome revenue. Ay, but, says Sancho, to put in for that, the squire must be a single man, and know how to answer, and assist at mass at least; and how shall I do then, seeing I have the ill-luck to be marry'd? Nay, and besides I don't so much as know the first letter of my Christ-cross-row. What will become of me, should it come into my master's head to make himself an archbishop, and not an emperor, as 'tis the custom of knights-errant? Don't let that trouble thee, friend Sancho, said the barber, we'll talk to him about it, and advise him, nay, urge it to him as a point of conscience to be an emperor, and not an archbishop, which will be better for him, by reason he has more courage than learning.

Troth, I'm of your mind, quoth Sancho, tho' he's such a head-piece, that I dare say he can turn himself to any thing: nevertheless, I mean to make it the burden of my prayers, that heaven may direct him to that which is best for him, and what may enable him to reward me most. You speak like a wise man, and a good Christian, said the curate: but all we have to do at present, is to see how we shall get your master to give over that severe unprofitable penance which he has undertaken; and therefore let's go in to consider about it, and also to eat our dinner, for I fancy 'tis ready by

this time. Do you two go in if you please, quoth Sancho, but as for me, I had rather stay without; and anon I'll tell you why I don't care to go in a-doors: however, pray send me out a piece of hot victuals to eat here, and some provender for Rozinante. With that they went in, and a while after the barber brought him out some meat; and returning to the curate, they consulted how to compass their design. At last the latter luckily bethought himself of an expedient that seem'd most likely to take, as exactly fitting Don Quixote's humour; which was, that he shou'd disguise himself in the habit of a damsel-errant, and the barber should alter his dress as well as he could, so as to pass for his squire, or gentleman-usher. In that equipage, added he, we will go to Don Quixote, and feigning myself to be a distress'd damsel, I'll beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, will not fail to promise me. By this means I will engage him to go with me to redress a very great injury done me by a false and discourteous knight, beseeching him not to desire to see my face, nor ask me any thing about my circumstances, till he has reveng'd me of that wicked knight. This bait will take, I dare engage, and by this stratagem we'll decoy him back to his own house, where we'll try to cure him of his romantic frenzy.

C H A P. XIII.

How the curate and barber put their design in execution; with other things worthy to be recorded in this important history.

THE curate's project was so well lik'd by the barber, that they instantly put it into practice. First they borrowed a complete woman's apparel of the hostess, leaving her in pawn a new cassock of the curate's; and the barber made himself a long beard with a grizzl'd ox's tail, in which the inn-keeper us'd to hang his combs. The hostess being desirous to know what they intended to do with those things, the curate gave her a short account of Don Quixote's distraction, and their design. Whereupon the inn-keeper and his wife presently guess'd this was their romantic knight, that made the precious balsam; and accordingly they told 'em the whole story of Don Quixote's lodging there, and of Sancho's being toss'd in a blanket. Which done, the hostess readily fitted out the curate at such a rate, that 'twould have pleas'd any one to have seen him; for she dress'd him up in a cloth gown trimm'd with borders of black velvet, the breadth of a span, all pink'd and jagg'd; and a pair of green velvet bodice, with sleeves of the same, and fac'd with white sattin; which accoutrements probably had been in fashion in old king Bamba's * days. The curate would

* An ancient Gothic king of Spain, concerning whom several fables are written; wherefore the Spaniards, to express

not let her encumber his head with a woman's head-geer, but only clapp'd upon his crown a white quilted cap which he us'd to wear a-nights, and bound his forehead with one of his garters, that was of black taffety, making himself a kind of muffler and vizard-mask with the other: then he half bury'd his head under his hat, pulling it down to squeeze in his ears; and as the broad brim flapp'd down over his eyes, it seem'd a kind of umbrella. This done, he wrapp'd his cloak about him, and seated himself on his mule, side-ways like a woman: then the barber clapp'd on his ox-tail beard, half red and half grizzl'd, which hung from his chin down to his waist; and having mounted his mule, they took leave of their host and hostess, as also of the good-condition'd Maritornes, who vow'd, tho' she was a sinner, to tumble her beads, and say a rosary to the good success of so arduous and truly Christian an undertaking.

But scarce were they got out of the inn, when the curate began to be troubled with a scruple of conscience about his putting on woman's apparel, being apprehensive of the indecency of the disguise in a priest, though the goodness of his intention might well warrant a dispensation from the strictness of decorum: therefore he desired the barber to change dresses, for that in his habit of a squire he should less profane his own dignity and character, to which he ought to have a greater re-

any thing exceeding old, say it was in being in his time; as in England we say a thing is as old as Paul's, and the like.

gard than to Don Quixote; withal assuring the barber, that unless he consented to this exchange, he was absolutely resolv'd to go no further, though 'twere to save Don Quixote's soul from hell. Sancho came up with 'em just upon their demur, and was ready to split his sides with laughing at the sight of these strange masqueraders. In short, the barber consented to be the damsel, and to let the curate be the squire. Now while they were thus changing sexes, the curate offer'd to tutor him how to behave himself in that female attire, so as to be able to wheedle Don Quixote out of his penance: but the barber desir'd him not to trouble himself about that matter, assuring him, that he was well enough vers'd in female affairs to be able to act a damsel without any directions: however, he said he would not now stand fiddling and managing his pins to prink himself up, seeing it would be time enough to do that when they came near Don Quixote's hermitage; and therefore having folded up his cloaths, and the curate his beard, they spurr'd on, while their guide Sancho entertain'd 'em with a relation of the mad tatter'd gentleman whom they had met in the mountain; however, without mentioning a word of the portmanteau or the gold; for, as much a fool as he was, he lov'd money, and knew how to keep it when he had it, and was wise enough to keep his own counsel.

They got the next day to the place where Sancho had strew'd the boughs to direct him to Don Quixote; and therefore he advis'd them to put on their disguises, if 'twere, as they told him, that their design was only

to make his master leave that wretched kind of life, in order to become an emperor. Thereupon they charg'd him on his life not to take the least notice who they were. As for Dulcinea's letter, if Don Quixote ask'd him about it, they order'd him to say he had deliver'd it; but that by reason she could neither write nor read, she had sent him her answer by word of mouth; which was, That on pain of her indignation, he should immediately put an end to his severe penance, and repair to her presence. This, they told Sancho, together with what they themselves design'd to say, was the only way to oblige his master to leave the desert, that he might prosecute his design of making himself an emperor; assuring him they would take care he should not entertain the least thought of an archbishopric.

Sancho listen'd with great attention to all these instructions, and treasur'd 'em up in his mind, giving the curate and the barber a world of thanks for their good intention of advising his master to become an emperor, and not an archbishop, for, as he said, he imagin'd in his simple judgment, that an emperor-errant was ten times better than an archbishop-errant, and could reward his squire a great deal better.

He likewise added, That he thought it would be proper for him to go to his master somewhat before them, and give him an account of his lady's kind answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that place, without putting 'em to any further trouble. They lik'd this proposal very well, and therefore agreed to let him go, and wait there till

he came back to give them an account of his success. With that Sancho rode away, and struck into the clefts of the rock, in order to find out his master, leaving the curate and the barber by the side of a brook, where the neighbouring hills, and some trees that grew along its banks, combin'd to make a cool and pleasant shade. There they shelter'd themselves from the scorching beams of the sun, that commonly shines intolerably hot in those parts at that time, being about the middle of August, and hardly three o'clock in the afternoon. While they quietly refresh'd themselves in that delightful place, where they agreed to stay till Sancho's return, they heard a voice, which though unattended with any instrument, ravish'd their ears with its melodious sound: and what increas'd their surprize, and their admiration, was to hear such artful notes, and such delicate music, in so unfrequented and wild a place, where scarce any rustics ever straggld, much less such skilful songsters, as the person whom they heard unquestionably was; for though the poets are pleas'd to fill the fields and woods with swains and shepherdesses, that sing with all the sweetness and delicacy imaginable, yet 'tis well enough known that those gentlemen deal more in fiction than in truth, and love to embellish the descriptions they make, with things that have no existence but in their own brain. Nor could our two list'ning travellers think it the voice of a peasant, when they began to distinguish the words of the song, for they seem'd to relish more of a courtly style than a rural composition. These were the verses.

I.

WHAT makes me languish and complain?
O 'tis disdain!

What yet more fiercely tortures me?
'Tis jealousy.

How have I my patience lost?
By absence crost.

Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;
I sink beneath oppressing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

II.

What in my breast this anguish drove?
Intruding love.

Who cou'd such mighty ills create?
Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel pow'rs my fate approve?
The powers above.

Then let me bear, and cease to moan;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone:
When these invade, who dares oppose?
Heaven, love and fortune are my foes.

III.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?
Death is sure.

No milder means to set me free?
Inconstancy.

Can nothing else my pains assuage?
Distracting rage.

What die or change? Lucinda lose?

O let me rather madness chuse!

But judge, ye gods, what we endure,

When death or madness are a cure!

The time, the hour, the solitariness of the place, the voice and agreeable manner with which the unseen musician sung, so fill'd the hearers minds with wonder and delight, that they were all attention; and when the voice was silent, they continu'd so too a pretty while, watching with list'ning ears to catch the expected sounds, expressing their satisfaction best by that dumb applause. At last, concluding the person would sing no more, they resolv'd to find out the charming songster; but as they were going so to do, they heard the wish'd-for voice begin another air, which fix'd 'em where they stood till it had sung the following sonnet:

A SONNET.

O Sacred friendship, heaven's delight,
Which tir'd with man's unequal mind,
Took to thy native skies thy flight,
While scarce thy shadow's left behind!

From thee, diffusive good, below,
Peace and her train of joys we trace;
But falshood with dissembl'd show
Too oft usurps thy sacred face.

Bless'd genius, then resume thy seat !

Destroy imposture and deceit,

Which in thy dress confound the ball !

Harmonious peace and truth renew,

Shew the false friendship from the true,

Or nature must to chaos fall.

This sonnet concluded with a deep sigh, and such doleful throbs, that the curate and the barber now out of pity, as well as curiosity before, resolv'd instantly to find out who this mournful songster was. They had not gone far, when by the side of a rock they discover'd a man, whose shape and aspect answer'd exactly to the description Sancho had given 'em of Cardenio. They observ'd he stopp'd short as soon as he spy'd them, yet without any signs of fear; only he hung down his head, like one abandon'd to sorrow, never so much as lifting up his eyes to mind what they did. The curate, who was a good and well spoken man, presently guessing him to be the same of whom Sancho had given them an account, went towards him, and addressing himself to him with great civility and discretion, earnestly intreated him to forsake this desert, and a course of life so wretched and forlorn, which endanger'd his title to a better, and from a wilful misery might make him fall into greater and everlasting woes. Cardenio was then free from the distraction that so often disturb'd his senses; yet seeing two persons in a garb wholly different from that of those few rustics who frequented those deserts, and hearing 'em talk as if they were no

strangers to his concerns, he was somewhat surpriz'd at first; however, having look'd upon 'em earnestly for some time, Gentlemen, said he, whoever ye be, I find heaven, pitying my misfortunes, has brought ye to these solitary regions, to retrieve me from this frightful retirement, and recover me to the society of men: but because you do not know how unhappy a fate attends me, and that I never am free from one affliction but to fall into a greater, you perhaps take me for a man naturally endow'd with a very small stock of sense, and, what's worse, for one of those wretches who are altogether depriv'd of reason. And indeed I cannot blame any one that entertains such thoughts of me; for even I myself am convinc'd, that the bare remembrance of my disasters often distracts me to that degree, that losing all sense of reason and knowledge, I unman myself for the time, and launch into those extravagancies which nothing but height of frenzy and madness would commit: and I am the more sensible of my being troubl'd with this distemper, when people tell me what I have done during the violence of that terrible accident, and give me too certain proofs of it. And after all, I can alledge no other excuse but the cause of my misfortune, which occasion'd that frantic rage, and therefore tell the story of my hard fate to as many as have the patience to hear it; for men of sense perceiving the cause, will not wonder at the effects; and though they can give me no relief, yet at least they will cease to condemn me; for a bare relation of my wrongs must needs make 'em lose their resentments of

the effects of my disorder into a compassion of my miserable fate. Therefore, gentlemen, if you come here with that design, I beg that before you give yourselves the trouble of reproving or advising me, you will be pleas'd to attend to the relation of my calamities; for perhaps when you have heard it, you will think 'em past redress, and so will save yourselves the labour you would take. The curate and the barber, who desir'd nothing more than to hear the story from his own mouth, were extremely glad of his proffer; and having assur'd him they had no design to aggravate his miseries with pretending to remedy 'em, nor would they cross his inclinations in the least, they intreated him to begin his relation.

The unfortunate Cardenio then began his story, and went on with the first part of it, almost in the same words, as far as when he related it to Don Quixote and the goat-herd, when the knight, out of superstitious niceness to observe the decorum of chivalry, gave an interruption to the relation, by quarelling about master Elisabat, as we have already said. Then he went on with that passage concerning the letter sent him by Lucinda, which Don Ferdinand had unluckily found, happening to be by, to open the book of Amadis de Gaul first, when Lucinda sent it back to Cardenio with that letter in it between the leaves; which Cardenio told 'em was as follows:

LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

I Discover in you every day so much merit, that I am oblig'd, or rather forc'd, to esteem you more and more. If you think this acknowledgment to your advantage, make that use of it which is most consistent with your honour and mine. I have a father that knows you, and is too kind a parent ever to obstruct my designs, when he shall be satisfy'd with their being just and honourable: so that 'tis now your part to shew you love me, as you pretend, and I believe.

This letter, continu'd Cardenio, made me resolve once more to demand Lucinda of her father in marriage, and was the same that increas'd Don Ferdinand's esteem for her, by that discovery of her sense and discretion, which so inflam'd his soul, that from that moment he secretly resolv'd to destroy my hopes ere I could be so happy as to crown them with success. I told that perfidious friend what Lucinda's father had advis'd me to do, when I had rashly ask'd her for my wife before, and that I durst not now impart this to my father, lest he should not readily consent I should marry yet. Not but that he knew, that her quality, beauty, and virtue were sufficient to make her an ornament to the noblest house in Spain, but because I was apprehensive he would not let me marry till he saw what the duke would do for me. Don Ferdinand, with a pretended officiousness, proffer'd me to speak to my father, and persuade him to treat with Lucinda's. Ungrateful

man! deceitful friend! ambitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Sylla! perfidious Galalon! faithless Vellido! malicious Julian*! treacherous, covetous Judas! Thou all those fatal hated men in one, false Ferdinand! What wrongs had that fond confiding wretch done thee, who thus to thee unbosom'd all his cares, all the delights, and secrets of his soul? What injury did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, which were not all directed to advance thy honour and profit? But, oh! I rave, unhappy wretch! I should rather accuse the cruelty of my stars, whose fatal influence pours mischiefs on me, which no earthly force can resist, or human art prevent. Who would have thought that Don Ferdinand, whose quality and merit entitl'd him to the lawful possession of beauties of the highest rank, and whom I had engag'd by a thousand endearing marks of friendship and services, should forfeit thus his honour and his truth, and lay such a treacherous design to deprive me of all the happiness of my life? But I must leave expostulating, to end my story. The traitor Ferdinand thinking his project impracticable, while I stay'd near Lucinda, bargain'd for six fine horses the same day he promis'd to speak to my father, and presently desired me to ride away to his brother for money to pay for 'em. Alas! I was so far from suspecting his treachery, that I was glad of doing him a piece of service.

* Julian. Count Julian brought the Moors into Spain, because king Rodrigo had ravish'd his daughter. Galalon and Vellido are explain'd elsewhere. Marius, Catiline, &c. are well known.

Accordingly I went that very evening to take my leave of Lucinda, and to tell her what Don Ferdinand had promised to do. She bid me return with all the haste of an expecting lover, not doubting but our lawful wishes might be crown'd, as soon as my father had spoke for me to be her's. When she had said this, I mark'd her trickling tears, and a sudden grief so obstructed her speech, that though she seem'd to strive to tell me something more, she could not give it utterance. This unusual scene of sorrow strangely amaz'd and mov'd me; yet because I would not murder hope, I chose to attribute this to the tenderness of her affection, and unwillingness to part with me. In short, away I went, bury'd in deep melancholy, and full of fears and imaginations, for which I could give no manner of reason. I deliver'd Don Ferdinand's letter to his brother, who receiv'd me with all the kindness imaginable, but did not dispatch me as I expected. For, to my sorrow, he enjoyn'd me to tarry a whole week, and to take care the duke might not see me, his brother having sent for money unknown to his father: but this was only a device of false Ferdinand's; for his brother did not want money, and might have dispatch'd me immediately, had he not been privately desir'd to delay my return.

This was so displeasing an injunction, that I was ready to come away without the money, not being able to live so long absent from my Lucinda, principally considering in what condition I had left her. Yet at last I forc'd myself to stay, and my respect for my

friend prevail'd over my impatience: but ere four tedious days were expir'd, a messenger brought me a letter, which I presently knew to be Lucinda's hand. I open'd it with trembling hands, and an aking heart, justly imagining it was no ordinary concern that could urge her to send thither to me: and before I read it, I ask'd the messenger who had given it him? He answer'd me, ' That going by accidentally in the street
' about noon in our town, a very handsome lady, all in
' tears, had call'd him to her window, and with great
' precipitation, Friend, said she, if you be a Christian,
' as you seem to be, for heaven's sake take this letter,
' and deliver it with all speed into the person's own
' hand to whom 'tis directed: I assure you in this
' you'll do a very good action; and that you may not
' want means to do it, take what's wrapp'd up in this;
' and saying so, she threw me a handkerchief, wherein
' I found a hundred reals, this gold ring which you
' see, and the letter which I now brought you: which
' done, I having made her signs to let her know I
' would do as she desir'd, without so much as staying
' for an answer, she went from the grate. This reward, but much more that beautiful lady's tears, and
' earnest prayers, made me post away to you that very
' minute, and so in sixteen hours I have travell'd eighteen long leagues.' While the messenger spoke, I was seiz'd with sad apprehensions of some fatal news; and such a trembling shook my limbs, that I could scarce support my fainting body. However, taking cou-

rage, at last I read the letter; the contents of which were these:

DON Ferdinand, according to his promise, has desired your father to speak to mine; but he has done that for himself which you had engag'd him to do for you: for, he has demanded me for his wife; and my father, allur'd by the advantages which he expects from such an alliance, has so far consented, that two days hence the marriage is to be perform'd, and with such privacy, that only heaven and some of the family are to be witnesses. Judge of the affliction of my soul by that concern which I guess fills your own; and therefore haste to me, my dear Cardenio. The issue of this business will show how much I love you: and grant, propitious heaven, this may reach your hands ere mine is in danger of being join'd with his who keeps his promises so ill.

I had no sooner read the letter, added Cardenio, but away I flew, without waiting for my dispatch; for then I too plainly discover'd Don Ferdinand's treachery, and that he had only sent me to his brother to take the advantage of my absence. Revenge, love, and impatience gave me wings, so that I got home privately the next day, just when it grew duskish, in good time to speak with Lucinda; and leaving my mule at the honest man's house who brought me the letter, I went to wait upon my mistress, whom I luckily found at the * window,

* *A la reja*, at the iron grate. In Spain the lovers make

the only witnesses of our loves. She presently knew me, and I her, but she did not welcome me as I expected, nor did I find her in such a dress as I thought suitable to our circumstances. But what man has assurance enough but to pretend to know thoroughly the riddle of a woman's mind, and who could ever hope to fix her mutable nature? Cardenio, said Lucinda to me, my wedding-cloaths are on, and the perfidious Ferdinand, with my covetous father, and the rest, stay for me in the hall, to perform the marriage-rites; but they shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my dear Cardenio; but rather strive to be present at that sacrifice. I promise thee, if entreaties and words cannot prevent it, I have a dagger that shall do me justice; and my death, at least, shall give thee undeniable assurances of my love and fidelity. Do, madam, cry'd I to her with precipitation, and so disorder'd that I did not know what I said, let your actions verify your words: let us leave nothing unattempted which may serve our common interests; and I assure you, if my sword does not defend them well, I will turn it upon my own breast, rather than outlive my disappointment. I cannot tell whether Lucinda heard me, for she was call'd away in great haste, the bridegroom impatiently expecting her. My spirit forsook me when she left me, and my sorrows and confusion cannot be expressed. Methought I saw the sun set their courtship at a low window that has a grate before it, having seldom admission into the house till the parents on both sides have agreed.

for ever; and my eyes and my senses partaking of my distraction, I could not so much as spy the door to go into the house, and seem'd rooted to the place where I stood. But at last, the consideration of my love having rous'd me out of this stupifying astonishment, I got into the house without being discover'd, every thing being there in a hurry; and going into the hall, I hid myself behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapestry met, and gave me liberty to see, without being seen. Who can describe the various thoughts, the doubts, the fears, the anguish that perplex'd and toss'd my soul while I stood waiting there! Don Ferdinand enter'd the hall, not like a bridegroom, but in his usual habit, with only a cousin-german of Lucinda's, the rest were the people of the house: some time after came Lucinda herself, with her mother, and two waiting-women. I perceiv'd she was as richly dress'd as was consistent with her quality, and the solemnity of the ceremony; but the distraction that possess'd me, lent me no time to note particularly the apparel she had on: I only mark'd the colours, that were carnation and white, and the splendor of the jewels that enrich'd her dress in many places; but nothing equall'd the lustre of her beauty that adorn'd her person much more than all those ornaments. Oh memory! thou fatal enemy of my ease, why dost thou now so faithfully represent to the eyes of my mind Lucinda's incomparable charms? why dost thou not rather shew me what she did then, that, mov'd by so provoking a wrong, I may endeavour to revenge it, or at least to die. Forgive me these tedious digressions, gentlemen!

alas ! my woes are not such as can or ought to be related with brevity ; for to me every circumstance seems worthy to be enlarg'd upon.

The Curate assured Cardenio, that they attended every word with a mournful pleasure, that made them greedy of hearing the least passage. With that Cardenio went on. All parties being met, said he, the priest enter'd, and taking the young couple by the hands, he ask'd Lucinda whether she were willing to take Don Ferdinand for her wedded husband ? With that, I thrust out my head from between the two pieces of tapestry, list'ning with anxious heart to hear her answer, upon which depended my life and happiness. Dull, heartless wretch that I was ! why did I not then shew myself ? why did I not call to her aloud ? consider what thou dost, Lucinda, thou art mine, and canst not be another man's : nor canst thou speak now the fatal yes, without injuring heaven, thyself, and me, and murdering thy Cardenio ! and thou perfidious Ferdinand, who darest to violate all rights, both human and divine, to rob me of my treasure ; canst thou hope to deprive me of the comfort of my life with impunity ? Or think'st thou that any consideration can stifle my resentments, when my honour and my love lie at stake ? fool that I am ! now that 'tis too late, and danger is far distant, I say what I should have done, and not what I did then : after I have suffer'd the treasure of my soul to be stolen, I exclaim against the thief whom I might have punish'd for the base attempt, had I had but so much resolution to revenge, as I have now to complain. Then let me

rather accuse my faint heart that durst not do me right, and let me die here like a wretch, void both of sense and honour, the outcast of society and nature. The priest stood waiting for Lucinda's answer a good while before she gave it: and all that time I expected she would have pull'd out her dagger, or unloos'd her tongue to plead her former engagement to me. But, alas! to my eternal disappointment, I heard her at last, with a feeble voice, pronounce the fatal yes; and then Don Ferdinand saying the same, and giving her the ring, the sacred knot was ty'd which death alone can dissolve. Then did the faithless bridegroom advance to embrace his bride; but she laying her hand upon her heart, in that very moment swoon'd away in her mother's arms. Oh what confusion seiz'd me, what pangs, what torments rack'd me, seeing the falshood of Lucinda's promises, all my hopes shipwreck'd, and the only thing that made me wish to live, for ever ravish'd from me! confounded, and despairing, I look'd upon myself as abandon'd by heaven to the cruelty of my destiny; and the violence of my griefs stifling my sighs, and denying a passage to my tears, I felt myself transfix'd with killing anguish, and burning with jealous rage and vengeance! In the mean time the whole company was troubled at Lucinda's swooning; and as her mother unclasp'd her gown before, to give her air, a folded paper was found in her bosom, which Don Ferdinand immediately snatch'd: then stepping a little aside, he open'd it and read it by the light of one of the tapers: and as soon as he had done he as it were let himself

fall upon a chair, and there he sat with his hand upon the side of his face, with all the signs of melancholy and discontent, as unmindful of his bride as if he had been insensible of her accident. For my own part, seeing all the house thus in an uproar, I resolved to leave the hated place, without caring whether I were seen or not, and in case I were seen, I resolv'd to act such a desperate part in punishing the traitor Ferdinand, that the world should at once be inform'd of his perfidiousness, and the severity of my just resentment: but my destiny, that preserv'd me for greater woes (if greater can be) allow'd me then the use of that small remainder of my senses, which afterwards quite forsook me: so that I left the house, without revenging myself on my enemies, whom I could easily have sacrificed to my rage in this unexpected disorder; and I chose to inflict upon myself, for my credulity, the punishment which their infidelity deserv'd. I went to the messenger's house where I had left my mule, and without so much as bidding him adieu, I mounted, and left the town like another Lot, without turning to give it a parting look; and as I rode along the fields, darkness and silence round me. I vented my passion in execrations against the treacherous Ferdinand, and in as loud complaints of Lucinda's breach of vows and ingratitude. I call'd her cruel, ungrateful, false, but above all, covetous and fordid, since the wealth of my enemy was what had induc'd her to forego her vows to me but then again, said I to myself, 'tis no strange thing for a young lady, that was so strictly educated,

to yield herself up to the guidance of her father and mother who had provided her a husband of that quality and fortune. But yet with truth and justice she might have pleaded that she was mine before. In fine, I concluded that ambition had got the better of her love, and made her forget her promises to Cardenio. Thus abandoning myself to these tempestuous thoughts, I rode on all that night, and about break of day I struck into one of the passes that leads into these mountains; where I wander'd for three days together without keeping any road, till at last coming to a certain valley that lies somewhere hereabouts, I met some shepherds, of whom I enquir'd the way to the most craggy and inaccessible part of these rocks. They directed me, and I made all the haste I could to get thither, resolv'd to linger out my hated life far from the converse of false ungrateful mankind. When I came among these deserts, my mule, through weariness and hunger, or rather to get rid of so useless a load as I was, fell down dead, and I myself was so weak, so tir'd and dejected, being almost famish'd, and withal destitute and careless of relief, that I soon laid myself down, or rather fainted on the ground, where I lay a considerable while, I don't know how long, extended like a corpse. When I came to myself again, I got up, and cou'd not perceive I had any appetite to eat: I found some goat-herds by me, who, I suppose, had given me some sustenance, though I was not sensible of their relief: for, they told me in what a wretched condition they found me, staring, and talking so strangely, that they judg'd I had quite lost

my senses. I have indeed since that had but too much cause to think that my reason sometimes leaves me, and that I commit those extravagancies which are only the effects of senseless rage and frenzy; tearing my cloaths, howling through these desarts, filling the air with curses and lamentations, and idly repeating a thousand times Lucinda's name; all my wishes at that time being to breathe out my soul with the dear word upon my lips; and when I come to myself, I am commonly so weak, and so weary, that I am scarce able to stir. As for my place of abode, 'tis usually some hollow cork-tree, into which I creep at night; and there some few goat-herds, whose cattle browse on the neighbouring mountains, out of pity and Christian charity, sometimes leave some victuals for the support of my miserable life: for, even when my reason is absent, nature performs its animal functions, and instinct guides me to satisfy it. Sometimes these good people meet me in my lucid intervals, and chide me for taking that from 'em by force and surprize, which they are always so ready to give me willingly; for which violence I can make no other excuse, but the extremity of my distraction. Thus must I drag a miserable being, 'till heaven, pitying my afflictions, will either put a period to my life, or blot out of my memory perjur'd Lucinda's beauty and ingratitude, and Ferdinand's perfidiousness. Could I but be so happy e'er I die, I might then hope to be able, in time, to compose my frantic thoughts: but if I must despair of such a favour, I have no other way but to recommend my soul to heaven's mercy, for I am not able

to extricate my body or my mind out of that misery in which I have unhappily plung'd myself.

Thus, gentlemen, I have given you a faithful account of my misfortunes. Judge now whether 'twas possible I should relate 'em with less concern. And pray don't lose time to prescribe remedies to a patient who will make use of none: I will, and can have no health without Lucinda; since she forsakes me, I must die: she has convinced me, by her infidelity, that she desires my ruin; and by my unparallel'd sufferings to the last, I will strive to convince her I deserv'd a better fate. Let me then suffer on, and may I be the only unhappy creature whom despair could not relieve, while the impossibility of receiving comfort brings cure to so many other wretches!

Here Cardenio made an end of his mournful story; and just as the curate was preparing to give him some proper consolation, he was prevented by the doleful accents of another complaint that engag'd them to new attention. But the account of that adventure is reserv'd for the fourth book of this history; for our wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, puts here a period to the third.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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